

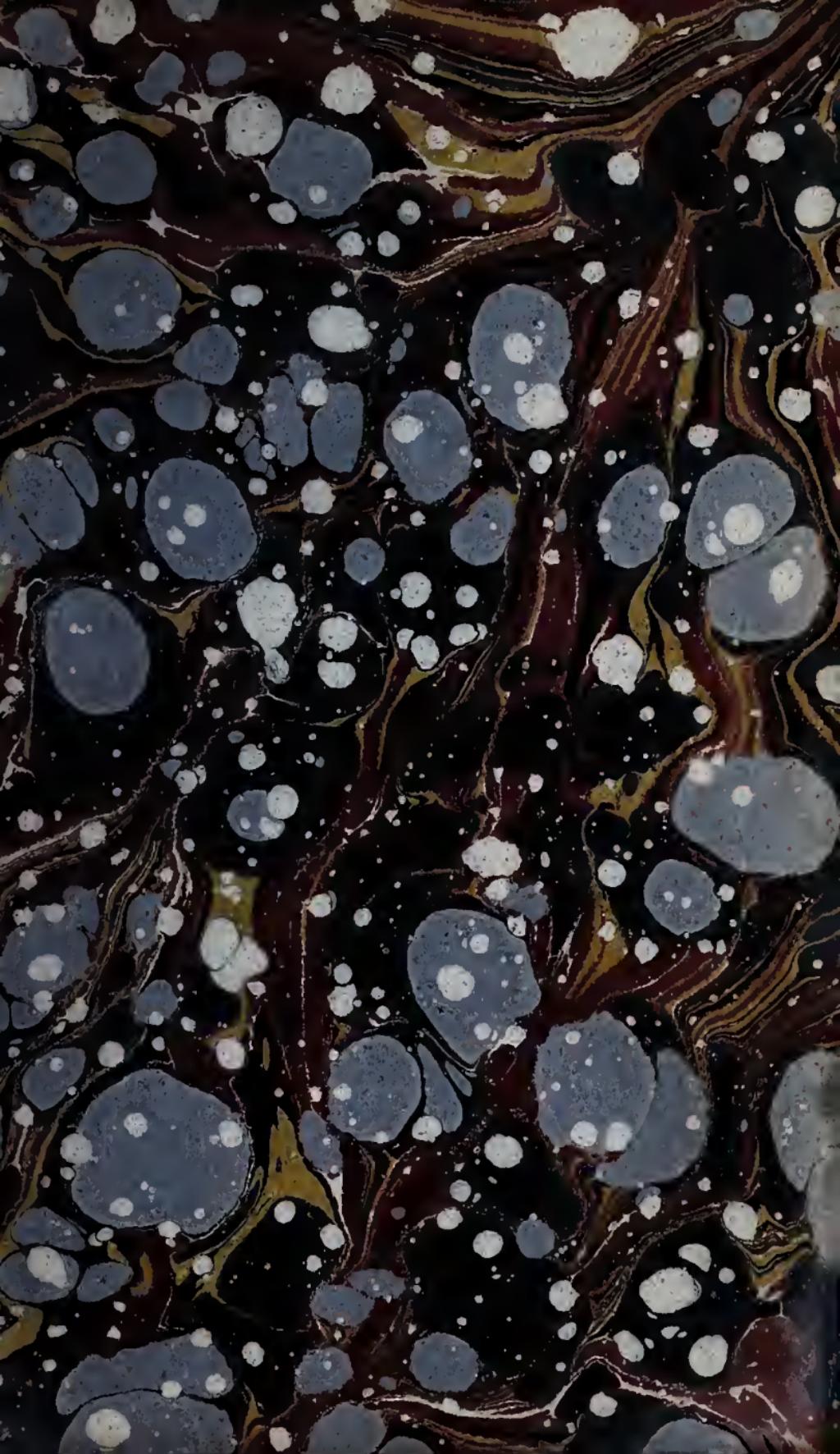
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T H E

W O R K S

O F

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING,

The ORPHAN.

The HISTORY and FALL of CAIUS MARCIUS.

VENICE PRESERV'D.

POEMS and LETTERS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. BATHURST, T. WALLER, J. RIVINGTON, L. HAWES and W. CLARKE and R. COLLINS, W. JOHNSTON, B. WHITE, T. CASSON, T. LONGMAN, C. CORBETT, W. NICOLL, T. CADELL, T. LOWNDES, G. ROBINSON and J. ROBERTS, T. DAVIES, T. BECKET, and M. REEVES.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

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THE
ORPHAN:
OR, THE
UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.
A
TRAGEDY.

Calligraphy

*Qui Pelago credit magno, se fænore tollit ;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, præcingitur Auro ;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius Ostro ;
Et qui sollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat :
Sola pruinosis horret Facundia pannis ;
Atque inopi lingua desertas invocat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.*

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СОЗ

ИАНЧЯО

2023.06

2023.06.20

ИАНЧЯО



TO HER
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUCHESS.

MADAM,

FTER having a great while wish'd
to write something that might be
worthy to lay at your Highness's
Feet, and finding it impossible :
Since the World has been so kind
to me to judge of this Poem to my Advan-
tage, as the most pardonable Fault which I
have made in its kind ; I had sinn'd against
myself, if I had not chosen this Opportunity
to implore (what my Ambition is most fond
of) Your Favour and Protection.

DEDICATION.

For though Fortune would not so far bless my Endeavours, as to encourage them with Your Royal Highness's Presence, when this came into the World; yet, I cannot but declare it was my Design and Hopes, it might have been Your Divertisement in that happy Season, when You return'd again to chear all those Eyes, that had before wept for your Departure, and enliven all Hearts that had droop'd for Your Absence: When Wit ought to have paid its choicest Tributes in, and Joy have known no Limits, then I hop'd my little Mite would not have been rejected; though my ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I lost a greater Honour, by Your Royal Highness's Absence, than all the Applauses of the World besides can make me Reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought myself not quite unhappy, so long as I had Hopes this Way yet to recompense my Disappointment past: When I consider'd also, that Poetry might claim Right to a little Share in Your Favour: For *Tasso*, and *Ariosto*, some of the best, have made their Names Eternal, by transmitting to After-ages the Glory of Your Ancestors: And under the spreading of that Shade, where Two of the best have planted their Laurels, how honoured should I be, who am the worst; if but a Branch might grow for me.

I dare

DEDICATION.

I dare not think of offering any Thing in this Address, that might look like a Panegyrick, for fear, lest when I have done my best, the World should condemn me, for saying too little, and you yourself check me for meddling with a Task unfit for my Talent.

For the Description of Virtues and Perfections so rare as Yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate, as skilful a Hand; the Features must be drawn very fine, to be like; hasty daubing will but spoil the Picture, and make it so unnatural, as must want false Lights to set it off: And your Virtue can receive no more Lustre from Practices, than your Beauty can be improv'd by Art; which as it charms the bravest Prince that ever amaz'd the World with his Virtue: So, let but all other Hearts enquire into themselves, and then judge, how it ought to be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great Hero, who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular Lot from Heaven, was destin'd to so extraordinary a Blessing, so matchless for itself, and so wondrous for its Constancy, shall be remember'd to Your Immortal Honour, when all other Transactions of the Age You live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for the Fault I have been all this while com-

DEDICATION.

mitting. Wherefore I beg Your Highness to forgive me this Presumption, and that You will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help resolving with all the Actions of Life, to endeavour to deserve it: Nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may through Yours never want an Advocate in his Favour, whose Heart and Mind You have so entire a Share in; it is my only Portion and my Fortune. I cannot but be happy so long as I have but Hopes I may enjoy it, and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill Fate to lose it.

This with Eternal Wishes for Your Royal Highness's Content, Happiness, and Prosperity, in all Humility is presented by

Your most obedient and

devoted Servant,

Tho. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO You, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which still have sway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling, and afraid.
Of what is to his want of Merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author sends to beg you will be kind,
And spare those many Faults you needs must find.
You to whom Wit a common Foe is grown,
The Thing ye scorn and publickly disown ;
Though now perhaps y'are here for other Ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his Friends :
For he ne'er call'd ye yet insipid Tools ;
Nor wrote one Line to tell ye you were Fools :
But says of Wit ye have so large a Store,
So very much, you never will ha'Ve more.
He ne'er with Libel treated yet the Town,
The Names of honest Men bedaub'd and shoun,
Nay, never once lampcon'd the harmless Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satire's th' Effect of Poetry's Disease,
Which, sick of a lewd Age, she vents for Ease,
But now her only Strife should be to please ;
Since of Ill-fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn,
And Happiness again begins to dawn ;
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drew Fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home,
Oft has he plow'd the boisterous Ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing Shore,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then fresh Laurels flouris'd on his Brow,
And he comes crown'd with Olive Branches now :
Receive him ! Oh receive him as his Friends,
Embrace the Blessings which he recommends ;
Such Quiet as your Foes shall ne'er destroy ;
Then shake off Fears, and clap your Hand for Joy.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Acaſto, a Nobleman retir'd from the
Court, and living privately in the
Country, } Mr. Gillow.

Castalio, } His Sons, Mr. Betterton.
Polydore, } Mr. Williams.

Chamont, a young Soldier of Fortune, Mr. Smith.

Erneſto, } Servants in the Family, Mr. Norris.
Paulino, } Mr. Wiltshire.

Cordelio Polydore's Page, A little Girl.

Chaplain, Mr. Percival.

W O M E N.

Monimia, the Orphan left under the
Guardianship of old *Acaſto*, } Mrs. Barry.

Serina, *Acaſto's Daughter*, Mrs. Boteler.

Florella, *Monimia's Woman*, Mrs. Osborn.

S C E N E, BOHEMIA.

T H E



THE ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PAULINO and ERNESTO.

PAULINO.

IS strange, *Ernesto*, this Severity
Should still reign pow'rful in *Acasto's* Mind,
To hate the Court where he was bred and
liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r
could give.

ERNESTO.

'Tis true, he thither came a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are justly his ;
He purchas'd them in War ; thrice has he led
An Army 'gainst the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory ; the World has not
A truer Soldier, or a better Subject.

PAULINO.

It was his Virtue at first made me serve him ;
 He is the best of Masters as of Friends :
 I know he has lately been invited thither ;
 Yet still he keeps his stubborn Purpose, cries,
 He's old, and willingly would be at rest :
 I doubt there's deep Resentment in his Mind,
 For the late Slight his Honour suffer'd there.

ERNESTO.

Has he not Reason ? When for what he had borne
 Long, hard, and faithful Toil, he might have claim'd
 Places in Honour, and Employment high ;
 A huffing, shining, flatt'ring, cringing Coward,
 A Canker-worm of Peace, was rais'd above him.

PAULINO.

Yet still he holds just Value for the King,
 Nor ever names him but with highest Reverence.
 'Tis noble that —————

ERNESTO.

Oh ! I have heard him wanton in his Praise,
 Speak Things of him might charm the Ears of Envy.

PAULINO.

Oh may he live 'till Nature's self grow old,
 And from her Womb no more can bles^s the Earth !
 For when he dies, farewel all Honour, Bounty,
 All generous Encouragement of Arts,
 For Charity herself becomes a Widow.

ERNESTO.

No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
 As well his Virtue's, as his Fortune's Heirs.

PAULINO.

They're both of Nature mild, and full of Sweetness.
 They came Twins from the Womb, and still they live
 As if they would go Twins too to the Grave :
 Neither has any Thing he calls his own,
 But of each others Joys as Griefs partaking ;
 So very honestly, so well they love,

As they were only for each other born.

E R N E S T O.

Never was Parent in an Offspring happier ;
He has a Daughter too, whose blooming Age
Promises Goodness equal to her Beauty.

P A U L I N O.

And as there is a Friendship 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature chosen too
A faithful Partner of her Thoughts and Wishes,
And kind Companion of her harmless Pleasures.

E R N E S T O.

You mean the beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia* !

P A U L I N O.

The same, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont*.
He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars,
Where such a wondrous Friendship grew between 'em
As only Death could end : *Chamont*'s Estate
Was ruin'd in our late and civil Discords ;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Master's Care ;
To such a Care as she scarce lost a Father.

E R N E S T O.

Her Brother to the Emperor's Wars went early,
To seek a Fortune, or a noble Fate ;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty Marks of that great Prince's Favour.

P A U L I N O.

Our Master never would permit his Sons
To launch for Fortune in th' uncertain World,
But warns 'em to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant Man,
To throw herself away on Fools and Knaves.

E R N E S T O.

They both have forward, gen'rous, active Spirits :
'Tis daily their Petition to their Father,
To send them forth where Glory's to be gotten ;

They cry they're weary of their lazy Home,
Restless to do something that Fame may talk of.
To-day they chas'd the Boar, and near this time
Should be return'd.

PAULINO.

Oh that's a Royal Sport!

We yet may see the old Man in a Morning,
Lusty as Health come ruddy to the Field,
And there pursue the Chace, as if he meant
To o'er take Time, and bring back Youth again. [Exeunt.

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDOR, and Page.

CASTALIO.

Polydore! our Sport
Has been To-day much better for the Danger ;
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met ;
And in his Side thought to have lodg'd my Spear,
The desperate Savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

POLYDOR.

But then—

CASTALIO.

Ay then, my Brother, my Friend *Polydore*,
Like *Perseus* mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leapt
To save *Castalio*. 'Twas a God-like Act.

POLYDOR.

But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my Heart danc'd to see your Danger past !
The Heat and Fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.

CASTALIO.

So, *Polydore*, methinks we might in War
Rush on together ; thou shouldst be my Guard,
And I be thine ; what is't could hurt us then ?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,

And

And die of rank Diseases here at home?

P O L Y D O R E.

No, let me purchase in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old ;
I would be busy in the World, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless Dunghill Weed,
Fixt to one Spot, and rot just as I grow.

C A S T A L I O.

Our Father

Has ta'en himself a Surfeit of the World,
And cries it is not safe that we should taste it ;
I own I have Duty very powerful in me ;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raise my Name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a Father,
I could not do a Thing to cross his Will.

P O L Y D O R E.

Castilio, I have Doubts within my Heart,
Which you and only you, can satisfy :
Will you be free and candid to your Friend ?

C A S T A L I O.

Have I a Thought my *Polydore* should not know ?
What can this mean ?

P O L Y D O R E.

Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest Bonds of faithful Friendship,
To shew your Heart as naked in this Point
As you would purge you of your Sins to Heav'n.

C A S T A L I O.

I will.

P O L Y D O R E.

And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the Suff'rance of a tender Friend.

C A S T A L I O.

As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artist's Hand, that ministers his Cure.

P O L Y D O R E.

That's kindly said. You know our Father's Ward,

The

The fair *Monimia*; is your Heart at Peace?
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?

CASTALIO.

Suppose I should?

POLYDORE.

Suppose you should not, Brother.

CASTALIO.

You'd say, I must not.

POLYDORE.

That would sound too roughly
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are.

CASTALIO.

Is Love a Fault?

POLYDORE.

In one of us it may be:

What if I love her?

CASTALIO.

Then I must inform you
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preserve the Birth-right of my Passion.

POLYDORE.

You will.

CASTALIO.

I will.

POLYDORE.

No more, I've done.

CASTALIO.

Why not?

POLYDORE.

I told you I had done;
But you *Castilio*, would dispute it.

CASTALIO.

No:

Not with my *Polydore*; though I must own
My Nature obstinate and void of Suff'rance.
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards

Of furious Wishes, Fears and nice Suspicions.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendship,
I am so much in love and fond of thee.

P O L Y D O R E.

Yet you will break this Friendship !

C A S T A L I O.

Not for Crowns.

P O L Y D O R E.

But for a Toy you would, a Woman's Toy,
Unjust *Castalio*.

C A S T A L I O.

Pr'ythee, where's my Fault ?

P O L Y D O R E.

You love *Monimia*.

C A S T A L I O.

Yes.

P O L Y D O R E.

And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.

C A S T A L I O.

No, sure we're such Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.

P O L Y D O R E.

I dote upon *Monimia*.

C A S T A L I O.

Love her still ;

Win, and enjoy her.

P O L Y D O R E.

Both of us cannot.

C A S T A L I O.

No matter

Whose Chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.

P O L Y D O R E.

You would not wed *Monimia*, would you ?

C A S T A L I O.

Wed her !

No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
 As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
 With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
 She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
 When I am old and weary of the World,
 I may grow desperate,
 And take a Wife to mortify withal.

POLYDORE.

It is an elder Brother's Duty so
 To propagate his Family and Name:
 You would not have yours die and buried with you?

CASTALIO.

Mere Vanity, and silly Dotage all;
 No, let me live at large, and when I die—

POLYDORE.

Who shall possess th' Estate you leave?

CASTALIO.

My Friend,
 If he survives me; if not, my King,
 Who may bestow't again on some brave Man,
 Whose Honesty and Services deserve one.

POLYDORE.

'Tis kindly offer'd.

CASTALIO.

By yon Heav'n, I love
 My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
 And would not shock his Quiet, to be blest
 With greater Happiness than Man e'er tasted.

POLYDORE.

And by that Heav'n eternally I swear,
 To keep the kind *Castalio* in my Heart.
 Whose shall *Monimia* be?

CASTALIO.

No matter whose.

POLYDORE.

Were you not with her privately last Night?

C A S T A L I O.

I was, and should have met her here again ;
But th' Opportunity shall now be thine ;
Myself will bring thee to the Scene of Love ;
But have a Care, by Friendship I conjure thee,
That no false Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy Pow'rs to make thy Passion prosper,
But wrong not mine.

P O L Y D O R E.

Heav'n blast me if I do.

C A S T A L I O.

If't prove thy Fortune, *Polydore*, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the Arts of soft Persuasion !)
Trust me, and let me know thy Love's Success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

P O L Y D O R E.

Though she be dearer to my Soul, than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Castilio*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Pow'rs have Happiness in Store,
When ye wou'd show'r down Joys on *Polydore*,
In one great Blessing all your Bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a Friend.

[*Exeunt Cast. Pol. Manet Page.*

Enter M O N I M I A.

M O N I M I A.

So soon return'd from Hunting ? This fair Day
Seems as if sent t' invite the World abroad.
Pass'd not *Castilio* and *Polydore* this Way ?

P A G E.

Madam, just now,

M O N I M I A.

Sure some ill Fate's upon me.

Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
And Apprehension shocks my timorous Soul.

Why

Why was I not laid in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents! and at Rest as they are?
Instead of that I'm wand'ring into Cares.

Castilio! O *Castilio!* Thou hast caught
My foolish Heart; and like a tender Child,
That trusts his Play-thing to another Hand,
I fear its Harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, *Cordelio*, I must chide you, Sir.

P A G E.

Why, Madam, have I done you any Wrong?

M O N I M I A.

I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sate by my Bed, and sung me pretty Songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful: here's Money for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I see you oftner?

P A G E.

Madam, I'd serve you with my Soul;
But in the Morning when you call me to you,
As by your Bed I stand and tell you Stories,
I am ashamed to see your swelling Breasts,
It makes me blush, they are so very white.

M O N I M I A.

Oh Men for Flattery and Deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young ye learn it all like him,
'Till as your Years increase, that strengthens too,
T' undo poor Maids, and make our Ruin easy.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly Converse, and their Bosom Secrets,
Sometimes at least, have they not talk'd of me?

P A G E.

Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I'm afraid to name it, for they say
Boys must be whipp'd that tell their Master's Secrets.

M O N I M I A.

Fear not, *Cordelio*! It shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the Secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.

I'll furnish thee for all thy harmless Sports
With pretty Toys, and thou shalt be my Page.

PAGE.

And truly, Madam, I had rather be so.

Methinks you love me better than my Lord,
For he was never half so kind as you are.

What must I do?

MONIMIA.

Inform me how thou hast heard
Castilio, and his Brother, use my Name.

PAGE.

With all the Tenderness of Love,
You were the Subject of their last Discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd ;
But as the one grew hot the other cool'd,
And yielded to the Frailty of his Friend ;
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolv'd —

MONIMIA.

What, good *Cordelio*?

PAGE.

Not to quarrel for you.

MONIMIA.

I would not have 'em, by my dearest Hopes,
I would not be the Argument of Strife.
But surely my *Castilio* won't forsake me,
And make a Mockery of my easy Love.
Went they together?

PAGE.

Yes, to seek you, Madam.

Castilio promis'd *Polydore* to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wishes.

MONIMIA.

Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common Stake, a Prize for Love in Jest ?
Was not *Castilio* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydore*'s unruly Passion,
That heightened the Debate.

PAGE.

P A G E.

The Fault was *Polydore's*.

Castilio play'd with Love, and smiling shew'd
The Pleasure, not the Pangs of his Desire.
He said no Woman's Smiles should buy his Freedom ;
And Marriage is a mortifying Thing.

M O N I M I A.

Then I am ruin'd, if *Castilio's* false,
Where is there Faith and Honour to be found ?
Ye Gods, that guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak ; protect, and take me to your Care.
Oh but I love him : There's the Rock will wreck me !
Why was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies ?
I'll see *Castilio*, tax him with his Falshoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs ;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter C A S T A L I O and P O L Y D O R E.

He comes, the Conqueror comes ! lie still, my Heart,
And learn to bear thy Injuries with Scorn.

C A S T A L I O.

Madam, my Brother begs he may have Leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly ;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.

M O N I M I A.

My Lord *Castilio* !

C A S T A L I O.

Madam !

M O N I M I A.

Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably ? What means this Usage ?
Why am I left with *Polydore* alone ?

C A S T A L I O.

He best can tell you. Business of Importance
Calls me away, I must attend my Father.

M O N I -

MONIMIA.

Will you then leave me thus?

CASTALIO.

But for a Moment.

MONIMIA.

It has been otherwise; the Time has been,
When Business might have stay'd, and I been heard.

CASTALIO.

I could for ever hear thee; but this Time
Matters of such odd Circumstances press me,
That I must go—

[Exit.]

MONIMIA.

Then go, and if't be possible for ever.
Well, my Lord Polydore, I guesst your Business,
And read th' ill-natur'd Purpose in your Eyes.

POLYDORÉ.

If to desire you more than Miser's Wealth,
Or dying Men an Hour of added Life,
If softest Wishes, and a Heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for Love disdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuse me justly.

MONIMIA.

Talk not of Love, my Lord, I must not hear it,

POLYDORÉ.

Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us Words: Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal Beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love.

MONIMIA.

The first created Pair, indeed, were blest;
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her; and her alone:
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin

A thousand more, why need you talk to me?

POLYDORÉ.

Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear Eyes, for every Glance they send
Darts through my Soul, and almost gives Enjoyment.

MONIMIA.

How can you labour thus for my Undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay,
There always was a Friendship 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity, and his Bounty, took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan to his Care.

POLYDORÉ.

'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And those who taught it first were Hypocrites.
Come, these soft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

MONIMIA.

Here, on my Knees, by Heav'n's blest Pow'r I swear,

[Kneels.]

If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the World a Beggar,
And live on sordid Scraps at proud Mens Doors;
For though to Fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My Mother's Virtues, and my Father's Honour.

POLYDORÉ.

Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right! y'are always false,
Or silly; ev'n your Dresses are not more
Fantastick than your Appetites: You think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none.
To-day y'are nice, To-morrow not so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!

Virtue

Virtue you affect, Inconstancy's your Practice,
And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast ;
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down——

MONIMA.

Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sex's Follies; have 'em all,
And to avoid its Fault, must fly from you :
Therefore believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic Woman's Wish could reach,
And lay all Nature's Riches at my Feet ;
I'd rather run a Savage in the Woods
Amongst brute Beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As Wildness and most rude Neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my Honour safe
From the destroying Wiles of faithless Men. — [Exit.

POLYDORÉ.

Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him ?
The lusty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It shall be so, I'll yet possess my Love,
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours :
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart ;
I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
Surfeit on Joys, till even Desire grow sick ;

Then by long Absence Liberty regain,
And quite forget the Pleasure and the Pain.

Ex. Pol. and Page.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, Attendants.

ACASTO.

TO-day has been a Day of glorious Sport.
When you, *Castalio*, and your Brother left me,
Forth from the Thickets rush'd another Boar,
So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back ;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Best to observe which Way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey ;
'Till brandishing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this cold executing Arm, I struck
The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart.

CASTALIO.

The Actions of your Life were always wond'rous.

ACASTO.

No Flatt'ry, Boy ! an honest Man can't live by't,
It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to cajole and soften Fools withal ;
If thou hast Flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

POLYDORE.

Why there ?

ACASTO.

'Tis, next to Money, current there ;
To be seen daily in as many Forms
As there are sorts of Vanities, and Men ;
The superstitious Statesman has his Sneer

To

To smooth a poor Man off with, that can't bribe him ;
The grave dull Fellow of small Businesf sooths
The Humorist, and will needs admire his Wit :
Who without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon,
Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the Hand, and praise his good Complexion ?

P O L Y D O R E.

Courts are the Places where best Manners flourish ;
Where the Deserving ought to rise, and Fools
Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my Spleen,
To see a gaudy Coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to sooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I please ?

A C A S T O.

Who merit, ought indeed to rise i'th' World,
But no wise Man that's honest should expect it.
What Man of Sense would rack his generous Mind,
To practise all the base Formalities
And Forms of Businesf, force a grave starch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart ?
Seem not to know this or that Man in public,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of some brave Fellow's Ruin.
Such things are done — — —

C A S T A L I O.

Your Lordship's Wrongs have been
So great, that you with Justice may complain ;
But suffer us, whose younger Minds ne'er felt
Fortune's Deceits, to court her as she's fair :
Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Worth would cease, and half the World grow idle.

A C A S T O.

Go to, you're Fools, and know me not ; I've learnt
Long since to bear Revenge, or scorn my Wrongs,
According to the Value of the Doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that End

Desire to do things worthy your Ambition.
 Go to the Camp, Preferment's noblest Mart,
 Where Honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find—
 Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
 Almost in every Band : How many Men
 Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
 Yet now pine under Want, while selfish Slaves, [on,
 'That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they fawn
 Like deadly Locusts eat the Honey up,
 Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for ?

CASTALIO.

These Precepts suit not with my active Mind,
 Methinks I would be busy.

POLYDORE.

So would I,

Not loiter out my Life at Home, and know
 No farther than one Prospect gives me leave.

ACASTO.

Busy your Minds then, study Arts and Men :
 Learn how to value Merit though in Rags,
 And scorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter SERINA, MONIMIA and Maid.

SERINA.

My Lord, my Father !

ACASTO.

Blessings on my Child,
 My little Cherub, what hast thou to ask me ?

SERINA.

I bring you, Sir, most glad and welcome News :
 The young *Chamont*, whom you've so often wish'd for,
 Is just arriv'd and entring.

ACASTO.

By my Soul

And all my Honours, he's most dearly welcome ;
 Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou Relict of the best-lov'd Man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards
Of certain Danger, and uncertain Fortune;
Welcome as happy Tidings aſter Fears.

CHAMONT.

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you.
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.

MONIMIA.

My Brother!

CHAMONT.

Oh my Sister! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms. I've not beheld thy Face
These many Days; by Night I've often seen thee
In gentle Dreams, and satisfy'd my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, 'till Morning Cares awak'd me.
Another Sister! sure it must be so;
Though, I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel something in my Heart that prompts
And tells me ſhe has Claim and Interest there.

ACASDO.

Young Soldier, you've not only ſtudy'd War,
Courtſhip, I ſee, has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter..

CHAMONT.

Is ſhe your Daughter? then my Heart told true!
And I'm at leaſt her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made yourſelf to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

SERINA.

Monimia, thou haſt told me Men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love:
Is Chamont ſo? No, ſure he's more than Man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

ACASTO.

Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
 The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities?
 Let there be Joy through all the House this Day !
 In every Room let Plenty flow at large,
 It is the Birth-day of my Royal Master.
 You have not visited the Court, *Chamont*,
 Since your Return ?

CHAMONT.

I have no Business there,
 I have not slavish Temperance enough
 T'attend a Favourite's Heels, and watch his Smiles ;
 Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
 And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his Favour.

ACASTO.

This you could do.

[*To his Sons.*

CASTALIO.

I'd serve my Prince.

ACASTO.

Who'd serve him ?

CASTALIO.

I would, my Lord.

POLYDORÉ.

And I ; both would.

ACASTO.

Away.

He needs not any Servants such as you !
 Serye him ! he merits more than Man can do !
 He is so good, Praife cannot speak his Worth ;
 So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in Wrath ;
 So just, that were he but a private Man,
 He could not do a Wrong. How would you serve him ?

CASTALIO.

I'd serve him with my Fortune here at home,
 And serve him with my Person in his Wars,
 Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

POLYDORÉ.

Die for him,
As every true-born loyal Subject ought.

ACASTO.

Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
Of my brave Ancestors, I'm truly happy;
For this be ever blest my Marriage-day,
Blest be your Mother's Memory that bore you,
And double blest be that auspicious Hour
That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aspiring Boys,
Ye shall have Business; when your Master wants you,
You cannot serve a nobler; I have serv'd him;
In this old Body yet the Marks remain
Of many Wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
His Right, ev'n in the Face of rank Rebellion;
And when a foul-mouth'd Traitor once prophan'd
His sacred Name, with my good Sabre drawn,
Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy Rout,
I rush'd, and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My Lord, th' expected Guests are just arriv'd.

ACASTO.

Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

CHAMONT.

My Lord, I stand in need of your Assistance
In something that concerns my Peace and Honour.

ACASTO.

Spoke like the Son of that brave Man I lov'd:
So freely friendly we convers'd together.
Whate'er it be with Confidence impart it..
Thou shalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

CHAMONT.

I dare not doubt your Friendship nor your Justice.
Your Bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My Orphan Sister, must not be forgotten!

ACASTO.

Pr'ythee, no more of that; it grates my Nature.

CHAMONT.

When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
 One Fate surpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em:
 My Father with his dying Breath bequeath'd
 Her to my Love: My Mother, as she lay
 Languishing by him, call'd me to her Side,
 Took me in her fainting Arms, wept and embrac'd me,
 Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my Tears,
 Kiss them away; said she, *Chamont*, my Son,
 By this, and all the Love I ever shew'd thee,
 Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
 Let not her Wants betray her to Dishonour;
 Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some Friend. Then sigh'd,
 Kiss me again; so blest us and expir'd.
 Pardon my Grief.

ACASTO.

It speaks an honest Nature.

CHAMONT.

The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, -you took her up
 An Infant, to the desert World expos'd,
 And prov'd another Parent.

ACASTO.

I've not wrong'd her.

CHAMONT.

Far be it from my Fears.

ACASTO.

Then why this Argument?

CHAMONT.

My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

ACASTO.

Go on.

CHAMONT.

Great Spirits bear Misfortunes hardly:
 Good Offices claim Gratitude; and Pride,
 Where Pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,

And

And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

ACASTO.

I cannot guess your Drift;

Distrust you me?

CHAMONT.

No, but I fear her Weakness

May make her pay a Debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordship's Goodness,
I've heard a Story lately much disturbs me.

ACASTO.

Then first charge her; and if the Offence be found
Within my Reach, tho' it should touch my Nature,
In my own Offspring, by the dear Remembrance
Of thy brave Father, whom my Heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest Vengeance.

[Exit.]

CHAMONT.

I thank you from my Soul.

MONIMIA.

Alas, my Brother!

What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My Heart quakes in me; in your settled Face
And clouded Brow methinks I see my Fate:
You will not kill me!

CHAMONT.

Pr'ythee, why dost talk so?

MONIMIA.

Look kindly on me then. I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me:
My Heart's so tender, should you charge me rough
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing.
But use me gently like a loving Brother,
And search through all the Secrets of my Soul.

CHAMONT.

Fear nothing, I will shew myself a Brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving Brother.
Y'ove not forgot our Father?

MONIMIA.

I shall never.

CHAMONT.

Then you'll remember too, he was a Man
 That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
 And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth :
 He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
 Though kept in Darkness from the World, and hidden,
 He could not have forgiven it to himself ;
 This was the only Portion that he left us ;
 And I more glory in it, than if possest
 Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.

Twas a large Trust, and must be manag'd nicely ;
 Now if by any Chance, *Monimia*,
 You have soil'd this Gem, and taken from its Value,
 How will y'account with me ?

MONIMIA.

I challenge Envy,

Malice, and all the Practices of Hell,
 To censure all the Actions of my past
 Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can !

CHAMONT.

I'll tell thee then ; three Nights ago, as I
 Lay musing in my Bed, all Darkness round me,
 A sudden Damp struck to my Heart, cold Sweat
 Dew'd all my Face, and Trembling seiz'd my Limbs :
 My Bed shook under me, the Curtains started,
 And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
 The Form of Thee, thus beauteous as thou art.
 Thy Garments flowing loose, and in each Hand
 A wanton Lover, who by Turns caress'd thee
 With all the Freedom of unbounded Pleasure :
 I snatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
 Darted it at the Fantome, strait it left me ;
 Then rose and call'd for Lights, when, O dire Omen !
 I found my Weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
 Just where that famous Tale was interwoven,

How the unhappy *Theban* slew his Father.

MONIMIA.

And for this Cause my Virtue is suspected !
Because in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking !

CHAMONT.

Have a care;

Labour not to be justified too fast :
Hear all, and then let Justice hold the Scale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me :
Through a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
And meditated on the last Night's Vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself ;
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red ;
Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old strip'd Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold ;
So there was nothing of a piece about her ;
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness ;
I ask'd her of my Way, which she inform'd me ;
Then crav'd my Charity, and bade me hasten
To save a Sister : At that Word I started..

MONIMIA.

The common Cheat of Beggars every Day !
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Prophefy, and telling Fools their Fortunes..

CHAMONT.

Oh ! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumstance of Truth ;
Castalia and *Polydore*, my Sister.

MONIMIA.

Hah !

B 6

CHAMONT.

CHAMONT.

What, alter'd ! does your Courage fail you !
 Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honest ;
 Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
 Thy Honour at a sordid Game.

MONIMIA.

I will,

I must, so hardly my Misfortune loads me.
 That both have offered me their Loves, most true. —

CHAMONT.

And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

MONIMIA.

Though they both with earnest Vows
 Have prest my Heart, if e'er in Thought I yielded
 To any but *Castilio* —

CHAMONT.

But *Castilio* !

MONIMIA.

Still will you cross the Line of my Discourse !
 Yes, I confess that he has won my Soul
 By generous Love, and honourable Vows :
 Which he this Day appointed to compleat,
 And make himself by holy Marriage mine.

CHAMONT.

Art thou then spotless ? hast thou still preserv'd
 Thy Virtue white without a Blot untainted ?

MONIMIA.

When I'm unchaste, may Heav'n reject my Pray'rs !
 Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it !

CHAMONT.

Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me
 Than all the Comforts ever yet blest Man.
 But let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.
 Trust not a Man ; we are by Nature false,
 Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant :
 When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him ;
 But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee :

I charge

I charge thee let no more *Castilio* sooth thee :
 Avoid it as thou wouldest perserve the Peace
 Of a poor Brother, to whose Soul th'art precious.

MONIMIA.

I will !

CHAMONI.

Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great Ones,
 When Merit begs, then shalt thou see how soon
 His Heart will cool, and all his Pains grow easy. [Exit.

MONIMIA.

Yes, I will try him ; torture him severely ;
 For, oh *Castilio* ! thou too much hast wrong'd me,
 In leaving me to *Polydore*'s ill Usage.
 He comes ; and now for once, oh Love stand neuter,
 Whilst a hard Part's perform'd ! for I must tempt,
 Wound his soft Nature, tho' my own Heartakes for't. [Ex.

Enter CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

Monimia, Monimia ! — She's gone ;
 And seem'd to part with Anger in her Eyes ;
 I am a Fool ; and she has found my Weakness ;
 She uses me already like a Slave
 Fast bound in Chains, to be chafis'd at will :
 'Twas not well done to trifle with my Brother :
 I might have trusted him with all the Secret,
 Open'd my silly Heart, and shewn it bare.
 But then he loves her too ; but not like me.
 I am a doting honest Slave, design'd
 For Bondage, Marriage-bonds, which I have sworn
 To wear : It is the only thing I e'er
 Hid from his Knowledge ; and he'll sure forgive
 The first Transgression of a wretched Friend
 Betray'd to Love, and all its little Follies.

Enter

Enter POLYDORE, and Page at the Door.

POLYDORE.

Here place yourself, and watch my Brother throughly :
If he should chance to meet *Monimia*, make
Just Observation of each Word and Action ;
Pass not one Circumstance without Remark :
Sir, 'tis your Office, do't and bring me word. [Ex. Pol.

Enter MONIMIA.

CASTALIO.

Monimia, my Angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn ;
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

MONIMIA.

Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithless Men !
'Tis thus the false *Hyæna* makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den ;
Your Sex are so, such false Dissemblers all,
With Sighs and Plaints y'entice poor Women's Hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

CASTALIO.

What means my Love ? Oh, how have I deserv'd
This Language from the Sovereign of my Joys !
Stop, stop those Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
Like baneful Dew from a distemper'd Sky ;
I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

MONIMIA.

Oh, you are false, *Castilio*, most forsworn,
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith.
My Heart is fixt, and you shall shake't no more.

CASTALIO.

Who told you so ? what Hell-bred Villain durst

Prophane

Prophane the sacred Busines of my Love?

MONIMIA.

Your Brother, knowing on what Terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of Love,
And durst affront me with his brutal Passion.

CASTALIO.

'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
False to my Brother and unjust to Thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this Day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a Right above me.

MONIMIA.

And was your Love so very tame to shrink,
Or rather than lose him, abandon me?

CASTALIO.

I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his Heat, and to conceal my Happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly Will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask'd;
Lest he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* lost.

MONIMIA.

Could you then? did you; can you own it too?
"Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself;
And I can never think you meant me fair.

CASTALIO.

Is this *Monimia*? surely no! 'till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, soft and kind.
Who trusts his Heart with Woman's surely lost:
You were made Fair on purpose to undo us,
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er distrust the Poison that it hides.

MONIMIA.

When Love ill-plac'd would find a means to break—

CASTALIO.

It never wants Pretences or Excuse.

MONI-

MONIMIA.

Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
 Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too : -
 A lofty Aspect given him for Command,
 Easily soften'd, when he would betray : -
 Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breasts invade,
 Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while ;
 But soon you find new Conquests out, and leave
 The ravag'd Province ruinate and waste..
 If so *Castilio* you have serv'd my Heart,
 I find that Desolation's settled there,
 And I shall ne'er recover Peace again.

CASTALIO.

Who can hear this, and bear an equal Mind !
 Since you will drive me from you, I must go ;
 But, oh *Monimia*, when th' hast banisht me,
 No creeping Slave, though tractable and dull,
 As artful Woman for her Ends would chuse,
 Shall ever dote as I have done : For oh !
 No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pain can tell,
 'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hells.

MONIMIA.

Castilio ! stay ! we must not part. I find
 My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace..
 These little Quarrels Love must needs forgive,
 They rouse up drowsy Thoughts, and wake my Soul.
 Oh ! charm me with the Music of thy Tongue ;
 I'm ne'er so blest as when I hear thy Vows,
 And listen to the Language of thy Heart..

CASTALIO.

Where am I ! surely Paradise is round me !
 Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
 And every Sense is full of thy Perfection.
 To hear thee speak might calm a Madman's Frenzy,
 'Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows ;
 But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties
 Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.

To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!
Sure framing thee Heav'n took unusual Care,
As its own Beauty it design'd thee Fair;
And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel there. [Ex.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter POLYDORE, and PAGE.

POLYDORE.

WERE they so kind? Express it to me all
In Words, 'twill make me think I saw it too.

PAGE.

At first I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, Castilio grew disturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd Submission, though Love all the while
The Rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.

POLYDORE.

But what succeeded?

PAGE.

Oh 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a sudden all the Storm was past,
A gentle Calm of Love succeeded it;
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd, Castilio swore;
As you, my Lord, I well remember did
To my young Sister in the Orange Grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your Page.

POLYDORE.

Happy Castilio! Now, by my great Soul,
M' ambitious Soul, that languishes to Glory,
I'll have her yet, by my best Hopes I will.
She shall be mine in spight of all her Arts.

But

But for *Castilio* why was I refus'd?
 Has he supplanted me by some foul Play,
 Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durst not do't.
 It must be so: We parted, and he met her,
 Half to Compliance brought by me, surpriz'd
 Her sinking Virtue 'till she yielded quite:
 So Poachers basely pick up tir'd Game,
 Whilst the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
 Boy!

PAGE.

My Lord!

POLYDORÉ.

Go to your Chamber and prepare your Lute;
 Find out some Song to please me, that describes
 Women's Hypocrisies, their subtle Wiles,
 Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconstancies,
 Their painted Outsides, and corrupted Minds,
 The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falshoods.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Oh the unhappiest Tidings Tongue e'er told!

POLYDORÉ.

The Matter!

SERVANT.

Oh! your Father, my good Master,
 As with his Guests he sat in Mirth rais'd high,
 And chas'd the Goblet round the joyful Board,
 A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs;
 His Eyes distorted grew; his Visage pale!
 His Speech forsook him; Life itself seem'd fled,
 And all his Friends are waiting now about him..

Enter ACASCO leaning on two.

ACASCO:

Support me, give me Air, I'll yet recover;
 'Twas but a Slip decaying Nature made,

For she grows weary near her Journey's End.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polydore*;
Your Brother! where's *Castalio*?

S E R V A N T.

My Lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the House,
He and *Monimia* are not to be found.

A C A S T O.

Not to be found! then where are all my Friends?
'Tis well,—
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy Fault
My unmannerly Infirmitiy has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome Hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and die with all my Friends about me.

Enter C A S T A L I O.

C A S T A L I O.

Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long uninterrupted Days!
Oh! may he live 'till Time itself decay,
'Till good Men wish him dead, or I offend him!

A C A S T O.

Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both your Hands;
And bear me up I'd walk: So, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

C A S T A L I O.

My Lord, your Chaplain.

A C A S T O.

Let the good Man enter.

C H A P L A I N.

Beav'n guard your Lordship, and restore your Health.

A C A S T O.

I have provided for thee, if I die.
No fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united, ever live,

And

And for the Estate, you'll find when I am dead
 I have divided it betwixt you both,
 Equally parted, as you shar'd my Love ;
 Only to sweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
 Ten thousand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
 To wed her honourably as she's born.
 Be not less Friends because you're Brothers ; shun
 The Man that's singular, his Mind's unsound,
 His Spleen o'erweighs his Brains ; but above all,
 Avoid the politic, the factious Fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knaves,
 The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason ;
 Calls saucy loud Suspicion, public Zeal,
 And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit :
 Be very careful how ye make new Friends.
 Men read not Morals now, it was a Custom.
 But all are to their Fathers Vices born :
 And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
 Let Marriage be the last mad thing ye do,
 For all the Sins and Follies of the past.
 If you have Children, never give them Knowledge,
 'Twill spoil their Fortune, Fools are all the Fashion..
 If you've Religion, keep it to yourselves.
 Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
 And laugh ye out on't ; never shew Religion,
 Except ye mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
 And cheat believing Fools that think ye honest.

Enter S E R I N A.

S E R I N A.

My Father !

A C A S T O.

My Heart's Darling !

S E R I N A.

Let my Knees.

Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have rest,
 But wake and weep 'till Heav'n restore my Father !

A C A S T O.

ACAS T.O.

Rise to my Arms, and thy kind Prayers are answer'd,
For thou'rt a wond'rous Extract of all Goodness,
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt when near thee,
Chamont!

*Enter CHAMONT.**CHAMONT.*

My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen :
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Blessing too.

ACAS T.O.

May'st thou be happy !

CHAMONT.

Where ?

ACAS T.O.

In all thy Wishes !

CHAMONT.

Confirm me so, and make this Fair One mine,
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtship,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art ;
Insets in Love seem best like those in War,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the Force ;
So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out the Abundance of my Soul.

ACAS T.O.

What says *Serina* ? can'st thou love a Soldier ?
One born to Honour, and to Honour bred ;
One that has learn'd to treat ev'n Foes with Kindness ;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praise himself.

SERINA.

Oh ! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy must be a Stranger to my Heart,
When you're in Danger. May *Chamont*'s good Fortune
Render him lovely to some happier Maid !
Whilst I at friendly Distance see him blest,
Praise the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.

ACAS T.O.

Knew you my Father, the old *Chamont* ?

CHAPLAIN.

I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

CHAMONT.

Why? didst thou love him?

CHAPLAIN.

Every body lov'd him; besides he was my Master's Friend.

CHAMONT.

I could embrace thee for that very Notion.

If thou didst love my Father, I could think

Thou wouldst not be an Enemy to me.

CHAPLAIN.

I can be no Man's Foe.

CHAMONT.

Then pr'ythee tell me;

Think'st thou the Lord *Castilio* loves my Sister?

Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy Office

Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.

Then if thou'rt honest, use this Freedom kindly.

CHAPLAIN.

Love your Sister!

CHAMONT.

Ay, Love her.

CHAPLAIN.

Sir, I never ask'd him,

And wonder you should ask it me.

CHAMONT.

Nay, but thou'rt an Hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honest in your Schools?
The Pride of your Superiors makes ye Slaves:
Ye all live loathsome sneaking servile Lives;
Not free enough to practise generous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

CHAPLAIN.

I would deserve a better Thought from you.

CHAMONT.

If thou wouldst have me not contemn thy Office

And

And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worst Professor;
Inform me; for I tell thee, Priest, I'll know.

CHAPLAIN.

Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

CHAMONT.

How, wrong'd her? have a care: For this may lay
A Scene of Mischief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, saidst thou?

CHAPLAIN.

Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

CHAMONT.

This is a Secret worth a Monarch's Fortune;
What shall I give thee for't! thou dear Physician
Of sickly Souls unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine—

CHAPLAIN.

I would hide nothing from you willingly.

CHAMONT.

Nay, then again thou'rt honest. Would'st thou tell me?

CHAPLAIN.

Yes, if I durst.

CHAMONT.

Why, what affrights thee?

CHAPLAIN.

You do,

Who are not to be trusted with the Secret.

CHAMONT.

Why, I am no Fool.

CHAPLAIN.

So indeed you say.

CHAMONT.

Pr'ythee, be serious then.

CHAPLAIN.

You see I am so,

And hardly shall be mad enough To-night,
To trust you with my Ruin.

Knew you my Father, the old *Chamont*?

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I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

CHAMONT.

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CHAPLAIN.

You see I am so,
And hardly shall be mad enough To-night,
To trust you with my Ruin.

CHAMONT.

Art thou then

So far concern'd in't? What has been thy Office?
 Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face!
 Just so do all Bawds look; nay, Bawds, they say,
 Can pray upon occasion, talk of Heav'n,
 Turn up their gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
 Dissemble, lye, and preach like any Priest.
 Art thou a Bawd?

CHAPLAIN.

Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

CHAMONT.

Be just then.

CHAPLAIN.

So I shall be to the Trust

That's laid upon me.

CHAMONT.

By the reverenc'd Soul
 Of that great honest Man that gave me Being,
 Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my Honour,
 And if I e'er reveal it to thy Wrong,
 May this good Sword ne'er do me right in Battle!
 May I ne'er know that blessed Peace of Mind,
 That dwells in good and pious Men, like thee!

CHAPLAIN.

I see your Temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.

CHAMONT.

Wi't thou?

CHAPLAIN.

I will; but if it ever 'scape you—

CHAMONT.

It never shall.

CHAPLAIN.

Swear then.

CHAMONT.

I do by all

That's dear to me, by th' Honour of my Name,

And

And that dread Power I serve, it never shall.

CHAPLAIN.

Then this good Day, when all the House was busy,
When Mirth and kind Rejoicing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

CHAMONT.

What, met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How, walking, standing, sitting, lying, hah!

CHAPLAIN.

I by their own Appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and join'd their Hands.

CHAMONT.

How! marry'd!

CHAPLAIN.

Yes, Sir.

CHAMONT.

Then my Soul's at Peace:

But why would you delay so long to give it?

CHAPLAIN.

Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acasto*; may be I was too cautious
To trust the Secret from me.

CHAMONT.

What's the Cause

I cannot guess, tho' 'tis my Sister's Honour.

I do not like this Marriage

Huddled i'th' Dark, and done at too much venture:

The Business looks with an unlucky Face.

Keep still the Secret, for it ne'er shall 'scape me,

Not even to them, the new-match'd Pair. Farewel.

Believe my Truth, and know me for thy Friend. [Exeunt.

Enter CASTALIO and MONIMIA.

CASTALIO.

Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who consulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this sad Look

Seems no good boading Omen to her Bliss,
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that Look cast down ?
Why that sad Sigh as if thy Heart were breaking ?

MONIMIA.

Castilio, I am thinking what we've done.
The Heav'nly Powers were sure displeas'd To-day ?
For at the Ceremony as we stood,
And as your Hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good Priest pronounc'd the sacred Words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling feiz'd my Soul.
What should that mean ?

CASTALIO.

Oh thou art tender all !
Gentle and kind as sympathizing Nature !
When a sad Story has been told, I've seen
Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds ;
But now let Fear be banish'd, think no more
Of Danger, for there's Safety in my Arms ;
Let them receive thee : Heav'n grows jealous now ;
Sure she's too good for any mortal Creature !
I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to Madnes.
But wherefore do I dally with my Blifs ?
The Night's far spent, and Day draws on apace ;
To Bed my Love, and wake till I come thither.

POLYDORE.

So hot, my Brother ? [Polydore at the Door.

MONIMIA.

'Twill be impossible :
You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
And the least Noise will certainly alarm him.

CASTALIO.

Impossible ? impossible ? alas !
Is't possible to live one Hour without thee ?
Let me behold those Eyes ; they'll tell me Truth.
Hast thou no Longing ? Art thou still the same

Cold icy Virgin? No; th'art alter'd quite.
Haste, haste to Bed, and let loose all thy Wishes.

M O N I M I A.

'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd.

C A S T A L I O.

Try if th'ast Power to stop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempest make the Seas be calm;
And when that's done, I'll conquer my Desires.
No more, my Blessing. What shail be the Sign?
When shall I come? For to my Joys I'll steal
As if I ne'er had paid my Freedom for them.

M O N I M I A.

Just three soft Strokes upon the Chamber-Door;
And at that Signal you shall gain Admittance:
But speak not the least Word; for if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

C A S T A L I O.

Oh! doubt it not, *Monimia*; our Joys
Shall be as silent as th' ecstatic Bliss
Of Souls that by Intelligence converse:
Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd:
Away, my Love; first take this Kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each Minute past.

[*Exit Mon*

My Brother wand'ring too so late this way!

P O L Y D O R E.

Castilio!

C A S T A L I O.

My *Polydore*, how dost thou?
How does our Father; is he well recover'd?

P O L Y D O R E.

I left him happily repos'd to Rest;
He's still as gay as if his Life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia*?

C A S T A L I O.

Doubtless well.

A cruel Beauty with her Conquest pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her Mind in Health:

POLYDORÉ.

Is she the same *Monimia* still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal Mould?

CASTALIO.

She is not Woman else:
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious Hoping;
We've in a barren Desert stray'd too long.

POLYDORÉ.

Yet may Relief be unexpected found,
And Love's sweet Manna cover all the Field.
Met ye To-day?

CASTALIO.

No, she has still avoided me.
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my Father.
I wish I'd never meddled with the Matter.
And would enjoin thee, *Polydore*—

POLYDORÉ.

To what?

CASTALIO.

To leave this peevish Beauty to herself.

POLYDORÉ.

What, quit my Love? as soon I'd quit my Post
In Fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars, I'll chase her 'till she yields—
To me, or meets her Rescue in another.

CASTALIO.

Nay, she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds:
But I have wond'rous Reasons on my Side,
That would persuade thee, were they known:

POLYDORÉ.

Then speak 'em.

What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Castilio*, have a care;

Use honest Dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love so blinded,
But can discern your Purpose to abuse me:
Quit your Pretences to her.

CASTALIO.

Grant I do; :

You love Capitulations, *Polydore*;
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.

POLYDORÆ.

You say, you've Reasons. Why are they conceal'd? :

CASTALIO.

To-morrow I may tell you.
It is a Matter of such Consequence,
As I must well consult ere I reveal: :
But, pr'ythee, cease to think I would abuse thee,
'Till more be known.

POLYDORÆ.

When you, *Castilio*, cease
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think *Castilio* faithless to his Friend.
Did I not see you part this very Moment? :

CASTALIO.

It seems you've watch'd me then? :

POLYDORÆ.

I scorn the Office.

CASTALIO.

Pr'ythee, avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

POLYDORÆ.

That is, henceforward making Leagues with you.

CASTALIO.

Nay, if y're angry, *Polydore*, good Night. [Exit.

POLYDORÆ.

Good Night, *Castilio*, if y're in such Haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th'Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait awhile,
Then come and take Possession of my Love.

This is the utmost Point of all my Hopes,
 Or now she must or never can be mine.
 Oh! for a Means now how to counterplot,
 And disappoint this happy elder Brother.
 In every thing we do, or undertake,
 He soars above me, mount what Height I can,
 And keeps the Start he got of me in Birth.
Cerdonio!

Enter PAGE.

PAGE.

My Lord!

POLYDORÉ.

Come hither, Boy.

Thou hast a pretty forward lying Face,
 And may'st in time expect Preferment; canst thou
 Pretend to Secrecy, cajole and flatter
 Thy Master's Follies, and assist his Pleasures?

PAGE.

My Lord, I could do any thing for you,
 And ever be a very faithful Boy.
 Command, what e'er's your Pleasure I'll observe:
 Be it to run, or watch; or to convey
 A Letter to a beauteous Lady's Bosom;
 At least I am not dull, and soon should learn.

POLYDORÉ.

'Tis pity then thou shouldst not be employ'd.
 Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
 Undressing, and preparing for his Rest;
 Find out some Means to keep him up a while:
 Tell him a pretty Story that may please
 His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what:
 If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
 To Bed, and sent you there to know his Pleasure
 Whether he'll hunt To-morrow. Well said *Polydore*;
 Dissemble with thy Brother: That's one Point.
 But do not leave him 'till he's in his Bed;
 Or if he chance to walk again this Way,

Follow and do not quit him, but seem fond
 To do him little Offices of Service.
 Perhaps at last it may offend him ; then
 Retire, and wait 'till I come in. Away :
 Succeed in this and be employ'd again.

PAGE.

Doubt not, my Lord : He has been always kind
 To me ; would often set me on his Knee ;
 Then give me Sweetmeats, call me pretty Boy,
 And ask me what the Maids talk'd of at Nights.

POLYDORÉ.

Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy Wishes.

[Exit Page.]

Here I'm alone and fit for Mischief ; now
 To cheat this Brother, will't be honest, that
 I heard the Sign she order'd him to give.
 Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change
 The happy *Polydore* to blest *Castalio* !
 She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
 But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
 Then when I'm happily possest of more
 Than Sense can think, all loosen'd into Joy,
 To hear my disappointed Brother come,
 And give the unregarded Signal ; Oh !
 Whát a malicious Pleasure will that be !
 Just three soft Strokes upon the Chamber-Dcor :
 But speak not the least Word ; for if you should,
 'Tis surely heard, and we are both betray'd.
 How I adore a Mistress that contrives
 With Care to lay the Busines of her Joys !
 One that has Wit to charm the very Soul,
 And give a double Relish to Delight !
 Blest Heav'ns assist me but in this dear Hour,
 And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
 Dispose of me hereafter as you please.

Monimia ! Monimia !

[Gives the Sign.]

[*Maid at the Window.*] Who's there?

POLYDORÉ.

'Tis I.

MAID.

My Lord *Castilio*?

POLYDORÉ.

The same.

How does my Love, my dear *Monimia*?

MAID.

Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind Delay;
You've staid so long that at each little Noise
The Wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

POLYDORÉ.

Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd.

[*Maid descends.*

Now boast, *Castilio*, triumph now and tell
Thyself strange Stories of a promis'd Bliss..

[*The Door unbolts.*

It opens, hah! what means my trembling Flesh!
Limbs, do your Office and support me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

[*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO and PAGE.

PAGE.

Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning.
Pray let us hunt.

CASTALIO.

Go, you're an idle Pratler,
I'll stay at Home To-morrow; if your Lord
'Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: Go leave me,
I must to Bed.

PAGE.

I'll wait upon your Lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to Repose.

CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far wasted,
My Senses too are quite disrob'd of Thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good-night: commend me to my Brother.

PAGE.

Oh!

You never heard the last new Song I learn'd;
It is the finest, prettiest Song indeed,
Of my Lord and my Lady you know who,
That were caught together, you know where.
My Lord, indeed it is.

CASTALIO.

You must be whipt, Youngster, if you get such
Songs as those are.
What means this Boy's Impertinence To-night?

PAGE.

Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord?

CASTALIO.

Psalms, Child, Psalms.

PAGE.

O dear me! Boys that go to School learn Psalms,
But Pages that are better bred sing Lampoons.

CASTALIO.

Well, leave me; I am weary.

PAGE.

Oh! but you promis'd me last time I told you what
Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s Stockings were of, and that
she garter'd them above Knee, that you would give me a
little Horse to go a hunting upon, so you did, I'll tell you
no more Stories, except you keep your Word with me.

CASTALIO.

Well go, you Trifler, and To-morrow ask me.

PAGE.

Indeed, my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

CASTALIO.

Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

PAGE.

No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.

CASTALIO.

What dost thou know! Death! what can all this mean?

PAGE.

Oh! I know who loves some-body.

CASTALIO.

What's that to me, Boy?

PAGE.

Nay, and I know who loves you too.

CASTALIO.

That's a wonder, pr'ythee tell it me.

PAGE.

'Tis——'tis——I know who——
But will you give me the Horse then?

CASTALIO.

I will, my Child.

PAGE.

It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you tell
her I told you, she'll give me no more Play-things then.
I heard her say so as she lay a-bed, Man.

CASTALIO.

Talk'd she of me when in her Bed, *Cordelio*?

PAGE.

Yes, and I sung her the Song you made too.
And she did so sigh, and so look with her Eyes;
And her Breasts did so lift up and down, I could have found
in my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me ashamed.

CASTALIO.

Hark, What's that Noise?

Take this, begone, and leave me.

You Knaves, you little Flatterer, get you gone. [Exit Page.
Surely it was a Noise. Hist——only Fancy.
For all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion standing still:
So much she from her Work appears to cease,

And

And every warring Element's at Peace ;
 All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd ;
 The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
 And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep ;
 The feeling Air's at rest, and feels no Noise,
 Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,
 Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon 'em.
 'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,
 To take Possession of *Monimia's* Arms.
 Sure *Polydore's* by this time gone to Bed.
 At Midnight thus the Us'rer steals untrack'd,
 To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
 And feasts his Eyes upon the shining Mammon : [Knocks.
 She hears me not, sure she already sleeps.
 Her Wishes could not brook so long Delay,
 And her poor Heart has beat itself to Rest. [Knocks again.
Monimia ! my Angel—hah—not yet—
 How long's the softest Moment of Delay
 To a Heart impatient of its Pangs like mine,
 In sight of Ease, and panting to the Goal ? [Knocks again.
 Once more—

MAID.

Who's there,
 That comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest ?

CASTALIO.

'Tis I.

MAID.

Who are you, what's your Name ?

CASTALIO.

The Lord *Castalia*.

Suppose

MAID.

I know you not.

The Lord *Castalia* has no Businefs here.

CASTALIO.

Hah ! have a care ; what can this mean ?
 Who e'er thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly ;

Tell

Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my Doom.

MAID.

Who e'er ye are, ye may repent this Outrage,
My Lady must not be disturb'd. Good-night!

CASTALIO.

She must, tell her she shall; go, I'm in haste,
And bring her Tidings from the State of Love;
They're all in Consultation met together,
How to reward my Truth, and crown her Vows.

MAID.

Sure the Man's mad.

CASTALIO.

Or this will make me so : :
Obey me, or by all the Wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the Window, and come in by Force,
Let the sad Consequence be what it will ;
This Creature's trifling Folly makes me mad..

MAID..

My Lady's Answer is, you may depart,
She says she knows you : You are *Polydore*,
Sent by *Castilio*, as you were To-day,
T'affront and do her Violence again.

CASTALIO.

I'll not believe't..

MAID.

You may, Sir.

CASTALIO.

Curses blast thee !

MAID.

Well, 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope
May cure the raging Fever in your Blood.
Good-night.

CASTALIO.

And farewell all that's just in Woman !
This is contriv'd, a studied Trick to abuse
My easy Nature, and torment my Mind ;
Sure now she's bound me fast, and means to lord it,

To

To rein me hard, and ride me at her Will,
 'Till by Degrees she shape me into Fool
 For all her future Uses. Death and Torment!
 'Tis Impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
 Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my Hair.
 'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's short;
 Let but To-morrow, but To-morrow come,
 And try if all thy Arts appease my Wrong;
 'Till when be this detested Place my Bed, [Lies down.
 Where I will ruminant on Woman's Ills,
 Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant Sex,
 Faithless *Monimia*! Oh *Monimia*!

Enter ERNESTO.

ERNESTO.

Either

My Sense has been deluded, or this Way,
 I heard the sound of Sorrow; 'tis late Night,
 And none, whose Mind's at Peace, would wander now.

CASTALIO.

Who's there?

ERNESTO.

A Friend.

CASTALIO.

If thou art so, retire.

And leave this Place, for I would be alone.

ERNESTO.

Castilio! My Lord, why in this Posture,
 Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honest true old Servant,
 Your poor *Ernesto* cannot see you thus;
 Rise, I beseech you.

CASTALIO.

If thou art *Ernesto*,

As by thy Honesty thou seem'st to be,
 Once leave me to my Folly.

ERNESTO.

I can't leave you,

And

And not the Reason know of your Disorders.
 Remember how when young I in my Arms
 Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your Pleasures,
 And sought an early Share in your Affection.
 Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

C A S T A L I O.

Thou canst not serve me.

E R N E S T O.

Why?

C A S T A L I O.

Because my Thoughts
 Are full of Woman; thou, poor Wretch, art past 'em.

E R N E S T O.

I hate the Sex.

C A S T A L I O.

Then I'm thy Friend, *Ernesto*. [Rises.

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman.
 Woman the Fountain of all human Frailty!
 What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
 Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.
 Who lost *Mark Antony* the World? A Woman.
 Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
 And laid at last old *Troy* in Ashes? Woman.
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.
 Woman to Man first as a Blessing giv'n,
 When Innocence and Love were in their Prime,
 Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly Woman long'd to go astray;
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love;
 To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. [Exe.

CONT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

ACASTO *solus.*

ACASTO.

Blest be the Morning that has brought me Health ;
 A happy Rest has soften'd Pain away,
 And I'll forget it, though my Mind's not well.
 A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart,
 I droop and sigh I know not why. Dark Dreams,
 Sick Fancy's Children, have been over-busy,
 And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains ;
 Methought I heard the Mid-night Raven cry,
 Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noise, my Curtains seem'd
 To start, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd.
 Like Ghosts, all pale and slipp : I strove to speak,
 But could not : suddenly the Forms were lost,
 And seem'd to vanish in a bloody Cloud ;
 'Twas odd, and for the present shook my Thoughts,
 But was th' Effect of my distemper'd Blood ;
 And when the Health's disturb'd, the Mind's unruly.

Enter POLYDOR.E.

Good Morning, *Polydore.*

POLYDOR.E.

Heav'n keep your Lordship.

ACASTO.

Have you yet seen *Castalio* To-day ?

POLYDOR.E.

My Lord, 'tis early Day ; he's hardly risen.

ACASTO.

Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel.

[Exit Polydore.]

I cannot think all has gone well To-night ;
 For as I waking lay (and sure my Sense,

Was

Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Gastolio's Voice ; but it seem'd low and mournful,
Under my Window too I thought I heard it ;
M'untoward Fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing ; and I will search the Truth out..

Enter MONIMIA, and her MAID.

Already up, *Monimia* ! you rose
Thus early sure to out-shine the Day !
Or was there any thing that crost your Rest ?
They were naughty Thoughts that would not let you sleep.

MONIMIA.

Whatever are my Thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn, and Evening, give up the Account.

ACASTO.

Your Pardon Sweet-one, I upbraid you not ;
Or if I would, you are so good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair To-day
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms seem up, and ready in your Eyes.

MONIMIA.

The little Share I have's so very mean,
That it may easily admit Addition ;
Though you, my Lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much Praise, and make me proud.

ACASTO.

Proud of an old Man's Praises ! No, *Monimia* !
But if my Prayers can work thee any good,
Thou shalt not want the largest Share of 'em.

ACASTO.

Heard you no Noise To-night ?

MONIMIA.

Noise ! my good Lord !

Ay ! about Midnight.

MONIMIA.

Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

ACASTO.

ACASTO.

You must sure ! went you early to your Rest ?

MONIMIA.

About the wonted Hour. Why this Enquiry ? [Aske-]

ACASTO.

And went your Maid to Bed too ?

MONIMIA.

My Lord, I guess so ;

I've seldom known her disobey my Orders.

ACASTO:

Sure Goblins then or Fairies haunt the Dwelling ;
I'll have Enquiry made through all the House,
But I'll find out the Cause of these Disorders.Good-day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chapel. [Ex. Acasto]

MONIMIA.

I'll but dispatch some Orders to my Woman,
And wait upon your Lordship there.
I fear the Priest has play'd us false ; if so,
My poor *Castilio* loses all for me ;
I wonder though he made such Haste to leave me ;
Was't not unkind, *Florella* ! surely 'twas !
He scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away so cold : The Kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of fated Love.
Would I had never marry'd !

MAID.

Why ?

MONIMIA.

Methinks .

The Scene's quite alter'd ; I am not the same ;
I've bound up for myself a Weight of Cares,
And how the Burden will be borne none knows.
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false ;
And should *Castilio* e'er prove so to me ;
So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and distract my Rest for ever.

MAID.

MAID.

Madam, he's coming.

MONIMIA.

Where, Florella? where?

Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
I'll meet him there: The Mysteries of our Love
Should be kept private as Religious Rites,
From the unhallow'd View of common Eyes.

[*Exeunt Mon. and Maid.*]

Enter CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

Wish'd Morning's come! And now upon the Plains
And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The lusty Swain comes with his well fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Fields his daily Toil,
And dress the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking towards the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow;
The cheerful Birds too, on the Tops of Trees,
Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.
There's no Condition sure so curs'd as mine;
I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I'm sped. How like a Dog
Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Distaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter MONIMIA, and MAID.

MONIMIA.

I come,

I fly to my ador'd *Castalio's* Arms,
My Wishes Lord. May every Morn begin

Like

Like this ; and with our Days our Loves renew.

Now I may hope you are satisfy'd——

[Looking languishingly on him.]

C A S T A L I O.

I am

Well satisfy'd, that thou art——Oh——

M O N I M I A.

What? speak:

Art thou not well, *Castilio*? Come, lean
Upon my Breast, and tell me where's thy Pain.

C A S T A L I O.

'Tis here! 'tis in my Head ; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where ; it rages like a Madness ;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds ;
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia* : the Slave
You thought you had secur'd within my Breast,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

M O N I M I A.

Am I not then your Wife, your lov'd *Monimia*?
I once was so, or I've most strangely dream't.
What ails my Love ?

C A S T A L I O.

What e'er thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking Thoughts ne'er meant *Castilio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sex's Arts,
They are useless all : I'm not that pliant Tool,
That necessary Utensil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better—I am Man,
Obstinate Man ; and will not be enslav'd.

M O N I M I A.

You shall, nor fear't : Indeed my Nature's easy,
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will ; for that shall be my Law ;
Indeed I will not.

CASTALIO.

Nay, you shall not, Madam;
 By yon bright Heav'n, you shall not; all the Day
 I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee;
 'Till by Afflictions and continued Cares,
 I've worn thee to a homely household Drudge:
 Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
 Subservient to all my looser Pleasures,
 For thou hast wrong'd *Castilio*.

MONIMIA.

No more:

Oh kill me here, or tell me my Offence,
 I'll never quit you else; but on these Knees,
 Thus follow you all Day, 'till th'are worn bare,
 And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.

Castilio—

CASTALIO.

Away; last Night, last Night.

MONIMIA.

It was our Wedding-night.

CASTALIO.

No more, forget it.

MONIMIA.

Why? Do you then repent?

CASTALIO.

I do.

MONIMIA.

Oh Heav'n!

And will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella*.

[He drags her to the Door, and breaks from her.

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.

Oh my Heart breaks—I'm dying, Oh—stand off;

I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakness; still
 Chaft, and fomented, let my Heart swell on,
 'Till with its Injuries it burst, and shake
 With the dire Blow this Prison to the Earth.

MAID.

What sad Mistake has been the Cause of this ?

MONIMIA.

Castilio : Oh ! how often has he swore,
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his Vows to me.
Make haste, Confusion, then : Sun lose thy Light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth ;
For my *Castilio*'s false.

MAID.

Unhappy Day !

MONIMIA.

False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather ;
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey.
I feel him in my Breast, he tears my Heart,
And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood ;
Must I be long in Pain ?

Enter CHAMONT.

CHAMONT.

In Tears, *Monimia* !

MONIMIA.

Who e'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Despair.

CHAMONT.

Lift up thy Eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the Story of thy Wrongs, and then
See if my Soul has Rest 'till thou hast Justice.

MONIMIA.

My Brother !

CHAMONT.

Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'st
That I deserve the Name, I am thy Brother.

MONIMIA.

Oh *Castilio* !

CHAMONT.

Hah !

Name

Name me that Name again! My Soul's on fire
 'Till I know all: There's Meaning in that Name.
 I know he is thy Husband: 'Therefore trust me
 With all the following Truth—

M O N I M I A.

Indeed, *Chamont*,

There's nothing in it but the Fault of Nature:
 I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with Grief,
 I know not why.

C H A M O N T.

You use me ill, *Monimia*;

And I might think with Justice most severely
 Of this unfaithful Dealing with your Brother.

M O N I M I A.

Truly I'm not to blame: Suppose I'm fond,
 And grieve for what as much may please another.
 Should I upbraid the dearest Friend on Earth
 For the first Fault? you would not do so: Would you?

C H A M O N T.

Not if I'd Cause to think it was a Friend.

M O N I M I A.

Why do you then call this unfaithful Dealing?
 I ne'er conceal'd my Soul from you before:
 Bear with me now, and search my Wounds no farther,
 For every Probing pains me to the Heart.

C H A M O N T.

'Tis sign there's Danger, and must be prevented.
 Where's your new Husband? Still that Thought disturbs you.
 What, only answer me with Tears? *Castilio*!
 Nay, now they stream,
 Cruel unkind *Castilio*! Is't not so?

M O N I M I A.

I cannot speak, Grief flows so fast upon me,
 It chokes and will not let me tell the Cause.

C H A M O N T.

Oh, my *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
 As Honour to my Name: Dear as the Light

To Eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of Blindness.
 Why wilt thou not repose within my Breast
 The Anguish that torments thee?

MONIMIA.

Oh! I dare not.

CHAMONT.

I have no Friend but thee: We must confide
 In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
 Alas, we are; and when I see thee grieve,
 Methinks it is a Part of me that suffers.

MONIMIA.

Oh shouldst thou know the Cause of my Lamenting;
 I'm satisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou wouldest scorn me;
 Thou wouldest despise the abject lost *Monimia*;
 No more wouldest praise this hated Beauty; but
 When in some Cell distract'd, as I shall be,
 Thou seest me lie; these unregarded Locks
 Matted like Furies Tresses; my poor Limbs
 Chain'd to the Ground, and 'stead of the Delights
 Which happy Lovers taste, my Keeper's Stripes;
 A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish
 Of wretched Sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
 Pr'ythee have Charity and Pity for me.
 Let me enjoy this Thought.

CHAMONT.

Why wilt thou rack
 My Soul so long, *Monimia*? Ease me quickly;
 Or thou wilt run me into Madness first.

MONIMIA.

Could you be secret?

CHAMONT.

Secret as the Grave.

MONIMIA.

But when I've told you, will you keep your Fury
 Within its Bounds? Will you not do some rash
 And horrid Mischief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
 You would not think how hardly I've been us'd

From a near Friend ; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

CHAMONT.

I will be calm ; but has *Castalio* wrong'd thee ?
Has he already wasted all his Love ?
What has he done ? quickly ; for I'm all trembling
With Expectation of a horrid Tale.

MONIMIA.

Oh ! could you think it !

CHAMONT.

What ?

MONIMIA.

I fear he'll kill me.

CHAMONT.

Hah !

MONIMIA.

Indeed I do ; he's strangely cruel to me,
Which if it lasts, I'm sure must break my Heart.

CHAMONT.

What has he done ?

MONIMIA.

Most barbarously us'd me :
Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms ;
In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted ;
At Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
Oh then !

CHAMONT.

Go on !

MONIMIA.

He threw me from his Breast,
Like a detested Sin.

CHAMONT.

How ?

MONI.

MONIMIA.

As I hung too

Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cause,
 He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
 And had no Pity on my Cries.

CHAMONT.

How ! did he

Dash thee disdainfully away with Scorn !

MONIMIA.

He did ; and more I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
 Though I still love him with unbated Passion.

CHAMONT.

What, throw thee from him !

MONIMIA.

Yes, indeed he did.

CHAMONT.

So may this Arm
 Throw him to th' Earth, like a dead Dog despis'd ;
 Lameness and Leprosy, Blindness and Lunacy,
 Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of Villain
 Light on me, if, *Castilio*, I forgive thee.

MONIMIA.

Nay, now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is :
 Didst thou not promise me thou wouldest be calm ?
 Keep my Disgrace conceal'd ? why shouldest thou kill him ?
 By all my Love, this Arm should do him Vengeance. I
 Alas, I love him still, and though I ne'er
 Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
 Yet bless him, bless him (Gods) where-e'er he goes.

Enter ACASCO.

ACASCO.

Sure some ill Fate is towards me ; in my House
 I only meet with Oddness and Disorder ;
 Each Vassal has a wild distracted Face ;
 And looks as full of Busines as a Blockhead
 In Times of Danger : Just this very Moment

I met *Castilio* —

CHAMONT.

Then you met a Villain.

ACASTO.

Hah !

CHAMONT.

Yes, a Villain.

ACASTO.

Have a care, young Soldier,

How thou'rt too busy with *Acasto*'s Fame ;
I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee —

CHAMONT.

Curse on thy scandalous Age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that curs'd Bramble !

ACASTO.

Ungrateful Ruffian ! sure my good old Friend
Was ne'er thy Father ; nothing of him's in thee :
What have I done in my unhappy Age ;
To be thus us'd ? I scorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in Remembrance —

CHAMONT.

Do :

ACASTO.

I scorn it —

CHAMONT.

No, I'll calmly hear the Story ;
For I would fain know all, to see which Scale
Weighs most — Hah, is not that good old *Acasto* ?
What have I done ? Can you forgive this Folly ?

ACASTO.

Why dost thou ask it ?

CHAMONT.

'Twas the rude O'erflowing

Of too much Passion ; pray, my Lord, forgive me. [Kneels.]

ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Mock me not, Youth ; I can revenge a Wrong.

CHAMONI.

I know it well ; but for this Thought of mine,
Pity a Madman's Frenzy, and forget it.

ACASTO.

I will ; but henceforth, pr'ythee be more kind.

[Raises him.]

Whence came the Cause ?

CHAMONI.

Indeed I've been to blame,
But I'll learn better ; for you've been my Father :
You've been her Father too— [Takes Mon. by the Hand.]

ACASTO.

Forbear the Prologue—
And let me know the Substance of thy Tale.

CHAMONI.

You took her up a little tender Flower,
Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
Had nipt ; and with a careful loving Hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always shines : There long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye,
'Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.

ACASTO.

You talk to me in Parables ; *Chamont*,
You may have known that I'm no wordy Man ;
Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knayes
Or Fools, that use 'em, when they want good Sense ;
But Honesty
Needs no Disguise nor Ornament ; be plain.

CHAMONI.

Your Son—

ACASTO.

I've two, and both I hope have Honour.

CHAMONT.

I hope so too—but—

ACASTO.

Speak.

CHAMONT.

I must inform you,

Once more, *Castilio*—

ACASTO.

Still, *Castilio*?

CHAMONT.

Yes,

Your Son *Castilio* has wrong'd *Monimia*.

ACASTO.

Hah! wrong'd her?

CHAMONT.

Marry'd her.

ACASTO.

I'm sorry for't.

CHAMONT.

Why so ry?

By yon blest Heav'n there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his Heart.

ACASTO.

I'll not deny't.

CHAMONT.

You dare not, by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falshood to out-do *Castilio*,
Dare not deny't.

ACASTO.

How has *Castilio* wrong'd her?

CHAMONT.

Ask that of him: I say, my Sister's wrong'd:
Monimia, my Sister, born as high
And noble as *Castilio*—Do her Justice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.

I'll

I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Castilio*,
Take him to your Closet, and there teach him Manners,

ACAS T.O.

You shall have Justice.

CHAMONT.

Nay—I will have Justice.

Who'll sleep in Safety that has done me Wrong?

My Lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The Cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your House's Honour) ask it of *Castilio*.

ACAS T.O.

I will.

CHAMONT.

'Till then farewell—
[Exit.

ACAS T.O.

Farewel, proud Boy.

Monimia.

MONIMIA.

My Lord.

ACAS T.O.

You are my Daughter.

MONIMIA.

I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

ACAS T.O.

When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father. [Exit.

MONIMIA.

Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
Is there so wretched as *Monimia*?—
First by *Castilio* cruelly forsaken;
I've lost *Castilio* now: His parting Frowns
May well instruct me, Rage is in his Heart;
I shall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
Thrust out a naked Wand'rer to the World,
And branded for the mischievous *Monimia*;
What will become of me? My cruel Brother
Is framing Mischiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce Bloodshed, and horrid Murder:

I would not be the Cause of one Man's Death,
 To reign the Empress of the Earth ; nay, more,
 I'd rather lose for ever my *Castilio*,
 My dear unkind *Castilio*.

Enter POLYDORÉ.

POLYDORÉ.

Monimia weeping !

So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,
 By the Sun's amorous Heat to be exhal'd.
 I come my Love, to kiss all Sorrow from thee.
 What mean these Sighs ? And why thus beats thy Heart ?

MONIMIA.

Let me alone to Sorrow : 'Tis a Cause
 None ere shall know ; but it shall with me die.

POLYDORÉ.

Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom these Sighs,
 These Tears, and all these Languishings are paid !
 I am no Stranger to your dearest Secret ;
 I know your Heart was never meant for me.
 That Jewel's for an elder Brother's Price.

MONIMIA.

My Lord !

POLYDORÉ.

Nay, wonder not ; last Night I heard
 His Oaths, your Vows, and to my Torment saw
 Your wild Embraces : Heard the Appointment made :
 I did, *Monimia*, and I curst the Sound.
 Wilt thou be sworn, my Love ? will thou be ne'er
 Unkind again ?

MONIMIA.

Banish such fruitless Hopes !

Have you sworn Constancy to my Undoing ?
 Will you be ne'er my Friend again ?

POLYDORÉ.

What means my Love ?

MONI-

MONIMIA.

Away ; what meant my Lord?
Last Night ?

POLYDORÉ.

Is that a Question now to be demanded ?
I hope *Monimia* was not much displeas'd.

MONIMIA.

Was it well done to treat me like a Prostitute,
T'assault my Lodging at the dead of Night,
And threaten me if I deny'd Admittance——
You said you were *Castilio*——

POLYDORÉ.

By those Eyes
It was the same ; I spent my Time much better ;
I tell thee, ill-natur'd fair One, I was posted
To more Advantage on a pleasant Hill
Of springing Joy, and everlasting Sweetness.

MONIMIA,

Hah——have a Care——

POLYDORÉ.

Where is the Danger near me ?

MONIMIA.

I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul in Wretchedness for ever ;
A thousand horrid Thoughts crowd on my Memory.
Will you be kind and answer me one Question ?

POLYDORÉ.

I'd trust thee with my Life on those soft Breasts ;
Breathe out the choicest Secrets of my Heart ;
'Till I had nothing in it left but Love.

MONIMIA.

Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the Honour of your Name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last Night ?

POLYDORÉ.

Within thy Arms

I triumph'd: Rest had been my Foe.

MONIMIA.

'Tis done — — — [She faints.]

POLYDORÉ.

She faints! No Help! who waits? a Curse,
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The Secret of my Happiness in Silence.
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon,
And consequently all must be betray'd,
Monimia! she breathes — — — *Monimia* — — —

MONIMIA.

Well — — —

Let Mischiefs multiply! Let every Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horro! —
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, 'till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature!

POLYDORÉ.

What means all this?

MONIMIA.

Oh, *Polydore*, if all
The Friendship e'er you vow'd to good *Castilio*
Be not a Falshood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone yourself and me.

POLYDORÉ.

Which Way can Ruin reach the Man that's rich,
As I am, in Possession of thy Sweetness?

MONIMIA.

Oh, I'm his Wife.

POLYDORÉ.

What says *Monimia*! hah!

Speak that again.

MONIMIA.

I am *Castilio's* Wife.

POLY-

His marry'd, wedded Wife?

MONIMIA.

Yesterday's Sun

Saw it perform'd.

POLYDORÉ.

And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife?

MONIMIA.

As surely as we both
Must taste of Misery, that Guilt is thine.

POLYDORÉ.

Must we be miserable then?

MONIMIA.

Oh!

POLYDORÉ.

Oh! thou may'st yet be happy?

MONIMIA.

Couldst thou be
Happy with such a Weight upon thy Soul?

POLYDORÉ.

It may be yet a Secret; I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Castalia* to thee,
Whilst from the World I take myself away,
And waste my Life in Penance for my Sin.

MONIMIA.

Then thou wouldst more undo me: Heap a Load
Of added Sins upon my wretched Head:
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring Pollution to his Arms? curst Thought!
Oh when shall I be mad indeed!

POLYDORÉ.

Nay then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Misery together.

MONIMIA.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?

Never grow fond of cheerful Peace again ?
 Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
 And find out Ways how to increase Affliction ?

POLYDOR E.

We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
 To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
 First, if the Fruit of our detested Joy,
 A Child be born, it shall be murder'd —

MONIMIA.

No,

Sure that may live.

POLYDOR E.

Why ?

MONIMIA.

To become a thing
 More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
 With all our Infamy, and curse its Birth.

POLYDOR E.

That's well contriv'd ; then thus let's go together,
 Full of our Guilt, distracted where to roam,
 Like the first wretched Pair expell'd their Paradise.
 Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,
 Loathsome and venomous : where Poifons hang
 Like Gums against the Walls ; where Witches meet
 By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
 Fat with the Blood of Babes : There we'll inhabit,
 And live up to the Height of Desperation ;
 Desire shall languish like a withering Flower,
 And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of.
 Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms,
 And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms,
 But when I'm dying take me in thy Arms.

[Exe.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

CASTALIO lying on the Ground.

SONG.

I.

COME, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled
 By cruel Beauty's Pride,
 Bring each a Garland on his Head,
 Let none his Sorrows hide,
 But Hand in Hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest Tales of Love;
 And see, when your Complaints ye join,
 If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

II.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
 My Heart no Sorrows knew,
 Pity the Pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew.
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bears,
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

CASTALIO.

See where the Deer trot after one another,
 Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
 Brother and Sister mingled all together;
 No Discontent they know, but in delightful
 Wildness and Freedom, pleasant Springs, fresh Herbage,
 Calm Harbours, lusty Health and Innocence,
 Enjoy their Portion; if they see a Man,
 How will they turn together all, and gaze
 Upon the Monster—

Once

Once in a Seafon too they taste of Love;
 Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,
 And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Enter ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Castilio! Castilio!

CASTALIO.

Who's there so wretched but to name *Castilio*?

ACASTO.

I hope my Message may succeed.

CASTALIO.

My Father,

'Tis Joy to see you, though where Sorrow's nourish'd.

ACASTO.

I'm come, in Beauty's Cause; you'll guess the rest.

CASTALIO.

A Woman! if you love my Peace of Mind,
 Name not a Woman to me; but to think
 Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains,
 'Till they ferment to Madness! Oh! my Father.

ACASTO.

What ails my Boy?

CASTALIO.

A Woman is the thing
 I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

ACASTO.

Forget *Monimia*!

CASTALIO.

She to chuse: *Monimia*!
 The very Sound's ungrateful to my Sense.

ACASTO.

This might seem strange; but you I've found will hide
 Your Heart from me; you dare not trust your Father.

CASTALIO.

No more *Monimia*.

ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Is she not your Wife?

CASTALIO.

So much the worse: who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new-married Wife's a seeming Mischief,
Full of herself: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that wedded Yesterday?

ACASTO.

Castilio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.

CASTALIO.

Sure, my Lord, but mocks me:
Go see Monimia! Pray, my Lord, excuse me;
And leave the Conduct of this Part of Life
To my own Choice.

ACASTO.

I say, no more Dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

CASTALIO.

Who has complain'd?

ACASTO.

Her Brother to my Face proclaim'd her wrong'd;
And in such Terms they've warm'd me.

CASTALIO.

[that?

What Terms? her Brother! Heav'n! Where learnt she
What, does she send her Hero with Defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?

ACASTO.

No, not much.

But —

CASTALIO.

Speak, what said he?

ACASTO.

That thou wert a Villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

CASTO.

CASTALIO.

Shame on th' ill-manner'd Brute; your Age secur'd him,
He durst not else have said so.

ACASTO.

By my Sword,

I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have past my Word she shall have Justice.

CASTALIO.

Justice! to give her Justice wou'd undo her:
Think you this Solitude I now had chosen,
Left Joys just opening to my Sense, sought here
A Place to curse my Fate in, measur'd out
My Grave at length, wish'd to have grown one Piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a Cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

CHAMONT.

Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;.
Whose mighty Spirit, and whose stubborn Heart,
No Woman can appease, nor Man provoke?

ACASTO.

I gues, *Chamont*, you come to seek *Castalio*.

CHAMONT.

I come to seek the Husband of *Monimia*.

CASTALIO.

The Slave is here.

CHAMONT.

I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*;
For you have wrong'd the dearest Part of him.
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn,
From her poor Eyes are Drops of Blood from hence..

CASTALIO.

Then you're *Chamont*?

CHA-

CHAMONT.

Yes, and I hope no Stranger

To great Castalio.

CASTALIO.

I've heard of such a Man
That has been very busy with my Honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You sent me by my Father.

CHAMONT.

Thus I'll thank you. [Draws.

ACASTO.

By this good Sword, who first presumes to Violence

[Draws and interposes.]

Makes me his Foe—Young Man, it once was thought

[To Castalio.]

I was fit Guardian of my House's Honour,

And you might trust your Share with me—For you,

[To Cham.]

Young Soldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me:

I promis'd you to do *Monimia* Right;

And thought my Word a Pledge, I would not forfeit:

But you, I find, would fright us to Performance.

CASTALIO.

Sir, in my younger Years with Care you taught me,
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppose not then the Justice of my Sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your Love.

CHAMONT.

Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'st for Safety,
Because thou know'st the Place is sanctify'd,
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendship.

CASTALIO.

I am a Villain if I will not seek thee,
'Till I may be reveng'd for all the Wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'st for.

CHAMONT.

She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,

Thy

Thy Father's Honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Virtue fairer.

ACASTO.

Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the Dead
With thy capricious Follies: The Remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature, that once fill'd these Arms—

CHAMONT.

Has not been wrong'd.

CASTALIO.

It shall not.

CHAMONT.

No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute
Of Friends and Fortune, though th' unhappy Sister
Of poor Chamont, whose Sword is all his Portion,
Be opprest by thee, thou proud imperious Traitor.

CASTALIO.

Hah! let me free.

CHAMONT.

Come both.

Enter SERINA.

SERINA.

Alas! alas!
The Cause of these Disorders; my Chamont?
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

CASTALIO.

Now where art thou fled
For Shelter?

CHAMONT.

Come from thine, and see what Safeguard
Shall then betray my Fears.

SERINA.

Cruel Castalio,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once Serina calm thy Breast;
If any of my Friends have done thee Injuries,

I'll

I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

CASTALIO.

Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This Opportunity to shew your Vanity,
Let's meet some other Time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our Wrongs together.

CHAMONT.

'Till then, I am *Castilio's* Friend.

CASTALIO.

Serina,

Farewel, I wish much Happiness attend you.

SERINA.

Chamont's the dearest thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forsake me.

CHAMONT.

Witness the Gods, how happy I'm in thee!
No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind *Castilio*,
Suppose I should awhile lay by my Passions,
And be a Beggar in *Monimia's* Cause,
Might I be heard?

CASTALIO.

Sir, 'twas my last Request,

You wou'd (though you I find will not) be satisfy'd:
So in a Word, *Monimia* is my Scorn;
She basely sent you here to try my Fears;
That was your Busines. No artful Prostitute, in Falshoods practis'd,
To make Advantage of her Coxcomb's Follies,
Could have done more—Disquiet vex her for't.

CHAMONT.

Farewel.

[Ex. Cham. and Ser.

CASTALIO.

Farewel—My Father, you seem troubled.

ACASTO.

Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous Brave

Came

Came to disturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just Resentment—But *Monimia*—

CASTALIO.

Damn her,

ACASTO.

Don't curse her.

CASTALIO.

Did I?

ACASTO.

Yes.

CASTALIO.

I'm sorry for't.

ACASTO.

Methinks, as if I guess the Fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

What has she done?

CASTALIO.

That she's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.

ACASTO.

Be reconcil'd then.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

Go see her.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

I'll send and bring her hither.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

For my sake,

Castilio, and the Quiet of my Age.

CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

Why will you urge a Thing my Nature starts at?

ACASTO.

Pr'ythee forgive her.

CASTALIO.

Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you, were she prostrate at my Feet;
Full of her Sex's best disseabled Sorrows,
And all that wond'rous Beauty of her own,
My Heart might break; but it should never soften.

Enter FLORELLA.

FLORELLA.

My Lord, where are you? Oh *Castilio*!

ACASTO.

Hark.

CASTALIO.

What's that?

FLORELLA.

Oh shew me quickly, where's *Castilio*?

CASTALIO.

Why, what's the Business?

FLORELLA.

Oh the poor *Monimia*!

CASTALIO.

Hah!

ACASTO.

What's the Matter?

FLORELLA.

Hurry'd by Despair;

She flies with Fury over all the House,
Through every Room of each Apartment, crying,
Where's my *Castilio*? give me my *Castilio*.
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted.

CASTALIO.

Hah! will she? does she name *Castilio*?

And with such Tenderness? Conduct me quickly

To

To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father!

ACASTO.

Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy Purpose.

CASTALIO.

I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in Sadness,
And be a Man; my Heart will not forget her.
But do not tell the World you saw this of me.

ACASTO.

Delay not then, but haste and clear thy Love.

CASTALIO.

Oh I will throw m'impatient Arms about her,
In her soft Bosom sigh my Soul to Peace.
'Till through the panting Breast she finds the Way
To mould my Heart and make it what she will.

Monimia! Oh!

[Ex. Acast. Cast.

Enter MONIMIA.

MONIMIA.

Stand off, and give me Room,
I will not rest 'till I have found *Castalio*
My Wishes Lord, comely as rising Day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known.
Flowers spring up where'er he treads, his Eyes,
Fountains of Brightness, cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me?—Oh stay my Soul!
I cannot die in Peace 'till I have seen him.

CASTALIO Re-enters.

CASTALIO.

Who talks of dying with a Voice so sweet,
That Life's in love with it?

MONIMIA.

Hark! 'tis he that answers;
So in a Camp, though at the dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's cheerful Noise is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Rest,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.

Where

Where art thou?

CASTALIO.

Here, my Love.

MONIMIA.

No nearer, lest I vanish.

CASTALIO.

Have I been in a Dream then all this while!
And art thou but the Shadow of *Monimia*?
Why dost thou fly me thus?

MONIMIA.

Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few past Hours,
We might be happy.

CASTALIO.

Is't then so hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my Ruin.
Which Way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And satisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee.
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee.
Yet pr'ythee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart;
But when my Task of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

MONIMIA.

If I am dumb, *Castilio*, and want Words,
To pay thee back this mighty Tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with Horror,
And cannot see the Man I so have wrong'd.

CASTALIO.

Thou hast not wrong'd me.

MONIMIA.

Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee!

CASTALIO.

No.

MO-

MONIMIA.

Still thou wander'st in the Dark, *Castalio* ;
 But wilt ere long stumble on horrid Danger.

CASTALIO.

What means my Love !

MONIMIA.

Couldst thou but forgive me !

CASTALIO.

What ?

MONIMIA.

For my Fault last Night ; alas, thou canst not :

CASTALIO.

I can ; and do.

MONIMIA.

Thus crawling on the Earth
 Would I that Pardon meet ; the only thing
 Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope :

CASTALIO.

Then let's draw near.

MONIMIA.

Ah me !

CASTALIO.

So in the Fields,
 When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
 The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
 Seeking when Danger's past to meet again,
 Make moan, and call, by such Degrees approach ;
 'Till joining thus they bill, and spread their Wings,
 Murmuring Love, and Joy, their Fears are over.

MONIMIA.

Yet have a Care, be not too fond of Peace,
 Lest in Pursuance of the goodly Quarry,
 Thou meet a Disappointment that distracts thee :

CASTALIO.

My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
 What Danger threatens me, and where it lies :
 Why didst thou (pr'ythee smile and tell me why)

When

When I stood waiting underneath the Window,
 Quaking with fierce and violent Desires ;
 The dropping Dews fell cold upon my Head,
 Darknes enclos'd, and the Winds whistled round me ;
 Which with my mournful Sighs made such sad Music
 As might have mov'd the hardest Heart ; why wert thou
 Deaf to my Cries, and senseless of my Pains ?

MONIMIA.

Did I not beg thee to forbear Inquiry ?
 Read'st thou not something in my Face, that speaks
 Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me ?

CASTALIO.

Then there is something yet which I've not known ;
 What dost thou mean by Horror, and Forbearance
 Of more Inquiry ? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me :
 And don't betray me to a second Madness.

MONIMIA.

Must I ?

CASTALIO.

If labouring in the Pangs of Death,
 Thou wouldst do any thing to give me Ease ;
 Unfold this Riddle ere my Thoughts grow wild,
 And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me.

MONIMIA.

My Heart won't let me speak it ; but remember,
 Monimia, poor Monimia tells you this,
 We ne'er must meet again —

CASTALIO.

What means my Destiny !
 For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee :
 Ne'er meet again !

MONIMIA.

No, never.

CASTALIO.

Where's the Pow'r
 On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so ?
 Thou art my Heart's Inheritance, I serv'd

A long and painful Slavery for thee :
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought Blessing ?

M O N I M I A.

'Time will clear all, but now let this content you :
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've resolv'd,
(With Torment I must tell it thee, *Castalia*)
Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love ;
In some far distant Country waste my Life,
And from this Day to see thy Face no more.

C A S T A L I O.

Where am I ? sure I wander midst Inchantment,
And never more shall find the Way to Rest ;
But, oh *Monimia*, art thou indeed resolv'd,
'To punish me with everlasting Absence ?
Why turn'st thou from me ? I'm alone already ;
Methinks I stand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the Vessel sails away,
Where all the Treasure of my Soul's embark'd ;
Wilt thou not turn—Oh could those Eyes but speak
I should know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em ;
They swell, they press their Beams upon me still :
Wilt thou not speak ? if we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
And please myself withal whilst my Heart's breaking.

M O N I M I A.

Ah poor *Castalia* ![Exit *Monimia*.]

C A S T A L I O.

Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me ; then thou wilt go eternally ?
What means all this ? why all this stir to plague
A single Wretch ? If but your Word can shake
This World to Atoms, why so much ado
With me ? think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORÉ.

POLYDORÉ.

To live, and live a Torment to myself,
What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?
We have little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Because it cannot tell us, what's to come.

CASTALIO.

Who's there?

POLYDORÉ.

Why, what art thou?

CASTALIO.

My Brother *Polydore*?

POLYDORÉ.

My Name is *Polydore*.

CASTALIO.

Canst thou inform me—

POLYDORÉ.

Of what

CASTALIO.

Of my *Monimia*?

POLYDORÉ.

No. Good-day.

CASTALIO.

In haste?

Methinks my *Polydore* appears in Sadness.

POLYDORÉ.

Indeed, and so to me does my *Castalia*.

CASTALIO.

Do I?

POLYDORÉ.

Thou dost.

CASTALIO.

Alas, I've wond'rous Reason;
I'm strangely alter'd, Brother, since I saw thee.

POLYDORÉ.

Why?

CASTALIO.

Oh, to tell thee would but put thy Heart
To Pain ; let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck ; I would repose
Within thy friendly Bosom all my Follies,
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.

POLYDORÉ.

Be not too credulous, consider first,
Friends may be false. Is there no Friendship false ?

CASTALIO.

Why dost thou ask me that ? does this appear
Like a false Friendship, when with open Arms
And streaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breast ?
Oh 'tis in thee alone I must have Comfort.

POLYDORÉ.

I fear, *Castalio*, I have none to give thee.

CASTALIO.

Dost thou not love me then ?

POLYDORÉ.

Oh, more than Life :
I never had a Thought of my *Castalio*
Might wrong the Friendship we had vow'd together.
Haft thou dealt so by me ?

CASTALIO.

I hope I have.

POLYDORÉ.

Then tell me why this Mourning, this Disorder ?

CASTALIO.

Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee ;
Shame rises in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

POLYDORÉ.

I grieve, my Friend
Knows any thing which he's ashame'd to tell me ;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy Thoughts from *Polydore* ?

CASTALIO.

Oh, much too oft ; but let me here conjure thee,

By all the kind Affection of a Brother,
(For I'm ashamed to call myself thy Friend)
Forgive me.

P O L Y D O R E.

Well, go on.

C A S T A L I O.

Our Destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love !
Thou, like a Friend, a constant generous Friend,
In its first Pangs didst trust me with thy Passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my Pain with Smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

P O L Y D O R E.

How !

C A S T A L I O.

Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Passion,
'Till Yesterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

P O L Y D O R E.

Ah, my *Castilio*, was that well done ?

C A S T A L I O.

No, to conceal it from thee, was a Fault.

P O L Y D O R E.

A Fault ! when thou hast heard the Tale I'll tell,
What wilt thou call it then ?

C A S T A L I O.

How my Heart throbs !

P O L Y D O R E.

First, for thy Friendship, Traitor,
I cancel't thus ; after this Day I'll ne'er
Hold Trust, or Converse, with the false *Castilio* !
This, witness Heav'n.

C A S T A L I O.

What will my Fate do with me
I've lost all Happiness, and know not why :
What means this, Brother ?

POLYDORÉ.

Perjur'd, treacherous Wretch,
Farewel.

CASTALIO.

I'll be thy Slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

POLYDORÉ.

Never.

CASTALIO.

O ! think a little what thy Heart is doing ;
How from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together ;
One Bed has held us, and the same Desires,
The same Aversions still employ'd our Thoughts :
Whene'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydoré's* ;
Or *Polydore* a Foe, that was not mine ?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first Fault, abandon and forsake me,
Leave me amidst Afflictions to myself,
Plung'd in the Gulph of Grief, and none to help me ?

POLYDORÉ.

Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'l find
Repose ; she has the Art of healing Sorrows.

CASTALIO.

What Arts ?

POLYDORÉ.

Blind Wretch, thou Husband ! there's a Question ;
Go to her fulsome Bed, and wallow there,
'Till some hot Ruffian, full of Lust and Wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what's thy Bargain.

CASTALIO.

Hold there, I charge thee.

POLYDORÉ.

Is she not a —

CASTALIO.

Whore ?

POLY-

POLYDORÉ.

Ay, Whore; I think that Word needs no explaining..

CASTALIO.

Alas, I can forgive ev'n this to thee;
 But let me tell thee, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
 To find thee guilty of such low Revenge;
 To wrong that Virtue which thou couldst not ruin.

POLYDORÉ.

It seems I lye then;

CASTALIO.

Should the bravest Man
 That e'er wore conquering Sword, but dare to whisper
 What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of Liars:
 My Friend may be mistaken.

POLYDORÉ.

Damn the Evasion;
 Thou mean'st the worst, and he's a base-born Villain
 That said I ly'd.

CASTALIO.

Do, draw thy Sword, and thrust it thro' my Heart.
 There is no Joy in Life, if thou art lost.
 A base-born Villain!

POLYDORÉ.

Yes, thou never cam'st
 From old *Acasto*'s Loins; the Midwife put
 A Cheat upon my Mother, and instead
 Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
 Plac'd some coarse Peasant's Cub, and thou art he.

CASTALIO.

Thou art my Brother still.

POLYDORÉ.

Thou ly'st.

CASTALIO.

Nay, then: [He draws.
 Yet I am calm.

POLYDORÉ.

A Coward's always so.

CASTALIO.

Ah—ah—that stings home: Coward!

POLYDORÉ.

Ay, base-born Coward, Villain.

CASTALIO.

This to thy Heart then, tho' my Mother bore thee.

[Fight; Polydore drops his Sword, and runs on Castalio's.

POLYDORÉ.

Now my *Castalio* is again my Friend.

CASTALIO.

What have I done! my Sword is in thy Breast.

POLYDORÉ.

So I would have it be, thou best of Men,
Thou kindest Brother, and thou truest Friend.

CASTALIO.

Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your Works are Justice:
You're painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence:
If so, then why these Plagues upon my Head?

POLYDORÉ.

Blame not the Heav'ns; here lies thy Fate, *Castalio*;
They're not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;
I've stain'd thy Bed, thy spotless Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brother's Lust.

CASTALIO.

By thee!

POLYDORÉ.

By me; last Night the horrid Deed
Was done; when all things slept but Rage and Incest.

CASTALIO.

Now, where's *Monimia*? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

MONIMIA.

I'm here, who calls me?

Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.

But

But what means this? here's Blood.

CASTALIO.

Ay, Brother's Blood?
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting Pains?

POLYDOR.

O let me charge thee by th' eternal Justice,
Hurt not her tender Life!

CASTALIO.

Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her,
And treat Revenge some Way yet never known.

MONIMIA.

That Task myself have finish'd, I shall die
Before we part; I've drank a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

POLYDOR.

Oh, she is innocent.

CASTALIO.

Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a Wretch of me indeed.

POLYDOR.

Hadst thou, *Castilio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,
Hearing the Appointment made, inrag'd to think
Thou hadst out-done me in successful Love,
I in the Dark went and supply'd thy Place;
Whilst all the Night 'midst our triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, caref's'd, and call'd me her *Castilio*.

CASTALIO.

And all this is the Work of my own Fortune:
None but myself cou'd e'er have been so curst.
My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,

Thou fairest, goodl'est Frame the Gods e'er made,
Or ever human Eyes, and Hearts ador'd !
I've murder'd too my Brother.

Why wouldest thou study Ways to damn me further,
And force the Sin of Parricide upon me ?

P O L Y D O R E.

'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent ;
Forgive the barbarous Trespass of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard Violence ; I could have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst ;
Nay, at each Word that my Distraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to speak 'em.

M O N I M I A.

Now, my *Castalio*, the most dear of Men,
Wilt thou receive Pollution to thy Bosom,
And close the Eyes of one that has betray'd thee ?

C A S T A L I O.

Oh I'm th' unhappy Wretch, whose cursed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into Destruction with him ;
Why then thus kind to me ?

M O N I M I A.

When I'm laid low in the Grave, and quite forgotten,
May'st thou be happy in a fairer Bride ;
But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim Tyrant grasps my Heart already)
Speak well of me : and if thou find ill Tongues
Too busy with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd ;
'Twill be a noble Justice to the Memory
Of a poor Wretch once honour'd with thy Love.
How my Head swims ! 'Tis very dark. Good-night. [Dies.]

C A S T A L I O.

If I survive thee ! what a Thought was that !
Thank Heav'n, I go prepar'd against that Curse.

Enter CHAMONT, disarm'd, and seiz'd by ACASIO and Servants.

CHAMONT.

Gape Hell, and swallow me to quick Damnation,
 If I forgive your House, if I not live
 An everlasting Plague to thee, *Acasio*,
 And all thy Race. Y'have overpower'd me now,
 But hear me, Heav'n!—Ah! here's the Scene of Death,
 My Sister, my *Monimia*! Breathless! now,
 Ye Pow'rs above, if ye have Justice, strike,
 Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curst *Castalio*.

ACASIO.

My *Polydore*.

POLYDORÉ,

Who calls?

ACASIO.

How cam'st thou wounded?

CASTALIO.

Stand off thou hot-brain'd boisterous noisy Ruffian,
 And leave me to my Sorrows.

CHAMONT.

By the Love

I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her,
 But here remain till my Heart burst with sobbing.

CASTALIO.

Vanish I charge thee, or— [Draws a Dagger.]

CHAMONT.

Thou canst not kill me,

That would be Kindness, and against thy Nature.

ACASIO.

What means *Castalio*? Sure thou wilt not pull
 More Sorrows on thy aged Father's Head.
 Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad Cause
 Of all this Ruin.

POLYDORÉ.

That must be my Task;

But 'tis too long for one in Pain to tell ;
 You'll in my Closet find the Story written
 Of all our Woes. *Castalio's* innocent,
 And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame :
 Inquire no farther.

CASTALIO.

Thou unkind *Chamont*,
 Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy Hate,
 And sought the Life of him that never wrong'd thee :
 Now if thou wilt embrace a noble Vengeance,
 Come join with me and curse.

CHAMONT.

What ?

CASTALIO.

First thyself,
 As I do, and the Hour that gave thee Birth ;
 Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
 To spoil all Trust and Converse amongst Men ;
 'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
 In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
 In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism :
 'Till all things move against the Course of Nature ;
 'Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
 And the Originals of Being lost.

ACASTO.

Have Patience.

CASTALIO.

Patience ! preach it to the Winds,
 To roaring Seas, or raging Fires ; the Knaves
 That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
 Strip me of all the common Needs of Life,
 Scald me with Leprosy, let Friends forsake me,
 I'll bear it all ; but curst to the Degree
 That I am now, 'tis this must give me Patience :
 Thus I find Rest, and shall complain no more.

[Stabs himself.]

POLY-

POLYDORÉ.

Castalio Oh!

CASTALIO.

I come.

Chamont, to thee my Birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my mourning Father, heal his Griefs;

[Acasto faints into the Arms of a Servant.

For I perceive they fall with Weight upon him.

And for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find

I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina.

Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave

Thus with my Love. Farewel, I now am—— nothing.

[Dies.

CHAMONT.

Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go

To search the Means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain,

It may afflict, but Man must not complain. [Exeunt omnes.]





E P I L O G U E.

YOU'VE seen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
May be the next, if old Acasto die :
Should it prove so, I'd fain amongst you find,
Who 'tis would to the Fatherless be kind.
To whose Protection might I safely go ?
Is there amongst you no Good-nature ? No.
What should I do ? Should I the Godly seek,
And go a Conventicling twice a Week ?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane Pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Institution,
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution ? .
} .
Or shall I (as I guess the Poet may
Within these three Days) fairly run away ?
No, to some City Lodgings I'll retire,
Seem very grave, and Privacy desire :
'Till I am thought some Heiress rich in Lands,
Fled to escape a cruel Guardian's Hands ;
Which may produce a Story worth the telling
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-stealing.



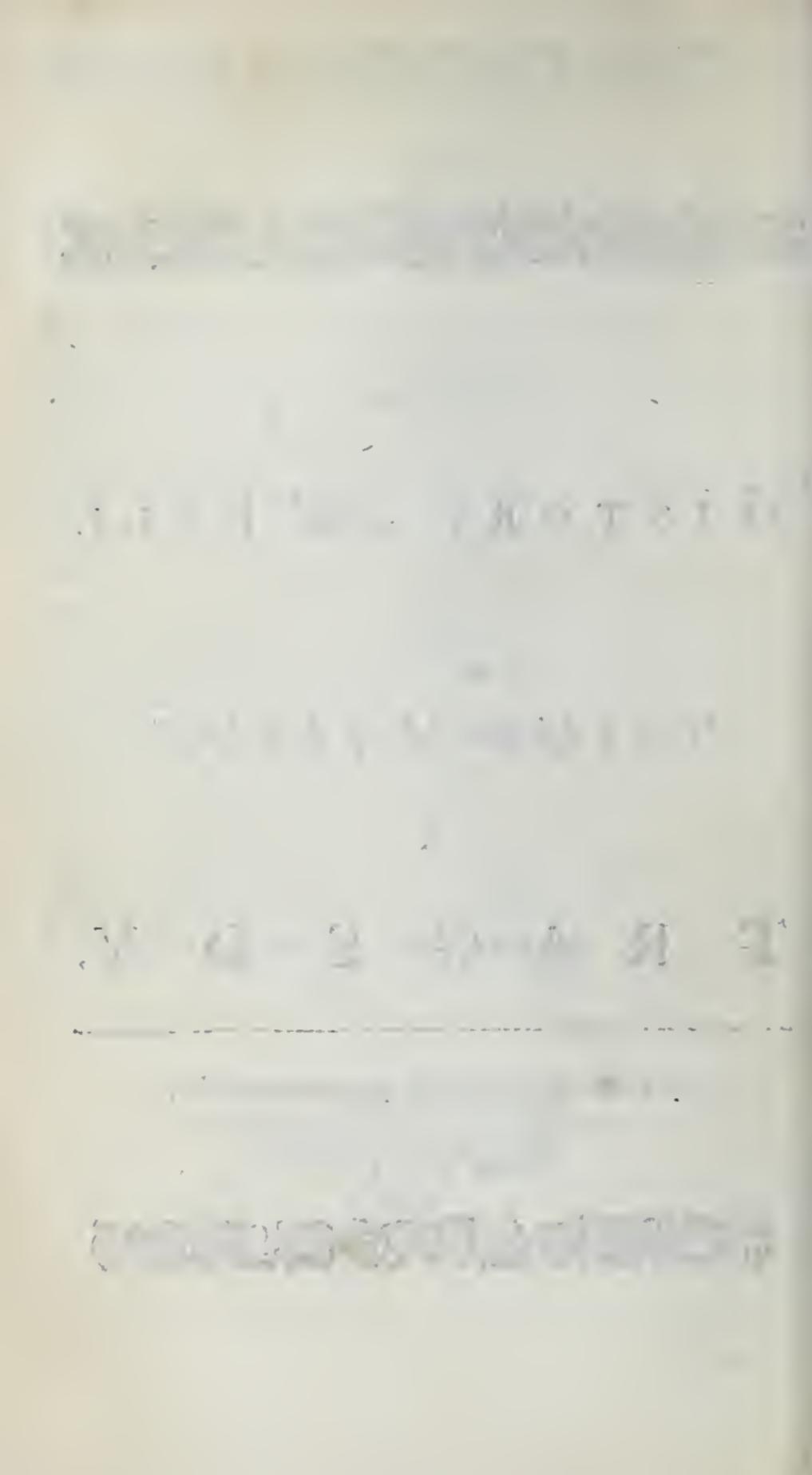
THE



THE
HISTORY *and* FALL
OF
CAIUS MARIUS.
A
TRAGEDY.

Qui color Albus erat nunc est contrarius Albo.







TO THE

Lord Viscount FALKLAND.

My Lord,

HEN first it enter'd into my Thoughts to make this Present to Your Lordship; I receiv'd not only Encouragement, but Pleasure; since upon due Examination of my Self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the Remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have receiv'd at your Hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that

DEDICATION.

that in a great Measure I owe the small Share of Letters I have to your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be ashame'd of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learn'd to value them, by the wonderful Progress which even in Your tender Years You made in them; so that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

Your Lordship has an extraordinary Reason to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father lov'd it. May Your Lordship's Fame and Empoyments grow as great or greater than his were; and may Your Virtues find a Poet to record them, equal (if possible) to that great * Genius which sung of him.

My slender humble Talent must not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I must always submit to, to a general Goodness which I never (to its Worth) can value: And who can praise that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the best Judgment are fix'd upon

You:

* Mr. Waller.

DEDICATION.

You: For wheresoever You come, You have their Attention when prefent, and their Praise when You are gone: And I am sure (if I obtain but Your Lordship's Pardon) I shall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this Opportunity to express myself,

Your Lordship's

most humble Servant,

Tho. OTWAY.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by MR. BETTERTON.

IN Ages past, (when will those Times renew?)
When Empires flouris'd, so did Poets too.
When great Augustus the World's Empire held,
Horace and Ovid's happy Verse excell'd.
Ovid's soft Genius, and his tender Arts
Of moving Nature, melted hardest Hearts:
It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, move
To listen to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: And on her Breast,
With ravish'd Sense in her Embraces prest,
He lay transported, fancy-full and blest.
Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd
His manly Head, and through all Nature steer'd;
Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the Relish of the Mind.
He lash'd, with a true Poet's fearless Rage,
The Villainies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mecænas, that great Fav'rite, rais'd
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest,
The happiest Poet of his Time, and best;
A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muse,
A constant Favour he ne'er fear'd to lose.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen,
E'er since succeeding Poets humbly glean.

Thongh

PROLOGUE.

Though much the most un-worthy of the Throng,
Our this Day's Poet fears he's done him Wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away,
You'll find he has rifled him of half a Play.
Amidst his baser Dross you'll see it shine
Most beautiful, amazing and Divine.
To such low Shifts, of late are Poets worn,
Whilst we both Wit's and Cæsar's Absence mourn.
Oh! when will He and Poetry return?
When shall we there again behold him sit
Midst shining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit?
When that blest Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once banish'd, and his Nation's Fears,
The joyful Muses on their Hills shall sing,
Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King.
Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle,
And all things like the English Beauty smile.
You, Criticks, shall forget your natural Spite,
And Poets with unbounded Fancy write:
Ev'n this Day's Poet shall be alter'd quite.
His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow,
As much transported as he's humble now.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Caius Marius,</i>	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Sylla,</i>	Mr. Williams.
<i>Marius Junior,</i>	Mr. Smith.
<i>Granius,</i>	Mr. Percivale.
<i>Metellus,</i>	Mr. Gillow.
<i>Quintus Pompeius,</i>	Mr. Williams.
<i>Cinna,</i>	Mr. Jevon.
<i>Sulpitius,</i>	Mr. Underhill.
<i>Ancharius, a Senator,</i>	
<i>Priest,</i>	
<i>Apothecary,</i>	
<i>Q. Pompeius's Son,</i>	
<i>Guards, Lictors,</i>	
<i>Ruffians, &c.</i>	

W O M E N.

<i>Lavinia</i>	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Nurse,</i>	Mrs. Noakes.

T H E



THE
HISTORY and FALL
OF
CAIUS MARIUS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Within.] Liberty! Liberty! Marius and Sulpitius!
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

*Enter METELLUS, ANTONIUS, CINNA, and
SENATORS.*

METELLUS.

WHEN will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other;
 know
 Th' Extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues,
The Bounds of Rules, and Magistracy; who
Ought first to govern, and who must obey?
It was not thus when Godlike *Scipio* held
The Scale of Power; he who with temp'rate Poise
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full Bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himself was one—

CINNA.

He was indeed

A Noble born ; and still in *Rome* there are
Most worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour.
Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,
And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not sold to Ruin.

METELLUS.

Cinna, there

Thou'st hit my Mark : We are to Ruin sold ;
In all things sold ; Voices are sold in *Rome* :
And yet we boast of Liberty. Just Gods !
That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen
By the lewd Noise of a licentious Rout !
The sturdiest Drinker makes the ablest Statesman.

ANTONIUS.

Would it not anger any true born *Roman*,
To see the giddy Multitude together,
Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,
But who feasts highest to obtain their Suffrage ?
As 'tis not many Years since two great Men
In *Rome* stood equal Candidates together,
For high Command : In every House was Riot.
To-day the drunken Rabble reel'd to one ;
To-morrow they were mad again for t'other ;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment :
And none could guess on whom the Choice would settle ;
'Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of.
A mighty Vessel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy, sacred to the jolly God.
The Monster-people roar'd aloud for Joy :
When streight the Candidate himself appears
In Pomp to grace the Present he had made e'm.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,

He at both Ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Consulship.

CINNA.

This Curse we owe to *Marius's* Pride,
 That made him first most basely bribe the People
 For Consul in the War against *Jugurtha* :
 Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
 And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.
 I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
 And wonder such a Weed got Growth in *Rome*.

METELLUS.

What says my *Cinna*?

CINNA.

That I like not *Marius*,

Nor love him——

METELLUS.

There *Rome's* better Genius spoke,
 Let us consult, and weigh this Subject well.
 O *Romans*, here's the Thorn that galls us all.
 Our harras'd State is crippled with the Weight
 Of his Ambition: we're not safe in *Marius*.
 Do I not know his Rise, his low Beginning,
 From what a wretched despicable Root
 His Greatness grew? Gods! that a Peasant's Brat,
 Born in the outmost Cottages of *Arpos*,
 And foster'd in a Corner, should by Bribes,
 By Covetousness, and all the hateful Means
 Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
 So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of *Rome*!

ANTONIUS.

Ambition, raging like a *Dæmon* in him,
 Distorts him to all ugly Forms, she's need to use:
 In his first Start of Fortune, O how vile
 Were his Endeavours and Submissions then!
 When suing to be chosen first *Edilis*,
 He was by general Vote repuls'd, yet bore it;
 And in the same Day shamefully return'd,
 To obtain the second Office of that Name.

Equal was his Success, deny'd in both;
 Yet could he condescend at last to ask
 'The Praetorship, and but with Bribes got that,
 Yet this is he that has disturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wishes.

METELLUS.

I must confess it burdens much my Age,
 To see the Man I hate thus ride my Country:
 For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cause to hate him.
 I was the first (and I am well rewarded):
 'That lent my Hand to raise his feeble State.
 When first I made him Tribune by my Voice,
 I thought there might be something in his Nature
 That promis'd well. His Parents were most honest,
 And serv'd my Father justly in their Trust.
 Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Consul,
 And went against *Jugurtha* into *Africk*,
 I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
 'Twas there his Pride first shew'd itself in Actions,
 Oppress'd my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

CINNA.

The Story's famous. Base Ingratitude,
 Dissimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
 Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
 Of one base born, in *Marius* are join'd.

METELLUS.

Even Age can't heal the Rage of his Ambition.
 Six Times the Consul's Office has he borne:
 How well, our present Discords best declare.
 Yet now again, when Time has worn him low,
 Consum'd with Age, and by Diseases press'd,
 He courts the People to be once more chosen,
 To lead the War against King *Mithridates*.

ANTONIUS.

For this each Day he rises with the Sun,
 And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms,
 Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise;

He rides and tilts, and when the Prize he's won,
 He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*,
 And there presents it to the Fordid Rabble ;
 Who shout to *Heav'n*, and cry, Let *Marius* live.

METELLUS.

He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall not.
 There is a *Roman*, noble, just and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, sprung from the ancient Stock
 Of the *Cornelii*, bred from's Youth in War,
 Flush'd with Success, and of a Spirit bold,
 And, more than all, hates *Marius*, still has crost
 His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs :
 He's Consul now. Then let us all resolve,
 And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
 That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts
 Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

CINNA.

Agreed for *Sylla*.

ALL.

All for *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

Nay,

This Monster *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
 Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
 And asks my Daughter for his hated Offspring.
 But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* shall be *Sylla*'s,
 My eldest born ; and the best of all
 My Fortune I will confirm on him, to crush the Pride
 Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, Plebeian Tyrant.

ANTONIUS.

Now *Rome*'s last Stake of Liberty is set,
 And must be push'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

CINNA.

Then *Caius Marius* shall not have the Consulship.

METELLUS.

No, I would rather be *Sulpitius*' Slave,
 That furious headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,

That mad wild Bull whom *Marius* lets loose
On each Occasion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th' Air.

ANTONIUS.

That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd,
Unhing'd from off the Pow'r that holds him up,
His Band of full six hundred *Roman* Knights,
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard against the Senate calls ;
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

METELLUS.

Fear nothing ; let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r,
And then see how like Day he'll break upon 'em,
And scatter all those Goblins of the Night,
Confusion's Night ; where in the dark Disorders
Of a divided State, Men know not where
Or how to walk, for fear they lose their Way,
And stumble upon Ruin. Mark the Race
Of *Sylla*'s Life ; observe but what has past,
How still he'as borne a Face against this *Marius*,
And kept an equal Stretch with him for Glory.

CINNA.

He'as in the Capitol an Image set
Of Gold, in Honour of his own Atchievement ;
Wherein's describ'd how the *Nunidian* King
Gave up *Jugurtha* Prisoner to *Sylla*,
And all in spite of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
Resume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Consal.
Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,
Justice unbias'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Presence of Mind, and resolute Performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

Let's all agree for *Sylla*.

ALL.

All for *Sylla*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, MARIUS Junior, and GRANIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thiere *Rome's* Dæmons go.
 Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
 And Tempest of the State they meet in Corners,
 And urge Destruction higher: for this End
 They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
 To cross my Way and stop my Tide of Glory.
 If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
 That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;
 If I am he that led *Rome's* Armies out,
 Spent all my Years in Toil and cruel War,
 Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter-Camps,
 'Till I brought settled Peace and Plenty home,
 Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
 Why does she use me thus?

MARIUS Junior.

Because she's rul'd

By lazy Drones that feed on others Labours,
 And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;
 Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,
 That always are fermenting Mischief up,
 And stile their private Malice publick Safety——

GRANIUS.

One discontented Villain leads a State
 To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny
 And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*; of a Life
 And Manners fordid; one whose Gain's his God;
 And to that cursed End he'd sacrifice
 His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace:
 Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

CAIUS MARIUS.

H'as taken *Rome* even in the nicest Minute,
 And easily debauch'd her to his Ends,
 When she was over-cloy'd with Happiness,
 Wantonly full, and longing after Change.

For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
 She has relinquish'd me, and flouts my Age.
 Constant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,
 And wreck her Fate as low as first I found it,
 When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
 And hungry Ruin had it in the Wind ;
 When barbarous Nations, of a Race unknown,
 From undiscover'd Northern Regions came,
 To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth ?
 'Till I, *I Marius* rose, the Soul of all
 'The Hope sh'd had left, and with unwearied Toil,
 Dangers each Hour, and never-sleeping Care,
 (A Burden for a God) oppos'd myself
 'Twixt her and Desolation, gorg'd the Maw
 Of Death with slaughter'd Numbers of her Foes,
 Restor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

MARIUS Junior.

The Glory of that War must be remember'd,
 When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, shall lie
 In Ashes——Full three hundred thousand Men,
 All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
 Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
 Hung like a Swarm of Mischiefs on the Hills
 Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.

GRANIUS.

They came in Tribes, as if to take Possession,
 And seem'd a People whom the Hand of Fate
 Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land ;
 Of Visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
 By bitter Frosts and Winter-Winds ; yet fierce
 As hungry Lions of the Desart.
 Their Wives with Loads of Children at their Backs,
 Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forsook,
 And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
 Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

MARIUS Junior.

And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*

Shrunk like a Worm, and *Sylla* scarce was heard of.

CAIUS MARIUS.

That curst *Metellus* still has been my Plague,
And ever done me most deliberate Wrong ;
Because, like a tame Hawk, I scorn'd to fly
Just at his Quarters, and attend his Lure.
Because I grew too great for him in Wars,
And serv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when again I court him.
Why sigh'st thou, Boy ? still at th' unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I have observ'd thee thus
With thy Looks fix'd, as if thy Fate had seiz'd thee.

MARIUS Junior.

Why did you name *Lavinia* ? would sh'had ne'er
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Forget her, *Marius* ; she's a dainty Bit,
A Delicate, for none but *Sylla*'s Taste,
The Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idel that's set up
To blast thy Hopes and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Consider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

MARIUS Junior.

Forget her ? Oh ! sh'has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns
At Random, to be scuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her ? Oh ! teach me (great Parent) teach me ;
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that inglorious Patrician,
'Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e'er dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en midst the Senate,
To strike this through him in his Consul's Chair,
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his Stead.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh ! name not him and Consulship together.

Sylla and *Consul?* set 'em far apart
 As East from West, for as they now are met,
 It bodes Confusion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

G R A N I U S.

I'd rather see *Rome* but one funeral Pile,
 And all her People quitting her like Bees,
 Driven by Sulphur from their Hives ;
 Much rather see her Senators in Chains
 Dragg'd thro' the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
 Than see that vain presumptuous Upstart's Pride
 Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.

C A I U S M A R I U S.

'Tis such a Wrong as even tortures Thought,
 That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
 Fought all her Battles with renown'd Success,
 And never lost her yet a Man in vain,
 Should, now her noblest Fortune is at Stake,
 And *Mithridates'* Sword is drawn, be thrown
 Aside, like some old broken batter'd Shield :
 To see my Laurels wither as I rust :
 And all this inanag'd by the cursed Craft,
 Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight
 Of that old barking Senate's Dog, *Metellus*.
 Strike me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
 Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
 Rather than live in Mem'ry of such Shame.

G R A N I U S.

Perish *Metellus* first, and all his Race.

C A I U S M A R I U S.

There spoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the Head
 Of *Jove*,
 I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases.
 Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate
 Commence between our Houses from this Moment ;
 And meeting never let 'em Bloodless part.
 Go, *Granius*, bid *Sulpitius* straight be ready
 To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.

By all the Gods, I'll chace this Dæmon out,
 That rages thus in *Rome*; or let her Blood
 To that Degree, 'till she grow tame enough
 To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.

Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought?
 Take m'in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?
 'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

MARIUS Junior.

As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be,
 Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no End.
 Must I resolve to hate *Metellus*' Race,
 Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Music in the Name,
 That softning me to Infant Tendernes,
 Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then thou art lost: If thou art *Man* and *Roman*,
 If thou hast Virtue in thee, or canst prize
 Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave.
 Hell! Love her? Damn her: There's *Metellus* in her:
 In every Line of her bewitching Face,
 There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of;
 I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,
 And basely wedded to a Ruffian's Whore,
 Than thou shouldst think to taint my generous Blood
 With the base Puddle of that o'er-fed Gownman.
Lavinia?

MARIUS Junior.

Yes, *Lavinia*: Is she not
 As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?
 Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
 As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
 The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?
 Why first did you bewitch me else to Weakness?
 When from the Sacrifice we came together,
 And as by her's our Chariot drove along,
 These were your Words: That, *Marius*, that is she

That must give Happiness to thee and Rome,
Confirming in thy Arms my wish'd-for Peace
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla*'s Heart.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then she was charming.

MARIUS Junior.

Oh! I found her so.

I look'd and gaz'd, and never miss'd my Heart,
It fled so pleasingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia*'s, now she's fixt
Firm in my Heart by secret Vows made there,
Th' indelible Record of faithful Love,
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o'er again——and I may be
That haughty Master of myself you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of strong Desires,
That keep me struggling under; though I see
The hopeless State of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, stretch'd helpless on his Back,
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

MARIUS Junior.

If Eyes may speak the Language of the Heart,
If tend'rest Glances, Sighs and sudden Blushes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So Young, so Fair, and Innocent as she,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers——

CAIUS MARIUS.

No more, I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'st her, let it be with Infamy.
Tell me, sh'has whor'd, or fled her Father's House
With some coarse Slave t'a secret Cell of Lust,
And then I'll blefs thee.

MARIUS Junior.

I shall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,

And

And find like me one wretched, if you can.
 No, Sir, I'll speak that hateful Name no more,
 But be as curst as you can wish your Son.

Enter Sulpitius.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh *Sulpitius*!

Thou Darling of m'Ambition, art thou come?
 What News?

SULPITIUS.

I've left a Present at your House,
 The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
 Young Thing, that was in Time t'have been a Lord,
 But he's but Worm's Meat now.

CAIUS MARIUS.

My best *Sulpitius*,

Thou always comfort'st me. See here a Man,
 A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune;
 But meerly of his Choice my Honour's Friend:
 What mighty Things would he not do for me?
 Couldst thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?—

SULPITIUS.

How? my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

MARIUS Junior.

A Woman, Sir.—I must not speak her Name.

SULPITIUS.

If it be hopeless Love, use generous Means,
 And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.
 Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
 And the rank Poison of the old will die—

MARIUS Junior.

A Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.

SULPITIUS.

For what?

MARIUS Junior.

For broken Shins.

SULPITIUS.

Why? art thou mad?

MARIUS Junior.

Not mad, but bound more than a Madman is,
 Confin'd to Limits, kept without my Food,
 Whipt and tormented.—Pr'ythee do not wake me;
 Let me dream on—

SULPITIUS.

Oh! the small Queen of Fairies
 Is busy in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
 Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms
 Oyer Men's Noses as they lie asleep,
 In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut,
 Made by a Joiner-Squirrel: in which State
 She gallops Night by Night through Lover's Brains;
 And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
 Sometimes she courses o'er a Courtier's Nose,
 And then he dreams of begging an Estate;
 Sometimes she hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats;
 Of Breaches, Ambuscado's, temper'd Blades,
 Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters.
 Sometimes she tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
 And then dreams he
 Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,
 And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who,
 But wakes as empty as he laid him down.
 She has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
 Of nothing but a Consulship.

CAIUS MARIUS.

A Rattle!

Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle;
 The puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing.
 A Consulship?

SULPITIUS.

By all the Gods, he'll shake it.
 H'as drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,

As if he meant Destruction or Success:

The Rabble too are drunk with him already. —

CAIUS MARIUS.

Alarum all our Citizens to Arms

That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take Possession of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
'Till thou'st done something worthy of my Name.

MARIUS Junior.

First perish *Rome*, and all I hold most dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate —

CAIUS MARIUS.

Why, that's well said —

SULPITIUS.

My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum*: But the Heav'ns
Play Tricks with us. Our Ensigns as they stood
Display'd before our Troops, took Fire untouched,
And burnt to Tinder.

Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nefts.,
A Noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.

CAIUS MARIUS.

It was the *Roman Genius*, that thus warns
Me, her old Friend; not to let slip my Fate.
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! if I've done
For thee Things great and well—shall Fortune now
Forsake me?

Hark thee, *Sulpitius* if it come to Blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'scape thee,
Who'd strip my Age of its most dear-bought Honours.
Else why have I thus hustled in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortune hurl'd,
But to be great, unequall'd and alone?
Which only he can be who still spurs on,
As swift at last as when he first begun.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter METELLUS and NURSE.

METELLUS.

I Cannot rest To-night: Ill-boding Thoughts
 I Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.
 This seems *Lavinia's* Chamber, and she up.
 Rest too To-night has been a Stranger here.
Lavinia! My Daughter, hoa? Where art thou?

NURSE.

Now by my Maiden-head (at twelve Years old I had one)
 Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.
 Where's this Girl *Lavinia*?

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

How now? who calls?

NURSE.

Your Father, Child.

LAVINIA.

I'm here. Your Lordship's Pleasure.

METELLUS.

Why up at this unlucky Time of Night,
 When nought but loathsome Vermin are abroad,
 Or Witches gathering pois'rous Herbs for Spells
 By the pale Light of the cold wan'ing Moon?

LAVINIA.

Alas! I could not sleep: In a sad Dream
 Methought I saw one standing by my Bed,
 To warn me I should have a care of Sleep,
 For 'twould be baneful —

METELLUS.

Dreams give Children Fears.

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

At which I rose from my uneasy Pillows
And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods
T'avert th' unlucky Omen.

METELLUS.

'Twas well done.

Nurse, give us leave a while : I must impart
Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet stay,
And hear it too. Thou know'st *Lavinia*'s Age.

NURSE.

Faith, I know her Age to an Hour.

METELLUS.

She's bare sixteen.

NURSE.

I'll lay sixteen of my Teeth of it ; and yet no Dispragement, I have but six, she's not sixteen. How long is't now since *Marius* triumph'd last !

METELLUS.

No matter, Woman ; what is that to thee ?

NURSE.

Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, since *Marius* enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and she were both of an Age. Well, *Lais*, is in Happiness, she was too good for me. But as I was saying, a Month hence she'll be sixteen. 'Tis since *Marius* triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then she was weaned. Sure I shall never forget it of all Days—Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormwood to my Breast, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain ! But as I said before, when it did taste the Wormwood on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool ! to see it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that Time it is thirteen Years ; and then she could stand alone, nay, she could run, and

waddle

waddle all about: For just the Day before she broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quo' he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny*? and by my Fackins, the pretty Chit left Crying, and said, Ay,—I warrant an' I should live a thousand Years, I should not forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quo' he; and pretty Fool, it stopt, and said, Ay.

M E T E L L U S.

Enough of this; stop thy impertinent Chat.

N U R S E.

Yes, my Lord: Yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay—— And yet in Sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Cockril's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not *Vinny*? Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay——

M E T E L L U S.

Intolerable trifling Gossip, Peace.

'N U R S E.'

Well; thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurs'd: Might I but live to see thee marry'd once, I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay——

M E T E L L U S.

What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia*? It was the Subject that I came to treat of:

L A V I N I A.

It is a Thing I have not dreamt of yet.

N U R S E.

'Thing? the Thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurse, I would swear thou hadst suck'd thy Wisdom from thy Teat. The Thing?

M E T E L L U S.

Think of it now then, for I come to make Proposals may be worthy of your Wishes.

They-

They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handsome,
Noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant *Sylla*.

NURSE.

A Man, young Lady, Lady, such a Man as all the
World—why, he's a Man of Wax.

METELLUS.

Consider, Child, my Hopes are all in thee,
And now old Age gains Ground so fast upon me,
'Mongst all its sad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the smalleſt.

Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the nobleſt Hopes
That *Rome* can boast, to give thee to his Arms ;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Rest from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoicing
In the warm Sunshine of thy Happiness.

LAVINIA.

If Happiness be seated in Content,
Or that my being bleſſ'd can make you ſo,
Let me implore it on on my Knees. I am
Your only Child, and ſtill, through all the Course
Of my past Life have been obedient too :
And as you've ever been a loving Parent,
And bred me up with watchful tender'ſt Care,
Which never cost me hitherto a Tear ;
Name not that *Sylla* any more, indeed
I cannot love him.

METELLUS.

Why ?

LAVINIA.

Indeed I cannot.

METELLUS.

Oh early Disobedience ! by the Gods,
Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,
Perverseness, and untoward head-strong Will !

LAVINIA.

Think me not ſo ; I gladly shall submit

To

To any Thing ; nay, must submit to all :
 Yet think a little, or you sell my Peace.
 The Rites of Marriage are of mighty Moment :
 And should you violate a Thing so sacred
 Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul
 With hateful Bonds, which never can grow easy,
 How miserable am I like to be ?

METELLUS.

Has then some other taken up your Heart,
 And banish'd Duty as an Exile thence ?
 What sensual lewd Companion of the Night
 Have you been holding Conversation with,
 From open Windows at a Midnight Hour,
 When your loose Wishes would not let you sleep ?

LAVINIA.

If I should love, is that a Fault in one
 So young as I ? I cannot guess the Cause,
 But when you first nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
 My Heart shrunk back as if you'd done it Wrong ;
 If I did love, I'd tell you—if I durst.
 Oh *Marius* !

METELLUS.

Hah !

LAVINIA.

'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd,
 That Enemy to you and all your House.
 'Twas an unlucky Omen that he first
 Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
 Yet, Sir, believe me, I as soon could wed
 That *Marius*, whom I've cause to hate, as *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

No more ; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad.
 That daily, nightly, hourly, every Way
 My Care has been to make thy Fortune high ;
 And having now provided thee a Lord
 Of noblest Parentage, of fair Demeisns,
 Early in Fame, youthful, and well ally'd,

In every Thing as Thought could wish a Man,
 To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
 A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,
 To answer *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
 If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,
 Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
 Go, try thy Risk in Fortune's barren Field,
 Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,
 'Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

LAVINIA.

Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*,
 And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
 To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
 And beg my Bread with Sorrow ? Can I bear
 The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
 Fat with his Master's Plenty, when I ask
 A little Pity for my pinching Wants ?
 Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
 To seek a Shelter under dropping Eves,
 A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
 Shivering and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
 Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears,
 Must I at the uncharitable Gates
 Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain ?
 Must I your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,
 Because I am not Mistress of my Heart,
 Or cannot love according to your liking ?

METELLUS.

Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then ?

LAVINIA.

No :

'Tis given away.

METELLUS.

To whom ?

LAVINIA.

I dare not tell.

But I'll endeavour strangely to forget him,

If

METELLUS.

Thou doit well.

Conceal his Name if thou'dst preserve his Life :
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might
Be bought, it should not miss him. From this Hour
Curst be thy Purposes, most curst thy Love.
And if thou marry'st, in thy wedding Night
May all the Curses of an injur'd Parent
Fall thick, and blast the Blessings of thy Bed.

LAVINIA.

What have you done ? alas ! Sir, as you spoke,
Methought the Fury of your Words took place,
And struck my Heart like Lightning, dead within me.
Gone too ?

[Exit Metellus.]

Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds
That sees into the Bottom of my Grief ?
Alas ! that ever Heav'n should practise Stratagems
Upon so soft a Subject as myself !
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a Word of Joy ?
Some Comfort, Nurse, in this Extremity.

NURSE.

Marry : and there's but need on't : Ods my Life, this
Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for
all this. Well, and what then ? *Marius* is a Man, and
so's *Sylla*. Oh ! but *Marius*'s Lip ! and then *Sylla*'s Nose
and Forehead ! but then *Marius*'s Eye again, how 'twill
sparkle, and twinkle, and roll, and sneer ? But to see *Sylla*
a Horse-back ! but to see *Marius* walk or dance ! such a
Leg, such a Foot, such a Shape, such a Motion. Ah a—
Well, *Marius* is the Man, must be the Man, and shall be
the Man.

LAVINIA.

He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
And knows not yet the Follies of my Love :
And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

NURSE.

NURSE.

Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow;
 He's not the Flow'r of Courtesy; but I'll warrant him,
 as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, serve God.
 What? a Father's an old Man, and old Men they say
 will take care. But a young Man! Girl, ah! a young
 Man! there's a great deal in a young Man, and thou
 shalt have a young Man. What! I have been thy Nurse
 these sixteen Years, and I should know what's good for
 thee surely. Oh! Ay—a young Man!

LAVINIA.

Now, pr'ythee leave me to myself a while. [Exit Nurse.
 'Tis hardly yet within two Hours of Day.
 Sad Nights seem long—I'll down into the Garden.
 The Queen of Night
 Shines fair with all her Virgin Stars about her.
 Not one amongst them all a Friend to me:
 Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my Steps:
 And think what Course my wretched State must take.
 Oh, *Marius*! [Exit Lavinia.

SCENE II. *A walled Garden belonging to Metellus's House.*

Enter MARIUS Junior.

MARIUS Junior.

How vainly have I spent this idle Night!
 Even Wine can't heal the Ragings of my Love.
 This sure should be the Mansion of *Lavinia*;
 For in such Groves the Deities first dwelt.
 Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
 Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.
 [Enters the Garden.

Enter GRANIUS and SULPITIUS.

GRANIUS.

This Way—he went—Why, *Marius*! Brother *Marius*!

SUL-

SULPITIUS.

Perhaps he's wife and gravely gone to Bed.
There's not so weak a Drunkard as a Lover ;
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

GRANIUS.

He ran this this Way, and leap'd this Orchard-wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius*.

SULPITIUS.

Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Marius* ! Humours ! Passion ! Mad-man ! Lover !
Appear thou in the Likeness of a Sigh.
Speak but one Word, and I am satisfy'd.
He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then
I conjure thee by bright *Lavinia*'s Eyes,
By her high Forehead, and her scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, strait Leg, and quivering Thigh.
And the Demesns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy Likeness thou appear to us.

GRANIUS.

Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him—

SULPITIUS.

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raise a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
'Till she had laid and charm'd it down again.

GRANIUS.

Let's go ; he has hid himself among these Trees,
To dye his melancholick Mind in Night :
Blind in his Love, and best befits the Dark.

SULPITIUS.

Pox o'this Love, this little scarecrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble Sense.

GRANIUS.

Stop there—let's leave the Subject and its Slave ;
Or burn *Metellus*' House about his Ears.

SULPITIUS.

This Morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome* :

Yours

Your Father too demands the Consulship.
Yet now when he shou'd think of cutting Throats,
Your Brother's lost ; lost in a Maze of Love,
The idle Truancy of callow Boys.
I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw,
That hops at every Butterfly he sees,
Than have to do in Honour with a Man
That sells his Virtue for a Woman's Smiles. [Exeunt.

Enter MARIUS Junior in the Garden

MARIUS Junior.

He laughs at Wounds that never felt their Smart.
What Light is that which breaks thro' yonder Shade ?

[Lavinia in the Balcony.

Oh ! 'tis my Love.

She seems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear.
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking.

LAVINIA.

Ah me !

MARIUS Junior.

She speaks,
Oh ! speak again, bright Angel ; for thou art
As glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy paceing Clouds,
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

LAVINIA.

O Marius, Marius ! wherefore art thou Marius ?
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name :]
Or if thou will not, be but sworn my Love,
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.

MARIUS Junior.

Shall I hear this, and yet keep Silence ?

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

No.

'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
 Thou wouldst be still thyself, tho' not a *Marius*,
 Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
 What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,
 By any other Name wou'd smell as sweet.
 So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
 Be still as dear to my desiring Eyes,
 Without that Title. *Marius*, lose thy Name,
 And for that Name, which is no Part of thee,
 Take all *Lavinia*.

MARIUS Junior.

At thy Word I take thee,
 Call me but thine, and Joys will so transport me,
 I shall forget myself, and quite be chang'd.

LAVINIA.

Who art thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
 Hast overheard my Follies?

MARIUS Junior.

By a Name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am.
 My Name, dear Creature's hateful to myself:
 Because it is an Enemy to thee.

LAVINIA.

Marius? how cam'st thou hither? tell, and why?
 The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
 And the Place Death, considering who thou art,
 If any of our Family here find thee.
 By whose Directions didst thou find this Place?

MARIUS Junior.

By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire.
 He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes.
 I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
 As the vast Shore wash'd by the farthest Sea,
 I'd hazard Ruin for a Prize so dear——

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

Oh *Marius*! vain are all such Hopes and Wishes,
 The Hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
 Our Houses Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
 Where none but *Sylla* must be happy now.
 All bring him Sacrifices of some sort,
 And I must be a Victim to his Bed.
 To-night my Father broke the dreadful News ;
 And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
 He threaten'd me to banish me his House,
 Naked and shiftless to the World. Wouldst thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Bosom ?

MARIUS Junior.

Oh ! were my Joys but fixt upon that Point,
 I'd then shake Hands with Fortune and be Friends ;
 Thus grasp my Happiness, embrace it thus,
 And bless th' ill Turn that gave thee to my Arms.

LAVINIA.

Thou know'st the Mask of Night is on my Face,
 Else should I blush for what thou'st heard me speak.
 Fain would I dwell on Form ; fain, fain deny
 The Things I've said ; but farewell all such Follies.
 Dost thou then love ? I know thou'lt say thou dost ;
 And I must take thy Word, tho' thou prove false.

MARIUS Junior.

By yon bright *Cynthia*'s Beams that shines above.

LAVINIA.

Oh ! swear not by the Moon, th' inconstant Moon,
 That changes monthly, and shines but by Seasons,
 Lest that thy Love prove variable too.

MARIUS Junior.

What shall I swear by ?

LAVINIA.

Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious Self,
 Who art the God of my Idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

MARIUS Junior.

Witness all ye Powers.

LAVINIA.

'Nay, do not swear ; although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly satisfy'd with this Night's Contract :
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden,
Too like the Lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius*. May a happier Hour
Bring us to crown our Wishes.

MARIUS Junior.

Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

LAVINIA.

What wouldst thou have?

MARIUS Junior.

Th' Exchange of Love for mine.

LAVINIA.

I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

MARIUS Junior.

Why ?

LAVINIA.

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep : the more I give to thee,
The more I have : for both are infinite.
I hear a Noise within. Farewel, my *Marius* ;
Or stay a little, and I'll come again.

MARIUS Junior.

Stay ! sure for ever.

LAVINIA.

Three Words, and, *Marius*, then Good-night indeed.
If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy Purpose Marriage, send me Word To-morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy Feet I'll lay.

NURSE [within.]

Madam !

LA-

LAVINIA.

I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——

NURSE [within.]

Madam! Madam!——

LAVINIA.

By and by, I come.
To cease thy Suit, and leave me to my Griefs.
To-morrow I will send——

[Exit.]

MARIUS Junior

So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, sweet and flattering to be true?

Re-enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

Hist, *Marius*, hist. Oh for a Faulkner's Voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again.
Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud:
Else I would tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With Repetition of my *Marius*.——

MARIUS Junior.

It is my Love that calls me back again.
How sweetly Lovers Voices found by Night!
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

LAVINIA.

Marius.

MARIUS Junior.

My Dear.

LAVINIA.

At what o'Clock To-morrow,
Shall I send to thee?

MARIUS Junior.

At the Hour of nine.

LAVINIA.

I will not fail: 'Tis twenty Years till then——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

MARIUS Junior.

Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

LAVINIA.

The Morning's breaking ; I would have thee gone ;
 And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
 That lets it hop a little from her Hand,
 To pull it by its Fetters back again.

MARIUS Junior.

Would I were thine.

LAVINIA.

Indeed and so would I :
 Yet I should kill thee sure with too much cherishing.
 No more—Good-night.

MARIUS Junior.

There's such sweet Pain in parting,
 That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
 And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

LAVINIA.

To-morrow will come.

MARIUS Junior.

So it will. Good-night.
 Heav'n be thy Guard ; and all its Blessings wait thee—
 [Exit Lavinia.

To-morrow ! 'tis no longer : but Desires
 Are swift, and longing Love wou'd lavish Time.
 To-morrow ! Oh To-morrow ! 'till that come,
 The tedious Hours move heavily away,
 And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.
 Already Light is mounted in the Air,
 Striking itself thro' every Element.
 Our Party will by this time be abroad,
 To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
 Love and Renown sure court me thus together.
 Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter four CITIZENS.

3 CITIZEN.

Well, Neighbours, now we are here, what must we do?

1 CITIZEN.

Why, you must give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Consul: And if any Body speaks against you knock 'em down.

2 CITIZEN.

The Truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3 CITIZEN.

Look you—but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great Talk of him.—He's a damnable fighting Fellow they say; but hang him — he's a Lord.

1 CITIZEN.

Ay, so he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one should be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: What good do they do? nothing but run in our Debts, and lie with our Wives—

4 CITIZEN.

Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at Home, no more mine than *Rome's* mine. They are all fair curl'd-hair *Cupids*; and I'm an honest, black, tawny, Kettle-fac'd Fellow.—I'll ha' no Lords.—

[Drums and Trumpets.]

1 CITIZEN.

Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! they are coming. Be you sure you roar out for a *Marius*: and do as much Mischief as you can.—

Enter CAIUS MARIUS and his Sons; MARIUS borne
upon the Shoulders of two Roman Slaves; SULPITIUS
at the Head of the Guards. [Trumpets.]

SULPITIUS.

Harken, ye Men of *Rome*: I, I, *Sulpitius*,
Your Tribune and Protector of your Freedom,
By Virtue of that Office here have call'd you
To chuse a Consul. *Mithridates King*
Of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,
Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated,
And threatens *Rome* itself. Whom will you chuse
To lead you forth in this most glorious War?
Marius, or *Sylla*?

All CITIZENS.

A Marius! a Marius! a Marius!

CAIUS MARIUS.

Country-men,
And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all,
Or, if it may be thought a dearer Name,
My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age;
I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage;
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Power,
As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country.
I have not made a Party in the Senate,
To bring you into Slavery, or load
Your Necks with the hard Yoke of lordly Power.
I am no Noble, but a free-born Man,
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,
A Lover of your Liberties, and Laws,
Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here
These Wounds, which in your Service I have got,
And best plead for me——

All CITIZENS.

*Marius! Marius! Marius! No Sylla! no Sylla! no
Sylla!*

SULPITIUS.

No more remains, most honourable Consul,

But

But that straight you mount the Seat Tribunal—
 Lictors, bring your Rods
 Axes and Fasces, and present 'em heré.
 Hail *Caius Marius*, Consul of the War.

Trumpet. Enter METELLUS, CINNA, ANTONIUS,
 QUINTUS POMPEIUS, his Son, &c. Guards.

METELLUS.

See, *Romans*, there the Ruin of your Freedom,
 The blazing Meteor that bodes Ill to *Rome*,
 Oppression, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
 All centre in that melancholick Brew.
 If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
 The Weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,
 And shout so loud 'till *Mithridates* hear,
 And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
 Take me, take all your Senators, and drag
 Us headlong to the *Tyber*;—plunge us in,
 And bid adieu to Liberty for ever—
 Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
 Bring your Estates, your Children and your Wives,
 And lay 'em at the Feet of his Ambition.
 This you must do, and well it will become
 Such Slaves, who sell their Charters for a Holy-day.

CITIZENS.

No *Marius*! no *Marius*!

METELLUS.

Quintus Pompeius, in the Senate's Name,
 As Consul, we command thee to demand
 Justice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.

Q. POMPEIUS.

Descend then, *Marius*, Traitor to the State
 And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now, by the Gods, this Cause is worthy of me;
 Worthy my Fate.
 Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,

To pull its lawful Consul from his Seat
 Unjudg'd, and brand him with the Mark of Traitor ?
 Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.
Sulpitius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall
 Like common Drofs, with that well spoken Fool,
 That popular Clack ; or let us sell our Fates
 So dear, that *Rome* may sicken with our Fall.

All CITIZENS.

No Marius ! no Marius ! Down with him, down with
 him—

SULPITIUS.

Ha ! What art thou ?

Q. POMPÉIUS's Son.

The Consul's Son.

SULPITIUS.

A Worm ;

A thin Skin full of Dirt ; and thus I tread thee
 Into thy Mother Earth. ————— [Kills him.]

CAIUS MARIUS.

Drag hence that Traitor.

And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart.
 'The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.

Q. POMPÉIUS.

Our Children murder'd,
 Thus massacred before our Eyes ! Come all
 That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his Loss.

SULPITIUS.

Fall on.

All CITIZENS.

No Marius ! no Marius ! Liberty ! Liberty ! &c.

[They fight, Marius conquers.]

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thanks for this good Beginning, Gods. These Slaves
 These wide-mouth'd Brutes, that bellow thus for Freedom,
 Oh ! how they ran before the Hand of Pow'r,
 Flying for Shelter into every Brake !
 Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,

When

When the Wolf's out and ranging for his Prey.
Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

SULPITIUS.

Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
 Fit for the Work of Power: say the Word,
 Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,
 Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,
 And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Sylla, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.
 Proclaim straight Liberty to every Slave
 That will but own the Cause of *Caius Marius*.
 Horror, Confusion, and inverted Order,
 Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruin
 Must have their Courses, ere this Ferment settle.

‘ Thus the great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
 ‘ When Men forget, his God-like Pow'r to own,
 ‘ Uses no common Means, no common Ways,
 ‘ But sends forth Thunder, and the World obeys.

[Exeunt.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SULPITIUS, GRANIUS, and all the Guards.

SULPITIUS.

ROME never saw a Morning sure like this:
 Now she begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
 Her wanton Blood can smart.
 Were I the Counsul, not a Head in *Rome*,
 That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, should stand safe.

GRANIUS.

Slaughter shou'd have continu'd with the Day.
 Mercy but gives Sedition Time to rally.
 Every soft, pliant, talking, busy Rogue,

Gathering a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,
 Can preach up new Rebellion. 'Till the Heads
 Of all those heav'nly-inspir'd Knaves be crush'd,
 No Power can be safe—

SULPITIUS.

Much will this Day
 Determine ; *Sylla*'s now before the Walls,
 And all his Forces ready for Command.
 Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,
 And come on Proclamation to our Side.

GRANIUS.

Where should my Brother be ? He came not home
 To-night.

SULPITIUS.

Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
 Stabb'd with an Eye, run thro' the Brains with Love.

GRANIUS.

He talk'd of sending *Sylla* a Defiance.

SULPITIUS.

Writ with a Pen made of a Cupid's Quill.

GRANIUS.

Why, what is *Sylla* ?

SULPITIUS.

A most courageous Captain at a Congee ;
 He fights by Measure, as your Artists sing,
 Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion, Rests his Rests,
 One, two, and the third in your Guts.
 Oh ! he's the very Butcher of a Button.

GRANIUS.

Would I cou'd see my Brother. That damn'd Love
 Of Women ruins 'noblest Purposes.

SULPITIUS.

That Sex was first in Mockery of us made.
 They are the false deceitful Glasses, where
 We gaze and dress ourselves to all the Shapes
 Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do ?
 She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
 And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,

Where Fops have daily Entrance : Make a Priest,
 Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,
 Dance and show Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brāwn ;
 Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
 Put on false Hair, and paint : And after all,
 Though she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
 She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.
 Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
 I wonder he delays so long.

G R A N I U S.

He comes ;

And with him too my Brother.

S U L P I T I U S.

See your General,

Salute him all my Fellow-Soldiers.

[Short.

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, and MARIUS Junior.

C A I U S M A R I U S.

This,

Sulpitius, looks like Power. Granius, here
 Receive thy Brother to thy Arms, and bless him :
 He's done a thing most worthy of our Name,
 Sent a Defiance into Sylla's Camp,
 Challenging forth the stoutest Champion there,
 In Vindication of his Father's Cause,
 And not an Out-law there dare send his Answer.
 Once more Sulpitius, are the People ours,
 Enrag'd with Sylla's coming arm'd, to force
 The City. At the Celimontane Gate
 He's posted now, let's send him straight Commands
 I' th' Name o' th' Senate and the *Roman* People,
 To advance no farther, 'till the State of *Rome*
 Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,
 Or he continu'd Consul. —

S U L P I T I U S.

That would be

But to prolong Necessity ; for *Rome*

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Must bleed : And since the Rabble now is ours, —
Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,
Spread false Reports o' th' Senate, working up
Their Madness to a Fury quick and desp'rate,
'Till they run headlong into civil Discords,
And do our Busines with their own Destruction.
Granius, go thou,
Send Word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,
And render up himself to *Rome*.

MARIUS Junior.

There's still

A dangerous Wheel at work, a thoughtful Villain,
Cinna, who's rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Discords of his Country : like a Fly
O'er Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
'Till he has vented his Infection there,
To fester into Rancour and Sedition.
Would he were safe.

CAIUS MARIUS.

And safe he shall be : let him be proscrib'd,
The Fine upon his Head its Weight in Gold.
Wou'd I cou'd buy *Metellus*'s as cheap.
I have a tender Foolishness within me
May sometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm ; still ply
My ebbing Fury with the Thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus*' Pride ;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's hasten,
And wait for *Sylla*'s Answer at our Arms.

Ex. Caius Mar. and Granius.

SULPITIUS.

Is not this better now than whining Love ?
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friend's Delight.

Enter

Enter NURSE and CLODIUS.

MARIUS Junior.

Sulpitius what comes here; a Sail, Sulpitius.

SULPITIUS.

A tatter'd one, and Weather-beaten much.

Many a boist'rous Storm has she been toss'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind.

NURSE.

Clodius.

CLODIUS.

Madam.

SULPITIUS.

Madam!

NURSE.

My Fan, Clodius.

SULPITIUS.

Ay, good Clodius, to hide her Face.

NURSE.

Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

SULPITIUS.

Good-even, fair Gentlewoman.

NURSE.

Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

SULPITIUS.

It should be so by your Ladyship's parch'd Face.

NURSE.

Marry come up, my Gossip: Whose Man are you?

SULPITIUS.

A Woman's Man, my Sybil: wouldst thou try
My Strength in Feats of amorous Engagement,
Lead me among the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness,
Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd,
And bear her trembling to some Bank, bedeck'd
With sweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse
To dwell in; throw my inspir'd Arms about her,

And

And press her 'till she thought herself more bless'd
Than *I* panting with the Joys of *Jove*.

NURSE.

Panting? Joys? and *Jove*? Now by my troth 'tis
ver pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell where
I may find young *Marius*?

MARIUS Junior.

Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

SULPITIUS.

Hah! by this Light, a Bawd. So ho!
Come, let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd,
That stinks of last Night's Office— [Exit. Sulp.

NURSE.

Pray, Sir, what saucy Fellow's he that's gone?

MARIUS Junior.

A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk;
and will speak more in a Minute than he'll stand to in a
Month.

NURSE.

And he speak any thing against me, I'll take him down,
an' he were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks*,
or I'll find those that shall. But now, Sir, I wish you
much Joy— I hear you are—

MARIUS Junior.

Marry'd; this Day the blessed Deed was done.
When the unhappy Discords first took Flame
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Priest of *Hymen*, whom with Gold
I bri'b'd to yield us privately his Office,
Join'd our kind Hands, and now she's ever mine,

NURSE.

Well: 'fore God, I am so vex'd, that every Part about
me quivers. But pray, Sir, a Word: and as I told you,
my young Lady bade me find you out. What she bade me
say, I'll keep to myself. But first let me tell you, if you
have led her into a Fool's Paradise, as they say: For the
Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deal

doubly

doubly with her, though you don't look like a Gentleman that wou'd use double Dealing with a Lady.—

MARIUS Junior.

Commend me to thy Lady, I protest—

NURSE.

Good Heart, and i'faith, I will tell her as much.
Lord ! Lord ! she will be a joyful Woman.

MARIUS Junior.

Bid her devise this Evening to receive
Me at her Window : Here is for thy Pains— [Gives Money.

NURSE.

No truly, Sir ; not a *Drachma*.

MARIUS Junior.

Away ; I say you shall.

NURSE.

This Evening, say you ? well, she shall be there.

MARIUS Junior.

And stay, kind Nurse, behind the Garden-wall.
Within this Hour my Man shall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder,
Which to the blessed Mansion of my Joy
Must be my Conduit in the secret Night.
Farewel—be true, and I'll reward thy Pains.

NURSE.

Now Heav'ns bless thee—Hark you, Sir.

MARIUS Junior.

What say'st thou, Nurse ?

NURSE.

Nothing, but that my Mistress is the sweetest Lady.
Lord ! Lord ! when 'twas a little prating Thing—Oh !
—there's a Spark, one *Sylla*, that would fain have a
Finger in the Pye—but she, good Soul, had as lieve
hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger
her sometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer Man.—
But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as
any Clout in the yarsal World. Well, you'll be sure to
come.—

MARI-

MARIUS Junior.

As sure as Truth.

NURSE.

Well, when it was a little Thing, and us'd to lie with me, it would so kick, so sprawl, and so play—and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play again. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to Sleep as gentle as a Lamb. I shall never forget it—Then you'll be sure to come.—

MARIUS Junior.

Can I forget to live?

NURSE.

Nay, but swear though.

*MARIUS Junior.*By this Kiss, which thou shalt carry to *Lavinia*.*NURSE.*

Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not. I have been drinking *Aqua vitae*. Oh! those Eyes of yours!

MARIUS Junior.

'Till Night farewell—

NURSE.

'Till Night; I'll say no more, but da, da. Come, *Clodius*. Ah! those Eyes! [Ex. Nurse and Clodius.

MARIUS Junior.

What Pains she takes with her officious Folly!

How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy Mind?
Though this Day be the dearest of my Life;
There's something hangs most heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's sick with Dulness.

*Enter CAIUS MARIUS.**CAIUS MARIUS.*

Where's this Loiterer,
This

This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*?
 With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes he stands,
 The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

MARIUS Junior.

My Father.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Call me by some other Name;
 Disgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
 And surely *Marius* has small Right in thee.
 Would *Sylla's* Soul were thine, and thine were his,
 That he, as thou hast done, now Glory calls,
 Might run for Shelter to a Woman's Arms,
 And hide him in her Bosom like a Babe.

MARIUS Junior.

Then I'm a Coward.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Art thou not?

MARIUS Junior.

I am,

That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
 Durst any Man but you have call'd me so?
 Oh let me fall, embrace and kiss your Feet.
 Y'ave rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart,
 To such a Work as Fame ne'er talk'd of yet.
 How'll you dispose *Lavinia*?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Let her fall,

As I would all her Family and Name,
 Forgotten that they either ever gave
 Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.

MARIUS Junior.

'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce more
Metellus' Daughter now than your's: our Hands
 Were by a Priest this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
 Avert th' ill Omen, and preserve my Father.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Marry'd? say ruin'd, lost and curst.

MARI-

MARIUS Junior.

You've torn

The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom. —

CAIUS MARIUS.

Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd ;
 Go farthest from me, get thee to *Metellus*,
 Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.
 I've yet one Son, that surely won't forsake me :
 Else in this Breast I shall have glorious Thoughts,
 That will at least give Lustre to my Ruin.
 Farewel —— my once best Hopes, now greatest Shame.

MARIUS Junior.

Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths,
 Or send me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
 Than banish me the Blessing of your Prefence.
 I've thought, and bounded all my Wishes so,
 To die for you is Happiness enough ;
 'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.

*CAIUS MARIUS.*Again *Lavinia* ?*MARIUS Junior.*

Yes, this Coward Slave,
 This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
 Though wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd
 To th' highest Expectation of Delight,
 Ev'n in this Minute, when Love prompts his Heart,
 And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,
 Is Master of a Mind unfetter'd yet.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What canst thou do ?

MARIUS Junior.

This Night I should have gone,
 And ta'en Possession of *Lavinia*'s Bed.
 But by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,
 'Till I've done something that's above Reward,
 And you yourself present her to my Arms.

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

Why dost thou talk thus to me?

MARIUS Junior.

Hark!

[Trumpets.]

The Trumpets sound, and Business is at Hand.

It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls

Were just engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.

The Gods have done me Justice.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Get thee gone,

And leave me to my Fate.

Tho' maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.

MARIUS Junior.

I'll follow you——

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou shall not.

MARIUS Junior.

By the Gods I will.

CAIUS MARIUS.

How? disobey'd then?

MARIUS Junior.

Bid a Courser spurr'd

Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,

Or sailing Ships stand still before the Wind,

Or Winds themselves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

MARIUS Junior.

Why? would you kill me?

CAIUS MARIUS.

No, I hope thou art reserv'd yet for
A better Fate.

MARIUS Junior.

Thanks, Heav'n.

These few kind Words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then do not contradict my Will in this;

But

But part, and when our Hands next meet again,
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*—

[Exit.]

[Trumpets again.]

MARIUS Junior.

Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War,
And urge its Horrors up, 'till they become,
If possible, as terrible as mine.

Oh my *Lavinia*! though this Night I fall,
At my Return I shall be doubly happy.

Such Trials the great ancient Hero's past,
Who little present Happiness could taste,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Metellus's *House*.Enter *LAVINIA*.*LAVINIA.*

Gallop a-pace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rs *Phæbus*' Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaëton* would lash you to the West,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.

Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night,
To sober-suited Matron all in black;

That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to these Arms untalk'd of, and unseen.

Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars;

And he will make the Face of Heaven so fine,
That all the World shall grow in love with Night,
And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun.

Oh! I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not possest it.—Tedious is this Day,
As is the Night before some Festival
To an impatient Child that has new Robes.

Enter *NURSE* and *CLODIUS*.

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurse: what News?
How

How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius*?

NURSE.

Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Questions, but a Chair! So.

LAVINIA.

Nay, pr'ythee Nurse, why dost thou look so sad?
Oh! do not spoil the Musick of good Tidings
With such a melancholick wretched Face.

NURSE.

Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my Cordial
Bottle. Fy! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

LAVINIA.

Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
Will *Marius* come To-night? Speak, will he come?

NURSE.

Alas! alas! what Haste? oh! cannot you stay a little?
oh! do not you see that I'm out of Breath? oh! this
Phthisick! *Clodius*, the Cordial.

LAVINIA.

Th' Excuse thou mak'st for this unkind Delay
Is longer than the Tale thou hast to tell.
Is thy News good or bad? answer to that.
Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance.

NURSE.

Well, you have made a simple Choice: you know not
how to chuse a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Mens.
And for a Hand, and a Foot and a Shape, though they are
not to be talk'd of—yet they are past compare. What,
have you din'd within?

LAVINIA.

No, no: what foolish Questions dost thou ask?
What says he of his coming? what of that?

NURSE.

Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I!
It beats as if it would fall in twenty-Pieces.
My Back o't'other Side! ah! my Back! my Back!
Besrew your Heart for sending me about
To catch my Death. This Back of mine will break.

[Drinks.
L A-

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LAVINIA.*

Indeed I'm sorry if thou art not well.
But pr'ythee tell me, Nurse, what says my Love?

NURSE.

Why, your Love says like an honest Gentleman, and a kind Gentleman, and a handsome—and I'll warrant a virtuous Gentleman. [Drinks.] Well———what? Where's your Father?

LAVINIA.

Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
How oddly thou reply'ft!
Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
Where is your Father?

NURSE.

Oh good Lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultis for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Messages yourself.

LAVINIA.

Nay, pr'ythee be not angry Nurse, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

NURSE.

Will he? will a Duck swim?

LAVINIA.

Then he will come.

NURSE.

Come? why, he will come upon all Four, but he'll come. Go, get you in, and say your Prayers; Go.

LAVINIA.

For Blessings on my *Marius* and thee.

NURSE.

Well, it would be a sad Thing, though——

LAVINIA.

What?

NURSE.

If *Marius* should not come now———for there's old Doings at the Gates, they are at it ding dong. Tantarara

go the Trumpets; Shout, cry the Soldiers; clatter, go the Swords. I'll warrant I made no small Haste—

LAVINIA.

And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears! [Trumpets. The Noise comes this Way. Guard my Love, ye Gods, Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, MARIUS Junior, GRANIUS, SULPITIUS, CATULUS, &c. Guards, Lictors on one Side: METELLUS, SYLLA, Q. POMPEIUS, Guards on the other. [Trumpets sound a March.

METELLUS.

Oh thou God,
Deliverer of *Rome*, most blest of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Prostrate for Refuge at thy Feet: See there
The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,
The Persecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of *Rome*.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What art thou that canst lend thy slavish Ears
To flatt'ring Hypocrisy?

SYLLA.

My Name thou hast heard,
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,
The Terror and the Bane of thee her Foe.

CAIUS MARIUS.

If thou'rt her Friend, why com'st thou here thus arm'd,
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?

SYLLA.

To free her from a Tyrant's Power.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Who is that Tyrant?

SYLLA.

Thou, who hast oppress

Her

Her Senate, made thyself by Force a Consul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em against her Laws.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my Wrongs,
Have I opprest you? have I, forc'd your Laws?
Am I a Tyrant? I whom ye have rais'd,
For my true Services, to what I am?
Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;
Remember the confed'rate War.

SYLLA.

Where thou,
Cold and delaying, wer't by *Silo* brav'd,
Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at last compell'd
Ingloriously to quit th' unweildy Charge.
Remember too who banish'd good *Metellus*,
The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family,
'That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Basely thou wrong'st the Truth. My Actions rais'd me.
Hadst thou been born a Peasant, still thou'dst been so:
But I by Service to my Country 've made
My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

SYLLA.

In the *Jugurthine* War, whose King was taken
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumph'd for't.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou stol'st him basely, stol'st him at the Price
Of his Wife's Lust: Thou barter'dst his Betraying,
And in the Capitol hast Pageants set
In Memory of thy Vanity and Shame.

SYLLA.

Thy Shame.

CAIUS MARIUS.

My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy,
Who wouldst be gaudy in an unfit Dress,
And wear my cast-off Glories after me.

SYLLA.

SYLLA.

I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags,
 By him left dangling on a Highway Hedge,
 Than soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
 Thou scorn'd Plebeian.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Worst Perdition catch thee.

SYLLA.

Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy Heels,
 And yield thyself to Justice and the Senate.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Justice from thee demanded on my Head?
 First clear thyself, quit thy usurp'd Command:
 Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.

SYLLA.

Upon thy Neck I would.

CAIUS MARIUS.

As soon thou'dst take
 A Lion by the Beard: Thou dar'st not think on't.

SYLLA.

I dare, and more.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then Gods, I take your Word;
 If there be Truth in you, I shall not fall
 This Day. My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers, now,
 Fight as I've seen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,
 Leave it to me; for much Revenge must go
 Along with Death, when such a Victim bleeds.

SYLLA.

My Lords withdraw.

METELLUS.

No, trust the Gods; I'll see
 My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now, *Sylla*.

SYLLA.

Now, my Veterans, consider

You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Rebellion never wanted that Pretence,

Thou Shadow of what I have been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have borne.

If thou'l do something worthy of thy Place,
Let's join our Battle with a Force may glut
The Throat of Death, and choak him with himself;
As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,
Or as Clouds dash when Thunder shakes the Skies.

[*Trumpets sound a Charge: they fight.*

Re-enter CAIUS MARIUS, taken by SYLLA's Party.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Forsaken, and a Prisoner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius!* The old naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finish my ill Fate. Or must I be
Preserv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd
To Scorn, and make a Holiday for Slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I should know thy Face.
Thou hast borne Office under me. If e'er
In my best Fortune I deserv'd thy Friendship,
Give me a *Roman's* Death, and set me free,
That no Dishonour in my Age o'ertake me.

OFFICER.

I've serv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I see
Your Fall—My Orders were, to save your Life.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou'rt a Time-server, that canst flatter Misery.

*Enter MARIUS Junior, GRANIUS and SULPITIUS,
Prisoners.*

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius*?

SULPITIUS.

Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now must I
Be

Be Food for Crows, and stink upon a Tree,
 Whilst Coxcombs stroll abroad on Holidays
 To take the Air, and see me rot. A Pox
 On Fortune, and a Pox on that first Fool
 That taught the World Ambition.

Enter QUINTUS POMPEIUS, four Lictors before him.

Q. POMPEIUS.

Draw near,

Ye Men of *Rome*, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
 Thou *Marius*, whose Ambition and whose Pride
 Have cost so many Lives, the first that e'er
 Wag'd civil Wars in *Rome*, thee and thy Sons,
 Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
 And Minister of all thy Outrages,
 The curs'd *Su'pitius*, Banishment's your Lot ;
 After To-morrow's Dawn if found i'th' City,
 Death be your Doom : So hath the Senate said.
 So flourish Peace and Liberty in *Rome*.

[Ex. Q. Pompeius, Lictors, crying Liberty.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
 For plaguing me above all other Men.
 Come, ye young Heroes, kneel and praise the Heav'ns,
 For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha !
 What pleasant Game hath Fortune play'd To-day ?
 Oh ! I could burst with Laughter. Why, now *Rome*'s
 At Peace. But may it be as short and vain
 As Joys but dreamt of, or as sick Mens Slumbers.
 Now let's take Hands, and bending to the Earth,
 To all th' infernal Pow'rs let's swear.

ALL.

We swear.

CAIUS MARIUS.

That's well: By all the Destinies,
 By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
 About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,

H. 2

We'll

We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City ;
Let not one Stone of all her Towers stand safe.

MARIUS Junior.

Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape.

GRANIUS.

Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces perish.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Her young Men massacred.

SULPITIUS.

Her Virgins ravish'd.

MARIUS Junior.

And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me banished.
Thus let 'em curse, thus raving tear their Hair,
And fall upon the Ground as I do now.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Rise then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's thy own.

MARIUS Junior.

And ever after Pain and Sorrow.

But go thou, find *Lavinia*'s Woman out—[*To his Servant.*
Tell her I'll come, and bid her hear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thus then let's part ; each take his several Way,
As to a Task of Darkness : When we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And see what Mischief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I shall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have Truth, and Augurs lye not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I seven young Eagles chanc'd to find ;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were sought, who promis'd me from thence
As many Times the Consulate in *Rome*.
Six Times already I've that Office bore,
And so far has the Prophecy prov'd true.

But if I've manag'd ill the Time that's past,
 And too remiss six elder Fortunes lost,
 The youngest Darling-Fate is yet to come,
 And thou shalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*. [Exeunt.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Garden.*

Enter LAVINIA and MARIUS Junior.

LAVINIA.

WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.
 It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful Hollow of thy Ear.
 Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree she sings.
 Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

MARIUS Junior.

Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
 No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
 Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
 Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drest,
 Whilst all the Birds bring Musick to his Levee.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die—

LAVINIA.

Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my Lot!
 Sure, giving thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
 To pay, 'till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilst I,
 A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
 To take a Mite for endless Sums of Joy.

MARIUS Junior.

Let me be taken, let me suffer Death,
 I am content, if thou wilt have it so—
 By Heav'n, yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,

But the Reflection of pale *Cynthia's* Brightness ;
 Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat
 So high, and echo in the Vault of Heav'n.
 I'm all Desire to stay, no Will to go.

How is't, my Soul ? let's talk : It is not Day.

LAVINIA.

It is, it is—Fly hence away, my *Marius*,
 It is the Lark, and out of Tune she sings,
 With grating Discords and unpleasing Strainings.
 Some say the Lark and leathsome Toad change Eyes ;
 Now I could wish they had chang'd Voices too ;
 Or that a Lethargy had feiz'd the Morning,
 And she had slept and never wak'd again,
 To part me from th'Embraces of my Love.
 What shall become of me, when thou art gone ?

MARIUS Junior.

The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Loves,
 Seeing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth,
 Will sure take Care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
 Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every Day,
 How my *Lavinia* does : And every Night,
 In the severe Distresses of my Fate,
 As I perhaps shall wander through the Desart,
 And want a Place to rest my weary Head on,
 I'll count the Stars, and bless 'em as they shine,
 And court them all for my *Lavinia's* Safety.

LAVINIA.

Oh Banishment, eternal Banishment !
 Ne'er to return ! must we ne'er meet again ?
 My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
 And live. Could I but see to th'End of Woe,
 There were some Comfort—but eternal Torment
 Is ever insupportable to Thought.
 It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

MARIUS Junior.

No, for my Banishment may be recall'd ;
 My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome* :

Then

Then I shall boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
Whilst happiest Men shall envy at the Blessing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

L A V I N I A .

If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone, to yield to *Sylla's* Claim,
Defenceless as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I must, I rather die than suffer't,
What a sad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

M A R I U S Junior.

A thoufand Things would, to this Purpose said,
But sharpen and add Weight to parting Sorrow.
Oh my *Lavinia*! if my Heart e'r stray, [Kneels.
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely only thine,
In that curst Moment when my Soul forsakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

L A V I N I A .

And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my first Vows, my dearest only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,
'Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate destroy me;
And not one Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me.

M A R I U S Junior.

What needs all this? —

L A V I N I A .

Oh! I could find out Things
To talk to thee for ever.

M A R I U S Junior.

Weep not; the Time
We had to stay together has been employ'd
In richest Love —

LAVINIA.

We ought to summon all
 The Spirit of soft Passion up, to chear
 Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the Pangs of parting.
 Oh my poor *Marius*!

MARIUS Junior.

Ah my kind *Lavinia*!

LAVINIA.

But dost thou think we e'er shall meet again?

MARIUS Junior.

I doubt it not; and all these Woes shall serve—
 For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.

LAVINIA.

Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
 Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
 Like a stark Ghost, with Horror in thy Visage.
 Either my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

MARIUS Junior.

And trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost thou.
 Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood—Farewel.

LAVINIA.

Farewel then. [Exit. Mar. Jun.

NURSE [within.]

Madam.

LAVINIA.

My Nurse.

NURSE [within.]

Your Father's up, and Day-light broke abroad.
 Be wary, look about you—

LAVINIA.

Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend,
 I must hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day:
 For absent Minutes seem as many Days.
 Oh! by this Reck'ning I shall be most old,
 Ere I again behold my *Marius*. Nay,
 Gone too already! 'twas unkindly done,
 I had not yet imparted half my Soul.

Not a third Part of its fond jealous Fears :
 But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd ;
 Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,
 Shall make it tingle as his Life were stung :
 Nay too—I'll love him ; never, never leave him ;
 Fond as a Child, and resolute as a Man. [Exit Lavinia.

Enter METELLUS musing.

METELLUS.

Sylla this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
 To head that Army. *Cinna* must be Consul——
 Ay, *Cinna* must be. He's a busy Fellow,
 Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
 Hates *Marius* too : that, that's the dearest Point.
 I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
 A hundred Horse are in Pursuit to find him :
 And if they catch him, his Head's safe, that's certain.
Oetavius will be the other—be it so :
 An honest, simple, downright-dealing Lord :
 A little too religious, that's his Fault.

Enter a SERVANT.

What now ?

SERVANT.

A Letter left you by a Lictor,
 Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus reads the Letter :

B LAME not, Sir, my parting
 So suddenly : just now I've had Advice
 Of some Disturbance in the Camp at *Capua*.
 Commend my tender'st Faith to fair *Lavinia*.
 You're *Sylla's* Advocate with her and *Rome*.

Enter NURSE.

Well, Nurse.

NURSE.

My Lord.

METELLUS.

How does my Daughter?

NURSE.

Truly very ill: She has not slept a Wink:
 Nothing but tos's'd and tumbled all this Night;
 I left her just now slumb'ring.
 This Lord *Sylla* does so run in her Head,

METELLUS.

Oh! were he in her Heart; Nurse!

NURSE.

Were he?

Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else,
 dreams of nothing else. She would needs have me lie
 with her t'other Night. But about Midnight (I'll swear it
 wak'd me out of a sweet Nap) she takes me fast in her
 Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*; but are you, will
 you be true? Then sigh'd, and stretch'd—I swear I was
 half afraid.

METELLUS.

She's strangely alter'd then.

This Morning two new Consuls must be chosen.
 If they are true, those Tidings thou hast brought me,
 Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleasure,
 At my Return from th' *Forum*, that I see her—[Exit Metel.]

NURSE.

So so!—here will be sweet Doings in time. How many
 hundred Lies a Day must I tell, to keep this Family at
 Peace?

*Enter LAVINIA.**LAVINIA.*

Oh Nurse! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?

NURSE.

Gone? Yes; and I would I were gone too.

LAVINIA.

Why dost thou sigh? What Cause hast thou to wish so?
 Wert thou distrest, unfortunate as I am,

Thou

Thou hadst then Cause.

What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I!

I walk methinks as Half of me were lost:

Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,

And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.

NURSE.

'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus drest, Madam?

Why in this Pickle, say you now?

LAVINIA.

Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me,

For I am desperate, and resolv'd on Death.

In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dress,

Aster my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,

Forsake deserted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.

NURSE.

And I must stay behind to be hang'd up, like an old-
Pole-Cat in a Warren, for a Warning to all Vermin that
shall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a
Week, 'till this were over.

LAVINIA.

This Morning's Opportunity is fair,

When all are busy in electing Consuls;

I shall escape unseen without the Gates,

And this Night in a Litter reach *Salonium*.

NURSE.

I care not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You shan't
stir. Nay, I'll raise the House first. Why *Clodius*!
Catulus! *Sempronius*! *Theflia*! Men and Maids, where
are you? Oh! oh! oh!—

[Lav. gets from her. Nurse falls down. Exit Lavinia.]

Enter *CLODIUS*.

CLODIUS.

What's the Matter, Mistress?

NURSE.

Oh *Clody*, *Clody*, dear *Clody*, is't thee, my dear *Clody*?
Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Ferum*

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presently; tell him his Treasury is robb'd, his House a fire, his Daughter dead, and I am mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh!

[*Excunt.*]

S C E N E changes to the Country.

Enter several Herdsman belonging to M A R I U S.

1 HERDSMAN.

Good-morrow, Brother; you have heard the News.

2 HERDSMAN.

News, quoth a? Trim News truly.

1 HERDSMAN.

Why, they say our Lord and Master's stept a one Side.
Is there any thing in't trow?

2 HERDSMAN.

Any thing in't? alas-a-day! alas-a-day! sad Times!
sad Times, Brother! not a Penny of Money stirring.

1 HERDSMAN.

Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer stuck up her Tail Eastward, and ran back into a new Quick-set, which I had just made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 HERDSMAN.

And the t'other Night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd a Tenement these seven Years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and spoil'd the Broth. Sad Times! sad Times! Brother!

3 HERDSMAN.

Did you meet no Troopers this Way?

2 HERDSMAN.

Troopers? I saw a Parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood-side upon ragged Hide-bound Jades. I warrant they came for no Goodness—

1 HERDSMAN.

‘Twas to seek for Lord *Marius*, as sure as Eggs be Eggs.
These

These 'bitious Folk make more Stir in the World than a thousand Men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter several Soldiers in quest of MARIUS.

1 SOLDIER.

This is the Way. How now, you Pack of Boobies? whose Fools are you?

2 HERDSMAN.

Why, we are such Fools as you are; any Bodies Fools that will pay us our Wages.

1 SOLDIER.

Do you belong to the Traitor *Marius*?

1 HERDSMAN.

We be belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worship.

1 SOLDIER.

Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2 HERDSMAN.

I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be Soldier.

2 SOLDIER.

Let the hungry Churl alone.

1 SOLDIER.

Hark you, you Dog: where's your Lord, the Traitor *Marius*?

2 HERDSMAN.

In a whole Skin, if he be wise—

1 SOLDIER.

Where is he, you Poltroon?

2 HERDSMAN.

Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Saxlonium*, but I keep none of him. If you must needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.

1 SOLDIER.

Let's to his House hard by, and ransack that. Sirrah, if we miss of him, you may repent this. [Exeunt Soldiers.

1 HERDS-

'Tis all one to me, I must pay my Rent to some-
body.

2 HERDSMAN.

Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep
me a Cowkeeper still—I say—

Enter CAIUS MARIUS and GRANIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Where are we? are we yet not near *Salonium*?
Lead me to yonder shady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may sit,
And joy in Rest. Oh my distemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams so hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome!* *Rome!* *Rome!*
Hah! what are those?

GRANIUS.

They seem, Sir, rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath these Woods.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2 HERDSMAN.

We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they say
he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Have ye forgot me then, ungrateful Slaves!
Are you so willing to disown your Master?
Who would have thought t'have found such Baseness here,
Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin Nakedness untainted?
Confusion on ye, ye fordid Earthlings. [Ex. all but one.]

1 HERDSMAN.

Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
Just now a Troop of Murderers past this Way,
And ask'd with Horror for the Traitor *Marius*.
By this Time at *Salonium*, at your House,
They are in search of you. Fly, fly, my Lord— [Exit.]

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

I shall be hounded up and down the World,
 Now every Villain, that is Wretch enough
 To take the Price of Blood, dreams of my Throat,
 Help and support me 'till I reach the Wood,
 Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
 Asunder we may dodge our Fate, and lose her.
 In some old hollow Tree or o'ergrown Brake
 I'd rest my weary Limbs 'till Danger pafs me.

[Goes into the Wood.

Enter Soldiers again.

1. SOLDIER.

A thousand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
 As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome* ;
 And 'tis too much for one.

2. SOLDIER.

Let's set this Wood
 A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
 Quickly you'll see th'old Drone crawl humming out.

1. SOLDIER.

Thou always lov'st to ride full Speed to Mischief.
 There's no Consideration in thee. Look you, when I
 cut a Throat, I love to do it with as much Deliberation
 and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a slovenly
 Murder done Hand over Head: a Man gets no Credit by it.

3. SOLDIER.

The Man that spoke last, spoke well. Therefore let
 us to yon adjacent Village, and sowsse ourselves in good
Fakernium. [Exeunt Soldiers.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh Villains! not a Slave of those
 But has serv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
 And felt my Bounty——Drought! parching Drought!
 Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboss'd?
 Oh! I could swallow Rivers: Earth yield me Water;
 Or swallow *Marius* down where Springs first flow.

Enter

Enter *MARIUS Junior*, and *GRANIUS*.

MARIUS Junior.

My Father !

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh my Sons !

MARIUS Junior.

Why thus folorn ! stretch'd on the Earth ?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh ! get me some Refreshment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirst.
I would not trouble you, if I had Strength :
But I'm so faint that all my Limbs are useleſs.
Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,
Must we then starve ? No ſure, the Birds will feed us.

MARIUS Junior.

There stands a House on yonder Side o' th' Wood,
It seems the Mansion of ſome Man of Note :
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

CAIUS MARIUS.

O my Soul's Comfort ! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the Plenty of the Earth,
Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,
And ſee who'll give a Morſel to poor *Marius*.
Nay, I'll not starve ; No, I will plunge in Riot,
Wallow in Plenty. Drink ! I'll drink, I'll drink.
Give me that Goblet hither —— Here's a Health
To all the Knaves and Senators in *Rome*.

MARIUS Junior.

Repose yourself a while, 'till we return.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I will, but pr'ythee let me rave a little.
Go, pr'ythee go, and don't delay. I'll rest,
As thou ſhalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raise me ——

[Exit Mar. Jun.

Enter LAVINIA.

Another Murd'rer? this brings smiling Fate:
A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin.

LAVINIA.

I've wandered up and down these Woods and Meadows,
'Till I have lost my Way—
Against a tall, young, slender, well-grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* should not be far hence.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What art thou,
That dar'st to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?

LAVINIA.

Do not be angry, Sir, whate'er thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to pursue my banish'd Lord.

CAIUS MARIUS.

By thy dissembling Tone thou shouldst be Woman,
And *Roman* too.

LAVINIA.

Indeed I am.

CAIUS MARIUS.

A *Roman*?

If thou art so, begone, lest Rage with Strength
Assist my Vengeance and I rise and kill thee.

LAVINIA.

My Father, you?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now thou art a Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father?
I ne'er was yet so curst: None of thy Sex
E'er sprung from me. My Offspring all are Males,
The nobler Sort of Beasts entit'led Men.

LAVINIA.

I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'er heard *Lavinia*'s Name in *Rome*,

That

That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Hah!

Art thou that fond, that kind and doating Thing,
That left her Father, for a banish'd Husband?

Come near——

And let me bless thee, tho' thy Name's my Foe..

LAVINIA.

Alas, my Father, you seem much opprest :
Your Lips are parcht, Blood-shot your Eyes and sunk,
Will you partake such Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taste, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate ; both
Ripe and refreshing.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What all this from thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have sent to aid me?
I don't deserve thy Bounty.

LAVINIA.

Here, Sir's more.

I found a crystal Spring too in the Wood,
And took some Water : 'tis most soft and cool.

CAIUS MARIUS.

An Emp'ror's Feast ! but I shall rob thee..

LAVINIA.

No,

I've eat, and slak'd my Thirst. But where's my Lord,
My dearest *Marius*?

CAIUS MARIUS.

To th' neighb'ring Village,
He's gone to beg his Father's Danner, Daughter.

LAVINIA.

Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.
But surely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too and they'll buy Food.

Enter MARIUS Junior.

CAIUS MARIUS.

See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have sent us.
See thy *Lavinia*.

MARIUS Junior

Hah! [They run and embrace.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What? dumb at meeting?

MARIUS Junior.

Why weeps my Love?

LAVINIA.

I cannot speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

MARIUS Junior.

Oh my Heart's Joy!

LAVINIA.

My Soul!

MARIUS Junior.

But hast thou left
Thy Father's House, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow Desart-Misery!

LAVINIA.

I come

To bear a Part in every Thing that's thine,
Be't Happiness or Sorrow. In these Woods,
Whilst from pursuing Enemies you're safe
I'll range about and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffodils and Lilies,
And softest Camomile to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at Night will sleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter GRANIUS and Servant with Wine and Meat.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Yet more Plenty?

Sure *Comus*, the God of Feasting, haunts these Woods.

And

And means to entertain us as his Guests.

S E R V A N T.

I am sent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the *Prætor*, to relieve thee,
 And warn thee that thou strait depart this Place,
 Else he the Senate's Edict must obey,
 And treat thee as a Foe of *Rome*.

CAIUS MARIUS.

But did he,
 Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee say all this ?
 Was he too proud to come and see his Master.
 That rais'd him out of nothing ? Was he not
 My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shoes,
 Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleasures watcht,
 And fed upon the Voidings of my Table ?
 Durst he affront me with a sordid Alms ?
 And send a saucy Message by a Slave ?
 Hence with thy Scraps : back to thy Teeth I dash 'em.
 Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

S E R V A N T.

What Answer would you have me carry back ?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen
 Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,
 Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
 Amidst an ample Fortune once his own,
 Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on. [Ex. Serv.
 How am I fallen ! Musick ? Sure the Gods [Soft Musick.
 Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

Enter MARTHA.

Well, what art thou ?

M A R T H A.

Am I a Stranger to thee ?

Martha's my Name, the *Syrian* Prophetess,
 That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune ;
 'Till banish'd out of *Rome* for serving thee.

I've ever since inhabited these Woods,
And search'd the deepest Arts of wise Foreknowledge.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I know thee now most well. When thou wert gone,
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures,
That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,
And promise Honour in the Day of Battle,
Have since been seen no more. Even Birds of Prey
Forsake unhappy *Marius*: Men of Prey
Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in Store?

MARTH A.

A hundred Spirits wait upon my Will,
To bring me Tidings from th' Earth's farthest Corners,
Of all that happens out in States and Councils:
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.
The Consuls have had Blows, and *Cinna*'s beaten,
Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
To lead him back with Terror to that City.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Speak on.

MARTH A.

Nay, ere thou thinkst it he'll be with thee.
But let thy Sons, and these fair Nymphs retire,
Whilst I relieve thy weary'd Eyes with Sleep,
And clear thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

MARIUS Junior.

Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, we'll withdraw
To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [Exe.

[Martha waves her Wand—A Dance.

CAIUS MARIUS.

O Rest, thou Stranger to my Senses, welcome.

Enter Servant and a Ruffian.

SERVANT.

Ten *Attick* Talents shall be thy Reward,
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Dispatch him safely.

RUF-

RUFFIAN.

Fear not, he never wakes again.

CAIUS MARIUS.

No more.

I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no:
He dies, he dies. So, bear him to the *Tiber*,
And plunge him to the Bottom. Hah, *Antonius*!
Where are my Guards? Dispatch that talking Knave,
That when he should be doing publick Service,
Consumes his Time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And sows Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor.
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old *Marius*,
To *Rome's* Tribunal.

RUFFIAN.

Now's the Time.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Stand off,

Secure that *Gaul*—Dar'st thou kill *Caius Marius*? [Wakes.
Hah! speak? What art thou?

RUFFIAN.

By *Sextilius* hired

I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever serve you at your Feet.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What barb'rous Slaves are these, that envy me
The open Air; set Prices on my Head,
As they would do on Wolves that slay their Flock!

Enter SULPITIUS.

[*Trumpets.*]

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where hast thou been wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

SULPITIUS.

Why, doing Mischief up and down the City,
Picking up discontented Fools, belying
The Senators and Government, destroying
Faith amongst honest Men, and praising Knaves.

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh, but where's *Cinna*?

SULPITIUS.

Ready to salute you—

Enter CINNA attended with *Lictors* and *Guards*.

CINNA.

Romans, once more behold your Consul; see,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius*?
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Customs of his Honour.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Away: such Pomp becomes not wretched *Marius*?
Here let me pay Obedience to my Consul.
Lead me, great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And see how thy old Soldier will obey.

CINNA.

O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Desolation into *Rome*,
And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Shall we?

CINNA.

We'll do't. That godly soothsaying Fool,
That sacrificing Dolt, that Sot *O&avius*,
When we were chosen Consuls in the *Forum*,
Disown'd me for his Colleague; said, the Gods
Had told him I design'd tyrannick Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Excellent Mischief!

What's to be done?

CINNA.

No sooner was I gone,
But a large Part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honest Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Causè, and wish for *Marius*.

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

Bring me my Horse, my Armour, and the Laurel
 With which when I'd o'ercome three barb'rous Nations,
 I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.
 I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

Enter MARIUS Junior and GRANIUS.
 O my young Warrior!

MARIUS Junior.

Curst be the Light,
 And ever curst be all these Regions round us.
Lavinia's lost, borne back with Force to *Rome*,
 By Russians headed by her Father's Kinsmen ;
 And like a Coward too I live, yet saw it. [Exit.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh *Marius!* *Marius!* let not 'plaints come from thee,
 Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
 If she be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia's* thine.
 To-morrow's Dawn restores her to thy Arms,
 For that fair Mistress, Fortune, which has cost
 So dear, for which such Hardships I have past,
 Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at last.
 I long to embrace her; nay, 'tis Death to stay.
 I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away
 With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III. *Metellus's House.*

Enter METELLUS, LAVINIA, and Priest of HYMEN.

LAVINIA.

Nay, you have catch'd me: You may kill me too :
 But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns,
 'Till all the Gods are Witness how you use me.

METELLUS.

What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's House?
 And follow fulsomely an exil'd Slave,

Disdain'd by all the World, but abject thou?
 Resolve to go, or bound be sent to *Sylla*,
 With as much Scorn as thou hast done me Shame.

LAVINIA.

Do, bind me, kill me, rack these Limbs : I'll bear it.
 But, Sir, consider still I am your Daughter ;
 And one Hour's Converse with this holy Man
 May teach me to repent, and shew Obedience.

METELLUS.

Think not t'evade me by protracting Time :
 For if thou dost not, may the Gods forsake me,
 As I will thee, if thou escape my Fury.—

[Exit.]

LAVINIA.

Oh ! bid me leap (rather than go to *Sylla*)
 From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
 Or walk in thievish Ways, or bid me lurk
 Where Serpents are ; chain me with roaring Bears ;
 Or hidé me nightly in a Charnel-house
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
 With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Sculls :
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
 And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud :
 Things that to hear but told have made me tremble :
 And I'll go through it without fear or doubting,
 To keep my Vows unspotted to my Love.—

PRIEST.

Take here this Phial then, and in this Moment
 Drink it, when straight through all thy Veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy Humour more than Sleep :
 And in Death's borrow'd Likeness shalt thou lie
 Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber,
 'Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's past,
 And come by stealth to *Rome*.—

LAVINIA.

Give me ; oh ! give me : tell me not of Fears.

PRIEST.

Farewel : Be bold and prosp'rous.

[Exit.]

LAVINIA.

Oh! Farewel—

Heav'n knows if ever we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,

That almost freezes up the Heat of Life.

I'll call him back again to comfort me.

Stay, holy Man. But what should he do here?

My dismal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.

What if this Mixture do not work at all?

Shall I To-morrow then be sent to *Sylla*?

No, no,—this shall forbid it; lie thou there—

[Lays down the Dagger.]

Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,

I wake before the Time that *Marius* come

To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.

Shall I not then be stiled in the Vault,

Where for these many hundred Years the Bones

Of all my bury'd Ancestors are pack'd?

Where, as they say, Ghosts at some Hours resort,

With Mandrakes Shrieks torn from the Earth's dark womb,

That living Mortals hearing them run mad?

Or if I wake, shall I not be distract'd,

Inviron'd round with all these hideous Fears,

And madly play with my Forefathers Joints;

Then in this Rage with some great Kinsman's Bones

As with a Club dash out my desp'ate Brains!

What? *Sylla*? Get thee gone, thou meager Lover:

My Sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught;

'Tis to my Lord. [Drinks.] Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*!

[Exit.]





ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE. Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.

[Trumpets sound a General.

Enter CINNA, CAIUS MARIUS, and SULPITIUS,
GRANIUS, two Ambassadors, Guards.

CINNA.

Ambassadors from *Rome*? How many Slaves,
Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But Yesterday? yet now their Consul *Cinna*!
Oh! What an excellent Master is an Army,
To teach rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Colleague *Marius*, shall we hear 'em?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Whom?

CINNA.

The Ambassadors.

CAIUS MARIUS.

From whence?

CINNA.

From *Rome*.

CAIUS MARIUS.

My loving Countryman; they must be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry——

CINNA.

In what State

And Pageantry the solid Lumps move on?
And though they come to beg, will be attended.
With their ill-order'd Pomp and aukward Pride.
Who are ye? and from whence?

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I AMBASSADOR.

From wretched *Rome*,
To thee, most mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Most dread Lord *Marius*, in her Name we bow.

CINNA.

What's your Demand?

I AMBASSADOR.

Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by Godlike *Cinna*.
Whither, oh! whither will your Rage pursue us?
Must all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*
Suffer for one Miscarriage of her Masters?
Your sorrowful afflicted Mother *Rome*,
In whose kind Bosom you were nurs'd and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Ensigns, and lay by
Your warlike Terrors, that affright her Matrons,
And come to her, ere Sorrows quite o'erwhelm her.
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,
And let no bloody Slaughter stain her Streets.

CINNA.

Thus 'tis you think to heal up smarting Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a Time may make it whole and fair:
'Till the false Medicine be at last discover'd,
And then it rankles to a Sore again.
Take this my Answer: I will enter *Rome*;
But for my Force, I'll keep it still my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Sulpitius, see, what abject Slaves are these! Such base
Deformities a long Robe hides.

SULPITIUS.

I cannot but laugh to think on't.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What?

SUL-

How these politick Noddles, that look so grave upon the Matter in the Senate-house, will laugh and grin at one another, when they are set a Sunning upon the Capitol.

2 AMBASSADOR.

May we return with Joy into our City,
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

CINNA.

Go tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
Of every Senator expect Acknowledgment,
Mighty Rewards and Offices of Honour.

1 AMBASSADOR.

But on that Brow there still appears a Cloud,
That never rose without a following Storm.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Alas! for me a simple banish'd Man,
Driv'n from my Country by the Right of Law,
And justly punish'd as my Ills deserv'd,
Think not of me: Whate'er are his Resolves,
I shall obey.

Both AMBASSADORS.

May all the Gods reward you—[Exe. Ambass. and Att.

CINNA.

Now *Marius*.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now, my *Cinna*,

CINNA.

Are not we
True born of *Rome*, true Sons of such a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper!

CAIUS MARIUS.

Those two Knaves,
Those whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma*.

CINNA.

Let's not delay a Moment.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh ! let's fly,

Enter this cursed City ; nay, with Smiles too.
 But false as the adulterate Promises
 Of Favourites in Pow'r, when poor Men court 'em.

CINNA.

They always hated me, because a Soldier.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Base Natures ever grudge at Things above 'em,
 And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.
 When Fears are on them, then their kindest Wishes.
 And best Rewards attend the gallant Warrior :
 But Dangers vanish'd, infamous Neglect,
 Ill Usage and Reproach are all his Portion ;
 Or at the best he's wedded to hard Wants,
 Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

SULPITIUS.

I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
 Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows ;
 Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cause
 Call me to Dangers, be so basely branded.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Ere we this City enter then, let's swear
 Not to destroy one honest *Roman* living.

SULPITIUS.

Nor one chaste Matron..

CINNA.

Nor a faithful Friend,
 Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wife.

CAIUS MARIUS.

But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and base-born Brats,
 And th' endless Swarms of Fools grown up in Years,
 Be Slaughter's Game, 'till we dispeople *Rome*.

CINNA.

Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets sound.

CAIUS MARIUS.'Till all Things tell 'em *Marius* is at Hand.

O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou shalt hear
 How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
 And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.
Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
 With solemn Pace and meditating Mischiefs,
 Whome'er I smile on let thy Sword go through.
 Oh! can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
 The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
 Of murder'd Men be Musick to appease me?
 Sure Death's not far from such a desperate Cure.
 Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let loose,
 That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
 And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
 And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
 For having no more Fury left in store,
 Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more.
 And Nature smiles as gaily as before — [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Metellus's House.

Enter METELLUS.

METELLUS.

A Peace with *Marius*! O most base Submission!
 That over-ruling Fears should weigh up Reason?
 Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too
 At *Capua*, almost in a Trumpet's Call?
 And to submit! Could I but once have fought for't,
 I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,
 And been reveng'd for all the Mischiefs done me.
 Nurse.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE.

Here, an't shall please you.

METELLUS.

Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, she must hence
 For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce

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Favours her Journey, and secures her Passage. [Exit.
[Scene draws and discovers Lavinia on a Couch.

NURSE.

Wake her? Poor Titmouse! it will be as peevish,
I'll warrant you, and rub its Nye's, and so frown now.
Well: Mistress! why *Lavinia*! fast I warrant her.
Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fy, you *Slug-a-bed*.
What, not a Word? You take your Pennyworth now,
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't)
Sylla takes care that you shall rest but little.
Gods forgive me—

Marry and *Amen*. How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
Now should your Lover find you in this Posture,
He'd fright you up i'faith? What? Won't it do?
Drest too? And in your Clothes? and down again?
Nay, I must wake you, Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
Ah! well-a-day that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitae*. Hoa! my Lord——my Lady——

Enter METELLUS.

METELLUS.

Lavinia dead?

NURSE.

Your only Daughter's dead:
Dead as a Herring, Stock-fish, or Door-nail.

METELLUS.

Stiff, cold and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Blushes that have warm'd so many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
Sigh 'till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languish'd
In my *Lavinia*'s Brightness, weep with me,
'Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

NURSE.

Oh Day! oh Day! oh Day! oh hateful Day!
Never was seen so black a Day as this.

Oh

Oh Day! oh woful Day! oh Day, like Night!

M E T E L L U S.

No more: Thus in her Bridal Ornaments
Drest as she is she shall be borne to Burial,
I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers rest.
Be't done, whilst all Things we ordain'd for Joy
Turn from their Office, and assist in Sadness. [Exit.

N U R S E.

I shall be done, and done and overdone, as we are un-done.
And I will sigh and cry 'till I am swell'd as big
as a Pumkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou
shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with my
Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a Flower
in every Part about thee — — — [Exit.

S C E N E changes to the Forum, where is placed
the Consul's Tribunal.

Enter two Citizens,

1 C I T I Z E N.

Whither, oh whither shall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murder's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noisome House of Slaughter..

2 C I T I Z E N.

Hear us ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.
Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or send your Thunder forth to strike us dead,
Ere our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1 C I T I Z E N.

Ruin draws near us. Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the Hands,
Of one another die, as *Romans* ought. [Exit.

Enter ANCHARIUS the Senator, and his Grandson.

CHILD.

Hide me, my Grandson ; the ugly Men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Sister *Thesbie*.
Will they kill you and me too ?

ANCHARIUS.

Oh my Child !

I cannot hide thee, nor know not what to do.
Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs :
I can't resist, nor fly —

CHILD.

Then here we'll sit ;

Perhaps they'll not come yet ; or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees, and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmless Boy ;
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity sure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter several old Men in black, with Cypress Wreaths, leading
Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribunal.

Then enters CAIUS MARIUS as Consul, Lictors, SULPITIUS,
and Guards.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I thank ye, Gods, ye have restor'd me now.

[Mounts the Tribunal.]

What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here ?
Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

Old MAN.

We come not for ourselves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all.
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I know ye all, great Senators ; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of rebellious *Rome*.

Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye :
 And with that Cheat at any Time ye think
 To charm a generons Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
 Falfe are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r :
 For soon ye fatten and grow able Traitors.
 Falfe are your Fears, and your Afflictions falfer :
 For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
 Which you shall never gain at *Marius'* Hands.
 Who trusts your Penitence is more than Fool,
 Rebellion will renew ; ye can't be honest.
 You're never pleased but with the Knaves that cheat you,
 And work your Follies to their private Ends.
 For your Religion, like your Clothes you wear it,
 To change and turn just as the Fashion alters.
 And think you by this solemn Piece of Fooling
 To hush my Rage, and melt me into Pity ?
 Advance *Sulpitius* ; old *Ancharius* there,
 Who was so violent for my Destruction,
 That his Beard bristled at his Face distorted ;
 Away with him. Dispatch thefe Triflers too.
 But fpare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have feen 'em ;
 Or keep 'em for my Warriors to rejoice in.

ANC H A R I U S.

Thou who wert born to be the Plague of *Rome*,
 What wouldest thou do with me ?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Dispose thee hence
 Amongst the other Offal, for the Jaws
 Of hungry Death, 'till *Rome* be purg'd of Villainus.
 Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*.

C H I L D.

Oh my Lord !

(For you must be a Lord, you are so angry)
 For my Sake spare his Life. I have no Friend
 But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.
 When he is dead, what will become of me,
 A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left

To all the Ills of the wide faithless World !

CAIUS MARIUS.

Take hence this Brat too ; mount it on a Spear,
And make it sprawl to make the Grandfire Sport.

CHILD.

O cruel Man ! I'll hang upon your Knees,
And with my little dying Hands implore you :
I may be fit to do you some small Pleasures.
I'll find a thousand tender Ways to please you :
Smile when you rage, and stroke you into Mildness ;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father :
For mine (alas !) the Gods have taken from me.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Young Crocodile ! Thus from their Mother's Breasts
Are they instructed, bred and taught in *Rome*.
For that old paralytick Slave, dispatch him :
Let me not know he breathes another Moment.
But spare this, cause't has learn'd its Lesson well,
And I've a Softness in my Heart pleads for him.

Enter MESSANGER.

Well now.

MESSANGER.

Metellus.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Hah ! *Metellus* ? What ?

MESSANGER.

Is found..

CAIUS MARIUS.

Speak, where ?

MESSANGER.

In an old Suburb Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and cursing at your Fortune.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Haste, let him be preserv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius* ;
Ten thousand Talents for the News I'll give thee.

The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found,
And in a Moment I shall be at Ease.

Rome's Walls no more shall be besmear'd with Blood,
But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.

Let's go. *Metellus!* we have found *Metellus!*

Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;

'Till I have dash'd him on the Rock of Fate,

Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV. *A Church-yard.*

Enter MARIUS Junior.

MARIUS Junior.

As I have wander'd musing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky Place,
As I had Business with the horrid Dead:
Though could I trust to Flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams preface some joyful News at Hand.
My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And all this Day an unaccustom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the Ground with cheerful Thoughts.
I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd such Life with Kisses on my Lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.

Enter CATULUS.

CATULUS.

My Lord already here?

MARIUS Junior.

My trusty *Catulus*,

What News from my *Lavinia*? speak and blefs me.

CATULUS.

She's very well.—

MARIUS Junior.

Then nothing can be ill.

Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.

Out

Out with it boldly, Man; what canst thou say
Of my *Lavinia*?

CATULUS.

But one sad Word, she's dead.

Here in her Kindred's Vault I've seen her laid,
And have been searching you to tell the News.

MARIUS Junior.

Dead? is it so? then I defy you, Stars;
Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence To-night.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Priest?

CATULUS.

No, my good Lord.

MARIUS Junior.

No matter, get the gone--- [Exit Catulus.
Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee To-night;
But for the Means. O Mischief! thou art swift
To catch the straggling Thoughts of desp'rate Men.
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death:
Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
An Allegator stuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes; and about his Shelves
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,
Green Earthen-pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show.
Oh for a Poison now! his Need will sell it,
Though it be present Death by *Roman Law*.
As I remember, this should be the House.
His Shop is shut; with Beggars all are Holidays.
Holla! Apothecary; hoa!

Enter APOTHECARY.

APOTHECARY.

Who's there?

MARIUS Junior.

Come hither, Man, I see thou art very poor;
Thou may'st do any Thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*,
Get me a Draught of that will soonest free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me,

APOTHECARY.

Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman Law*
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.

MARIUS Junior.

Art thou so base and full of Wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY.

My Poverty, but not my Will consents—

[Goes in, and fetches a *Phial of Poison*.
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

MARIUS Junior.

There is thy Geld, worse Pois'on to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murders in this loathsome World
Than these poor Compounds thou'rt forbid to sell.
I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none.—
Farewel—buy Food—and get thyself in Flesh.
Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*—

[Exit;

[Scene draws, and shews the Temple and Monument.

Re-enter MARIUS.

MARIUS Junior.

It should be here: the Door is open too.
Th' infatiate Mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

Enter

Enter PRIEST, and BOY with a Mattock and Iron Crow.

PRIEST.

Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron :
 Now take this Letter, with what Haste thou canst
 Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. [Exit Boy.
 Now must I to the Monument alone.
 What Wretch is he that's entring into th' Tomb ?
 Some Villain come to rob and spoil the Dead.
 Whoe'er thou art, stop thy unhallow'd Purpose.

MARIUS Junior.

Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,
 And do not interrupt my horrid Purpose.
 For else, by Heav'n, I'll tear thee Joint by Joint,
 And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs.
 My Mind, and its Intents are savage wild,
 More fierce and more inexorable far
 Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

PRIEST.

Then as a sacrilegious Slave I charge thee,
 Obey and go with me, or thou must die.

MARIUS Junior.

I know I must, and therefore I came hither.
 Good Reverence, do not tempt a desp'rate Man.
 By Heav'n, I love thee better than myself :
 For I against myself come hither arm'd..
 Stay not, be gone—Live, and hereafter say,
 A Madman's Mercy gave thee honest Counsel.

PRIEST.

I do defy thy Mercy and thy Counsel,
 And here will seize thee as a Thief and Robber.

MARIUS Junior.

Wilt thou provoke me ? Then here, take thy Wages..

[Kills him.

PRIEST.

I'm kill'd. Oh *Marius* ! now too late I know thee.
 Thou'st slain the only Man could do thee Good.

Læviria — Oh ! —

[Dies.
M A -

MARIUS Junior.

Let me peruse this Face.

It is the honest Priest that join'd our Hands,
In a Disguise conceal'd. Give me thy Hand;
Since in ill Fate's black Roll with me thou'rt writ,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.

Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth,
Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open,
And spite of thee yet cram thee with more Food.

[Pulls down the Side of the Tomb.

Oh gorgeous Palace ! oh my Love ! my Wife !
Death has had yet no Pow'r upon thy Beauty ;
That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Ensign yet
Is crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks ;
And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there.
Why art thou still so fair ? Shall I believe
That the lean Monster Death is amorous,
And keeps thee here in Darkness for his Paramour ?
For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever.
Come bitter Conduct, thou unfavoury Guide :
Here's to my Love — [Drinks the Poison.

And now Eyes look your last,
Arms take your last Embrace, whilst on these Lips
I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract —
She breathes and stirs — [Lavinia wakes.

LAVINIA in the Tomb.

Where am I ? Blefs me, Heav'n !
'Tis very cold : and yet here's something warm —

MARIUS Junior.

She lives, and we shall both be made Immortal.
Speak, my *Lavinia*, speak some heavenly News,
And tell me how the Gods design to treat us.

LAVINIA.

O ! I have slept a long ten thousand Years.
What have they done with me ? I'll not be used thus ?
I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband,

Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.
Be good as he is, and protect me.

MARIUS Junior.

Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?
Much, much indeed I am chang'd from what I was;
And ne'er shall be myself, if thou art lost.

LAVINIA.

The Gods have heard my Vows; it is my *Marius*.
Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes.
Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.
But there's a sovereign Charm in thy Embraces,
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.

MARIUS Junior.

Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now shall part us,
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.
Did not Heav'n's Pow'rs all wonder at our Loves?
And when thou told'st the Tale of thy Disasters,
Was there not Sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?
I know there was; and they in Pity sent thee,
Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.
This World's gross Air grows burdensome already.
I'm all a God; such heav'nly Joys transport me,
That mortal Sense grows sick, and faints with tasting.

[*Dies.*]

LAVINIA.

Oh! to recount my Happiness to thee,
To open all the Treasure of my Soul,
And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more Time
Than so impatient Love as mine can spare.
He's gone! he's dead! breathless: alas! my *Marius*.
A Phial too; here, here has been his Bane.
O Churl! drink all! not leave one friendly Drop
For poor *Lavinia*? Yet I'll drain thy Lips.
Perhaps some welcome Poison may hang there,
To help me to o'er take thee on thy Journey.
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! Stains of Blood?

And

And a Man murder'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen*.
 Who fix their Joys on any Thing that's mortal,
 Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair.
 What shall I do? how will the Gods dispose me?
 Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation,
 Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,
 And daub the Face of Earth with her own Bowels.

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, and Guards driving in METELLUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Pursue the Slave; let not his Gods protect him.

LAVINIA.

More Mischiefs! hah! my Father.

METELLUS.

Oh! I am slain. [Falls down and dies.

LAVINIA.

And murder'd too. When will my Woes have End?
 Come, cruel Tyrant.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Sure I have known that Face.

LAVINIA.

And canst thou think of any one good Turn
 That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Art thou not call'd *Lavinia*?

LAVINIA.

Once I was.

But by my Woes may now be better known.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I cannot see thy Face——

LAVINIA.

You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast.

[Seizes his Sword.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What wouldst thou say? where's all my Rage gone
 now?

LA-

LAVINIA.

I am *Lavinia*, born of noble Race.
 My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
 But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own :
 Tho' my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd
 By *Marius*, the noblest, goodliest Youth
 That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for.
 He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
 And banish'd with him when our Joys were young ;
 Scarce a Night old.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I do remember't well.

And thou art she, that Wonder of thy Kind,
 That couldst be true to exil'd Misery,
 And to and fro through barren Deserts range,
 To find th' unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

LAVINIA.

Do you remember't well ?

CAIUS MARIUS.

In every Point.

LAVINIA.

You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
 Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father.
 And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Ne, thou wert, next the Gods, my only Comfort.
 When I lay fainting on the dry parch'd Earth,
 Beneath the scorching Heat of burning Noon,
 Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me :
 Then thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,
 Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me.

LAVINIA.

Did I all this ?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou didst ; thou sav'dst my Life,
 Else I had sunk beneath the Weight of Want,
 And been a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

LAVINIA.

And see how well I am at last rewarded.
 All could not balance for the short-term'd Life
 Of one old Man: You have my Father butcher'd,
 The only Comfort I had left on Earth.
 The Gods have taken too my Husband from me;
 See where he lies, your and my only Joy.
 This Sword, yet reeking with my Father's Gore,
 Plunge it into my Breast: plunge, plunge it thus.
 And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair
 Seize all Mankind, 'till they grow mad as I am.

[*Stabs herself with his Sword.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in Cruelty.
 Be Nature's Light extinguish'd; let the Sun
 Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness,
 Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
 Oh! let me bury me and all my Sins
 Here with this good old Man. Thus let me kiss
 Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
 My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End?
 We might have all been Friends, and in one House
 Enjoy'd the Blessings of eternal Peace.
 But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter MESSANGER.

MESSAGE R.

My Lord, I bring you most disast'rous News.
 Sylla's return'd; his Army's on their March
 From *Capua*, and To-morrow will reach *Rome*.
 At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
 And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter SULPITIUS (*led by two of the Guards*) and GRANIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh! then I'm ruin'd. From this very Moment,
 Has my good Genius left me: Hope forsakes me.

The

The Name of Sylla's baneful to my Fortune.
 Be warn'd by me, ye great Ones, how y'embroil
 Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
 Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd,
 Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
 Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
 A hopeless Vessel bound for the dark Land
 Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows.

[He is led off.

SULPITIUS.

A Curse on all Repentance! how I hate it!
 I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine.

GRANIUS.

You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

SULPITIUS.

No; 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a
 Church-door; but 'tis deep enough; 'twill serve; I am
 pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox
 on all Madmen hereafter. If I get a Monument, let this
 be my Epitaph.

*Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,
 That sent many honest Men to the Grave;
 And dy'd like a Fool, when he'd liv'd like a Knav'e.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



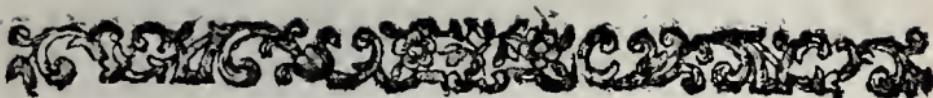


E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Barry, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Mischief on't! though I'm again alive,
May I believe this Play of ours shall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and fighting Play:
Why, what a Devil will the People say?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will swear we are raising Volunteers again.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head.
H'had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No 'Prentice e'er grown weary of Indentures
Had such a longing Mind to seek Adventures.
Nay, sure at last th' Infection general grew;
For t'other Day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam,
But, just as you were all, to stay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for Love of Underhill and Nurse Noakes;
Our Poet says one Day to a Play ye come,
Which serves ye half a Year for Wit at home.
But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third Day's Pawn for fifty Pound?
Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal Doom,
This Play came forth, in Hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor disbanded Soldier home.

VENICE



VENICE PRESERV'D:

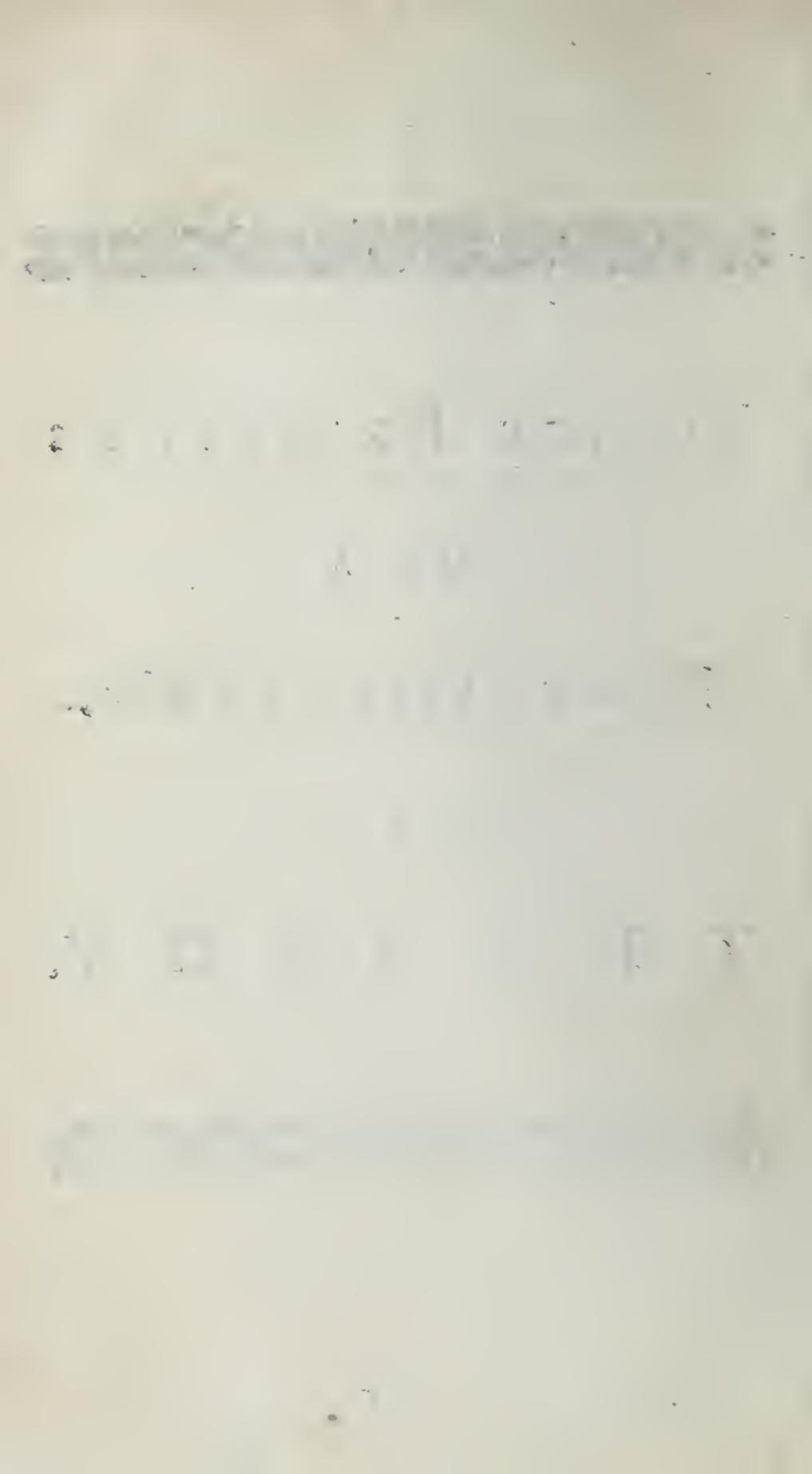
OR, A

PLOT DISCOVER'D.

A

T R A G E D Y.







To Her GRACE the

Duchess of PORTSMOUTH.

M A D A M,

W E R E it possible for me to let the
World know how entirely Your
Grace's Goodness has devoted a
poor Man to Your Service; were
there Words enough in Speech to
express the mighty Sense I have of Your
great Bounty towards me; surely I should
write and talk of it for ever: But Your

DEDICATION.

Grace has given me so large a Theme, and laid so vast a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it; and when I strive to write, I want a Scale of Thought sufficient to comprehend the Height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once made a Present of an Apple to an Emperor) I bring this small Tribute, the humble Growth of my little Garden, and lay it at Your Feet. Believe it is paid You with the utmost Gratitude: Believe, that so long as I have Thought to remember how very much I owe Your generous Nature, I will ever have a Heart that shall be grateful for it too: Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; That gave me Life, but on a hard Condition, 'till Your extended Favour taught me to prize the Gift, and took the heavy Burden it was clogg'd with from me; I mean, hard Fortune. When I had Enemies, that with malicious Power kept back, and shaded me from those Royal Beams, whose Warmth is all I have, or

hope

DEDICATION.

hope to live by; Your noble Pity and Compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my Blessing; down in the Rear of Fortune; call'd me up, placed me in the Shine, and I have felt its Comfort. You have in that restor'd me to my Native Right; for a steady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me: And however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, it is what I prize so well, that I never pawn'd it yet, and hope I never shall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in League when You were born: And as the first took care to give You Beauty enough to enslave the Hearts of all the World, so the other resolv'd to do its Merit Justice, - that none but a Monarch, fit to rule that World, should e'er possess it; and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince You have given him, by his blooming Virtues, early declares the mighty Stock he came from; and as You have taken all the pious Care of a dear Mother and a prudent Guardian, to give him a noble and generous

DEDICATION.

Education ; may it succeed according to His Merits and Your Wishes : May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Subjects ; with Wisdom and Learning to assist him, whenever call'd to his Councils ; to defend his Right against the Encroachments of Republicans in his Senates ; to cherish such Men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause ; that good and fit Servants to the Crown, may never be lost for want of a Protector. May he have Courage and Conduct, fit to Fight his Battles abroad, and terrify his Rebels at home ; and that all these may be yet more ; sure, during the Spring-time of his Years, when those growing Virtues, ought with Care to be cherish'd in order to their ripening ; may he never meet with vicious Natures, or the Tongues of Faithless, Sordid, Insipid Flatterers, to blast them : To conclude ; may he be as great as the Hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to make him : And may Your Grace, who are so good

DEDICATION:

a Mistress, and so noble a Patroness,
never meet with a less grateful Servant,
than,

MADAM,

Your Grace's entirely

devoted Creature,

Tho. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

IN these distract'd Times, when each Man dreads
The bloody Stratagems of busy Heads ;
When we have fear'd three Years we know not what,
'Till Witnesses begin to die o'th' Rot,
What made our Poet meddle with a Plot ?
Was't that he fancy'd for the very Sake
And Name of Plot, his trifling Play might take ?
For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
But 'tis, he says, to Reason plain and Sense,
And that he thinks a plausible Defence.
Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be try'd ;
Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside.
No, of such Tools our Author has no need,
To make his Plot, or make his Play succeed :
He, of black Bills has no prodigious Tales,
Or Spanish Pilgrims cast ashore in Wales ;
Here's not one murder'd Magistrate at least :
Kept rank like Yen'son for a City Feast :
Grown four Days stiff, the better to prepare
And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in Chair :
Yet here's an Army rais'd though under Ground,
But no' Men seen, nor one Commission found :
Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, Subtile, Mischievious and Bold,
Bloody, Revengeful, and to crown his Part,
Loves fumbling with a Wench with all his Heart ;
'Till after having many Changes past,
In spite of Age, (I.anks t'Heav'n) is hang'd at last.

八

PROLOGUE.

Next is a Senator that keeps a Whore ;
In Venice none a higher Office bore ;
To Lewdness every Night the Letcher ran :
Show me all London such another Man,
Match him at Mother Creswold's if you can.

Poland, Poland ! had it been thy Lot,
T'have heard in time of this Venetian Plot ;
Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence,
And honour'd them as thou hast England since.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of <i>Venice</i> .	Mr. D. Williams.
<i>Priuli</i> , Father to <i>Belvidera</i> , a Senator,	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Antonio</i> , a fine Speaker in the Senate,	Mr. Leigh.
<i>Bedamar</i> , the Spanish Ambassador,	Mr. Gillow.
<i>Jaffeir</i> ,	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Pierre</i> ,	Mr. Smith.
<i>Renault</i> ,	Mr. Wiltshire.
<i>Spinoza</i> ,	Mr. Percival.
<i>Theodore</i> ,	
<i>Eliot</i> ,	
<i>Revillido</i> ,	
<i>Durand</i> ,	
<i>Mazzana</i> ,	
<i>Bramveil</i> ,	
<i>Ternon</i> ,	
<i>Brake</i> ,	
	Conspirators.

W O M E N.

<i>Belvidera</i> ,	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Aquilina</i>	Mrs. Currer.
Two Women, Attendants on <i>Belvidera</i> ,	
Two Women, Servants to <i>Aquilina</i> .	
The Council of Ten.	
Officer, Guard, Friar, Executioner and Rabble.	



VENICE PRESERV'D: OR, A PLOT DISCOVER'D.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter PRIULI and JAFFEIR.

P R I U L I.

O more! I'll hear no more; be gone and
J A F F E I R. [leave me.
Not hear me! by my Sufferings but you
[shall!
My Lord, my Lord, I'm not that abject
[Wretch

You think me: Patience! where's the Distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud Oppression will not hear me!

P R I U L I.

Have you not wrong'd me?

J A F F E I R.

Could my Nature e'er
Have brook'd Injustice, or the doing Wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself,
To gain a Hearing from a cruel Father!
Wrong'd you?

PRIULI.

Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest Point;
 The Honour of my House; you've done me Wrong;
 You may remember, (for I now will speak,
 And urge its Baseness:) When you first came home
 From Travel, with such Hopes, as made you look'd on
 By all Mens Eyes, a Yonth of Expectation;
 Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your Merits:
 My House, my Table, nay, my Fortune too,
 My very Self, was your's; you might have us'd me
 'To your best Service; like an open Friend,
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
 When in Requital of my best Endeavours,
 You treacherously practis'd to undo me.
 Seduc'd the Weakness of my Age's Darling,
 My only Child, and stole her from my Bosom:
 Oh *Belvidera!*

J A F F E I R.

'Tis to me you owe her,
 Childless you had been else, and in the Grave
 Your Name extin&t, no more *Priuli* heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five Years are past,
 Since in your Brigantine you sail'd to see
 The *Atriatich* wedded by our Duke,
 And I was with you: Your unskilful Pilot
 Dash'd us upon a Rock; when to your Boat
 You made for Safety; enter'd first yourself:
 Th' affrighted *Belvidera* following next,
 As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,
 Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep;
 When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,
 And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,
 Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine.
 Like a rich Conquest in one Hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy Waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize:

I brought

I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms:
 Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler Gratitude
 Rose in her Soul: For from that Hour she lov'd me,
 'Till for her Life she paid me with herself.

P R I U L I.

You stole her from me; like a Thief you stole her
 At dead of Night; that cursed Hour you chose
 To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
 May all your Joys in her prove false like mine;
 A sterile Fortune, and a barren Bed,
 Attend you both; continual Discord make
 Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous: Still
 May the hard Hand of a vexatious Need
 Oppress, and grind you; 'till at last you find
 The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

J A F F E I R.

Half of your Curse, you have bestow'd in vain:
 Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves
 With a young Boy, sweet as his Mother's Beauty:
 May he live to prove more gentle than his Grandsire,
 And happier than his Father!

P R I U L I.

Rather live
 To bate thee for his Bread, and din your Ears
 With hungry Cries: Whilst his unhappy Mother
 Sits down and weeps in Bitternes of Want.

J A F F E I R.

You talk as if 'twould please you..

P R I U L I.

'Twould, by Heav'n.
 Once she was dear indeed; the Drops that fell
 From my sad Heart, when she forgot her Duty,
 The Fountain of my Life was not so precious:
 But she is gone, and if I am a Man
 I will forget her.

J A F F E I R.

Would I were in my Grave.

PRIULI.

And she too with thee ;
 For living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers
 I once was happy.

JAFFEIR.

You use me thus, because you know my Soul
 Is fond of *Belvidera* : You perceive
 My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me !
 Oh ! could my Soul have ever known Satiety ;
 Were I that Thief, the Doer of such Wrongs
 As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
 But I might send her back to you with Contumely,
 And court my Fortune where she would be kinder !

PRIULI.

You dare not do't. —

JAFFEIR.

Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
 My Heart that awes me, is too much my Master :
 Three Years are past since first our Vows were plighted,
 During which Time the World must bear me Witness,
 I've treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
 The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice* ;
 Distinction, Place, Attendance and Observance,
 Due to her Birth, she always has commanded ;
 Out of my little Fortune I've done this ;
 Because (tho' hopeless e'er to win your Nature)
 The World might see, I lov'd her for herself,
 Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*. —

PRIULI.

No more !

JAFFEIR.

Yes ! all, and then adieu for ever.
 There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
 But's happier than me : For I have known
 The luscious Sweets of Plenty ; every Night
 Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
 And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning ;

Yet

Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

P R I U L I .

Home and be humble, study to retrench ;
Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,
Those Pageants of thy Folly,
Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little State ;
Then to some Suburb Cottage both retire ;
Drudge, to feed loathsome Life ; get Brats, and starve—
Home, home, I say—

[Exit.]

J A F F E I R .

Yes, if my Heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling Heart : Home I would go,
But that my Doors are hateful to mine Eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors
Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will spring ;
I've now not fifty Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in Love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh *Belvidera* ! Oh ! she is my Wife—
And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter P I E R R E .

P I E R R E .

My Friend, Good-morrow !
How fares the honest Partner of my Heart ?
What, melancholy ! not a Word to spare me ?

J A F F E I R .

I'm thinking, *Pierre*, how that damn'd starving Quality,
Call'd Honesty, got footing in the World.

P I E R R E .

Why, pow'rful Villainy first set it up,
For its own Ease and Safety : Honest Men
Are the soft easy Cushions on which Knaves
Repose and fatten : Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other ; Lawyers would want Practice,

Cut—

Cut-throats' Rewards: Each Man would kill his Brother Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder: Honesty: 'twas a Cheat invented first To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues, That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power, And Lord it uncontroll'd above their Betters.

JAFFEIR.

Then Honesty is but a Notion?

PIERRE.

Nothing else: Like Wit, much talk'd of, but not to be defin'd: He that pretends to most too, has least Share in't; 'Tis a ragged Virtue: Honesty! no more on't.

JAFFEIR.

Sure thou art honest?

PIERRE.

So indeed Men think me,

But they're mistaken, *Jaffeir*: I'm a Rogue As well as they; A fine gay bold-fac'd Villain, as thou seest me; 'Tis true, I pay my Debts when they're contracted; I steal from no Man; would not cut a Throat To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse, Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to flatter A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath me:

Yet, *Jaffeir*, for all this I am a Villain.

JAFFEIR.

A Villain!

PIERRE.

Yes, a most notorious Villain: To see the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures, And own myself a Man: To see our Senators Cheat the deluded People with a Shew Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of; They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters, Yet whom they please they lay in basest Bonds;

Bring

Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow ;
 Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
 Whilst no Hold's left to save us from Destruction ;
 All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
 Not to rouze up at the great Call of Nature,
 And check the Growth of these domestick Spoilers,
 That make us Slaves, and tell us 'tis our Charter.

J A F F E I R.

Oh *Aquilina* ! Friend, to lose such Beauty,
 The dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours ;
 She was thy Right by Conquest, as by Love.

P I E R R E.

Oh *Jaffeir* ! I'd so fix'd my Heart upon her,
 That wherefo'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
 For Time to come she was my only Joy,
 With which I wish'd to sweeten future Cares ;
 I fancy'd Pleasures, none but one that loves
 And doats as I did, can imagine like 'em :
 When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
 In the most charming Hour of Expectation,
 Then when our eager Wishes soar the highest,
 Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,
 A haggard Owl, a worthless Kite of Prey,
 With his foul Wings sail'd in, and spoil'd my Quarry.

J A F F E I R.

I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st him.

P I E R R E.

Curse on the common Good that's so protected,
 Where every Slave that heaps up Wealth enough
 To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of Right :
 I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me,
 Found in th' Embraces of my *Aquilina*
 A wretched old, but itching Senator ;
 A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title :
 A Rogue, that uses Beauty like a Lamb-skin,
 Barely to keep him warm ; that filthy Cuckoo
 Was in my Absence crept into my Nest.

And

234 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
And spoiling all my Brood of noble Pleasure.

JAFFEIR.

Didst thou not chase him thence?

PIERRE.

I did, and drove
The rank old bearded *Hirc* stinking home:
The Matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
For violating something they call *Privilege*—
This was the Recompence of my Service.
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward:
A Soldier's Mistress, *Jaffeir*, is his Religion,
When that's profan'd, all other Ties are broken:
That even dissolves all former Bonds of Service,
And from that Hour I think myself as free
To be the Foe as e'er the Friend of *Venice*—
Nay, dear Revenge, whene'er thou call'st, I'm ready.

JAFFEIR.

I think no Safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve, my Friend, as much as thou, to live
In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*,
Where all agree to spoil the Publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours.

PIERRE.

We've neither Safety, Unity nor Peace,
For the Foundation's lost of common Good;
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
The Laws (corrupted to their Ends that make 'em)
Serve but for Instruments of some new Tyranny,
That every Day starts up t'enslave us deeper:
Now could this glorious Cause but find out Friends
To do it Right! oh *Jaffeir*: then might'st thou
Not wear these Seals of Woe upon thy Face:
The proud *Priuli* should be taught Humanity,
And learn to value such a Son as thou art.
I dare not speak! but my Heart bleeds this Moment.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

Curst be the Cause, tho' I thy Friend be Part on't,
 Let me partake the Troubles of thy Bosom,
 For I am us'd to Misery, and perhaps
 May find a Way to sweeten't to thy Spirit.

PIERRE.

'Too soon 'twill reach thy Knowledge—

JAFFEIR.

Then from thee
 Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendship,
 Would make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome Ruin.

PIERRE.

Then thou art ruin'd !

JAFFEIR.

That I long since knew;
 I and Ill-fortune have been long acquainted.

PIERRE.

I pass'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
 And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains;
 The Sons of publick Rapine were destroying :
 They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
 They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune;
 Nay more, *Priuli's* cruel Hand hath sign'd it.
 Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid Face
 Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,
 Tumbled into a Heap for publick Sale :
 There was another making villainous Jefts
 At thy Undoing ; he had ta'en Possession
 Of all thy ancient most domestick Ornaments,
 Rich Hangings, intermix'd and wrought with Gold ;
 The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-night
 Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera* ;
 The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
 By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
 And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

JAFF-

236 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
JAFFEIR.

Now thank Heav'n——

PIERRE.

Thank Heav'n! for what?

JAFFEIR.

That I'm not worth a Ducat.

PIERRE.

Curse thy dull Stars, and the worse Fate of *Venice*,
Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are false;
Where there's no Trust, no Truth; where Innocence
Stoops under vile Oppression; and Vice lords it;
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through Tears, like *April-Suns* in Showers
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em;
Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her:
E'en the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round
To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity:
I cou'd have hugg'd the greasy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

JAFFEIR.

I thank thee for this Story from my Soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
Ah *Pierre*! I have a Heart, that could have borne
The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me:
But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The Bitterness her tender Spirit tastes of,
I own myself a Coward: Bear my Weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows!

PIERRE.

Burn!

First burn, and level *Venice* to thy Ruin.

What,

What, starve like Beggars Brats in frosty Weather,
 Under a Hedge, and whine ourselves to Death !
 Thou, or thy Cause shall never want Assistance,
 Whilst I have Blood or Fortune fit to serve thee ;
 Command my Heart ; thou'rt every Way its Master.

JAFFEIR.

No, there's a secret Pride in bravely dying.

PIERRÉ.

Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad ;
 Man knows a braver Remedy for Sorrow.
 Revenge ! the Attribute of Gods ; they stampt it
 With their great Image on our Natures : Die !
 Consider well the Cause that calls upon thee :
 And if thou'rt base enough, die then : Remember
 'Thy *Belvidera* suffers : *Belvidera* !
 Die—Damn first—what, be decently interr'd
 In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave Dust
 With stinking Rogues that rot in Winding-sheets,
 Surfeit slain Fools, the common Dung o'th' Soil.

JAFFEIR.

Oh !

PIERRÉ.

Well said, out with it, swear a little—

JAFFEIR.

Swear ! By Sea and Air ! by Earth, by Heav'n and Hell,
 I will revenge my *Belvidera*'s Tears !
 Hark thee, my Friend—*Priuli*—is—a Senator !

PIERRÉ.

A Dog !

JAFFEIR.

Agreed.

PIERRÉ.

Shoot him.

JAFFEIR.

With all my Heart.

No more : Where shall we meet at Night ?

PI.

238 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
PIERRE.

I'll tell thee;

On the *Rialto* every Night at Twelve
I take my Evening's Walk of Meditation;
There we two'll meet, and talk of precious Mischief—

JAFFEIR.

Farewel.

PIERRE.

At Twelve.

JAFFEIR.

At any Hour; my Plagues
Will keep me waking. Tell me why, good Heav'n, [Ex. Pi.
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires
That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me fardid as my Fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
Is this just Dealing, Nature?—Belvidera:

Enter BELVIDERA.

Poor *Belvidera*!

BELVIDERA.

Lead me, lead me, my Virgins,
To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!
Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face:
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful beating
At Sight of thee, and bound with sprightly Joys.
Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their Spring,
And chear my fainting Soul.

JAFFEIR.

As when our Loves
Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?
Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have Harbour?
Where ease my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

BEL-

BELVIDERA.

Does this appear like Change, or Love decaying,
 When thus I throw myself into thy Bosom,
 With all the Resolution of strong Truth?
 Beats not my Heart as 'twould alarum thine
 To a new Charge of Bliss? I joy more in thee,
 Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
 And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past.

JAFFEIR.

Can there in Woman be such glorious Faith?
 Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are false;
 Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
 To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you,
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
 There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,
 Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

BELVIDERA.

If Love be Treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich;
 I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't;
 Vows can't express it. When I would declare
 How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought;
 I swell and sigh, and labour with my longing.
 O lead me to some Desert wide and wild,
 Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
 May have its Vent; where I may tell aloud
 To the high Heavens and ev'ry lift'ning Planet,
 With what a boundless Stock my Bosom's fraught;
 Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
 Give loose to Love with Kisses, kindling Joy,
 And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Belvidera*! doubly I'm a Beggar,
 Undone by Fortune, and in Debt to thee;
 Want! worldly Want! that hungry meagre Fiend
 Is at my Heels, and chases me in view.
 Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,
 Fram'd

Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
 Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty,
 When banish'd by our Miseries abroad,
 (As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
 (In some far Climate, where our Names are Strangers)
 For charitable Succour; wilt thou then,
 When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
 And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads;
 Wilt thou then talk thus to me? wilt thou then
 Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with Love?

BELVIDERA.

Oh I will love thee, even in Madness love thee.
 Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me,
 I'd find some Intervals, when my poor Heart
 Should 'swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
 Tho' the bare Earth be all our resting Place,
 Its Roots our Food, some Clift our Habitation,
 I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
 As thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,
 Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
 Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest;
 Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the Morning.

FAFFIER.

Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!
 Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the World,
 Busy Rebellion ne'er will let you know
 Tranquillity and Happiness like mine;
 Like gaudy Ships th' obsequious Billows fall
 And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;
 They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you:
 I, in my private Bark, already wreck'd,
 Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
 That had by Chance pack'd up his choicest Treasure
 In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that,

Since I must wander further on the Shore,
 Thus hug my little, but my precious Store;
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. [Exe.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PIERRE and AQUILINA.

AQUILINA.

BY all thy Wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my Arms
Than all the Wealth of *Venice*: Pr'ythee stay,
And let us love To-night.

PIERRE.

No: There is Fool.

There's Fool about thee: When a Woman sells
Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me;
They leave a Taint, a Sully where they've past;
There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
E'en spoils Complexions with their Nauseousness,
They infect all they touch; I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a Fool has pall'd.

AQUILINA.

I loath and scorn that Fool thou mean'st, as much
Or more than thou canst; but the Beast has Gold
That makes him necessary: Power too,
To qualify my Character, and poise me
Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds
My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts,
They're loose as I am; but an ugly Power
Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasure from 'em.

PIERRE.

Much good may't do you, Madam, with your Senator.

AQUILINA.

My Senator! why, canst thou think that Wretch
E'er fill'd thy *Aquilina*'s Arms with Pleasure?
Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
To foil himself at what he is unfit for;
Because I force myself t' endure and suffer him,

242 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Think'st thou, I love him? No, by all the Joys,
Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my Penance;
The worst Thing an old Man can be's a Lover.
A mere *Memento Mori* to poor Women.
I never lay by his decrepit Side,
But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

PIERRE.

Would he were well sent thither.

AQUILINA.

That's my Wish too:

For then my *Pierre*, I might have Cause with Pleasure
To play the Hypocrite; Oh! I could weep
Over the dying Dotard, kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then when the Time
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
(For he has already made me Heir to Treasures
Wou'd make me out-a&t a real Widow's whining:)
How could I frame my Face to fit my Mourning!
With wringing Hands attend him to his Grave,
Fall swooning on his Hearse: Take mad Possession
E'en of the dismal Vault where he lay bury'd,
There like th' *Ephesian* Matron dwell, 'till thou,
My lovely Soldier, com'st to my Deliverance;
Then throwing up my Veil, with open Arms
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

PIERRE:

No more! I've Friends to meet me here To-night,
And must be private. As you prize my Friendship,
Keep up your Coxcomb: Let him not pry nor listen,
Nor fisk about the House as I have seen him,
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

AQUILINA.

What Friends to meet? mayn't I be of your Council?

PIERRE.

How! A Woman ask Questions out of Bed?
Go to your Senator, ask him what passes

Amongst

Amongst his Brethren ; he'll hide nothing from you :
But pump me not for Politicks. No more !
Give order that whoever in my Name
Comes here, receive Admittance. So good Night.

AQUILINA.

Must we ne'er meet again ! Embrace no more !
Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten ?

PIERRE.

As you henceforward treat your Fool, I'll think on't.

AQUILINA.

Curst be all Fools—I die if he forsakes me ;
And how to keep him, Heav'n or Hell instruct me. [Exe.

SCENE. *the RIALTO.*

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

I'm here ; and thus, the Shades of Night around me ;
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me ;
For every Step I tread methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate Wretches like myself,
Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk :
Sure I'm so curst, that tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell ! Hell ! why sleep'st thou ?

Enter PIERRE.

PIERRE.

Sure I've staid too long :
The Clock has struck, and I may lose my Proselyte.
Speak, who goes there ?

JAFFEIR.

A Dog that comes to howl

244 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the Question?

PIERRE.

A Friend to Dogs, for they are honest Creatures,
And ne'er betray their Masters; never fawn
On any that they love not: Well met, Friend:
Jaffeir!

JAFFEIR.

The same. Oh *Pierre*, thou'rt come in season,
I was just going to pray.

PIERRE.

Ah that's mechanick,
Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve by't too:
No praying; it spoils Busines, and Time's precious:
Where's *Belvidera*?

JAFFEIR.

For a Day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, 'till I see farther
What Fortune will do with me. Pr'ythee, Friend,
If thou wouldst have me fit to hear good Counsel,
Speak not of *Belvidera*?

PIERRE.

Not of her?

JAFFEIR.

Oh no!

PIERRE.

Nor name her? May be I wish her well.

JAFFEIR.

Whom well?

PIERRE.

Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*;
I hope a Man may wish his Friend's Wife well,
And no Harm done!

JAFFEIR.

You're merry, *Pierre*!

PIERRE.

I am so:

Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile;

We'll

We'll all rejoice, here's something to buy Pins.

[Gives him a Purse.

Marriage is chargeable.

JAFFEIR.

I but half wisht
To see the Devil, and he's here already. Well !
What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treason ?
Tell me which Way I must be damn'd for this.

PIERRE.

When last we parted, we'd no Qualms like these.
But entertain'd each other's Thoughts like Men,
Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the World
Reform'd since our last meeting ? What new Miracles
Have happen'd ? has *Priuli's* Heart relented ?
Can he be honest ?

JAFFEIR.

Kind Heav'n ! let heavy Curses
Gall his old Age ; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,
And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart ;
Oh let him live 'till Life become his Burden !
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its Ease, but late.

PIERRE.

Nay, couldst thou not
As well my Friend, have stretch'd the Curse to all
The Senate round, as to one single Villain ?

JAFFEIR.

But Curses stick not : Could I kill with Cursing,
By Heav'n, I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blasted ; Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills ; but their Wives and Daughters
Die of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curse
To kill with !

PIERRE.

Daggers, Daggers, are much better—

JAFFEIR.

Ha!

PIERRE.

Daggers.

But where are they?

PIERRE.

- Oh, a thousand
May be dispos'd in honest Hands in *Venice*.

JAFFEIR.

Thou talk'st in Clouds.

PIERRE.

But yet a Heart half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the Meaning, *Jaffir*.

JAFFEIR.

A thousand Daggers all in honest Hands ;
And have not I a Friend will stick one here ?

PIERRE.

Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherisht
T' a nobler Purpose, I would be that Friend.
But thou hast better Friends ; Friends whom thy Wrong
Have made thy Friends ; Friends worthy to be call'd so !
I'll trust thee with a Secret ; There are Spirits
This Hour at work. But as thou art a Man,
Whom I have pickt and chosen from the World,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I've told thee that which only Gods,
And Men like Gods, are privy to, then swear
No Chance or Change shall wrest it from thy Bosom.

JAFFEIR.

When thou wouldst bind me, is there need of Oaths ?
(Green-sickness Girls lose Maidenheads with such Counters)
For thou'ret so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
Its Bottom, found its Strength and Firmness to thee :
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain in my Face ?
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou wouldst not use me in a little Cause,

For I am fit for Honour's toughest Task;
 Nor ever yet found fooling was my Province;
 And for a villainous inglorious Enterprize,
 I know thy Heart so well, I dare lay mine
 Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt:

P I E R R E.

Nay, it's a Cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffeir,
 For it is founded on the noblest Basis,
 Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;
 There's no Religion, no Hypocrisy in't;
 We'll do the Busines, and ne'er fast and pray for't
 Openly act a Deed the World shall gaze
 With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

J A F F E I R.

For Liberty!

P I E R R E.

For Liberty, my Friend!
 Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's* Tyranny,
 And thy sequestred Fortunes heal'd again.
 I shall be freed from those opprobrious Wrongs
 That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward.
 All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit
 Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd
 From Wisdom's Seat; those baleful unclean Birds,
 Those lazy Owls who (perch'd near Fortune's Top)
 Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
 To cuff down new-fledg'd Virtues, that would rise
 To nobler Heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

J A F F E I R.

What can I do?

P I E R R E.

Canst thou not kill a Senator?

J A F F E I R.

Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
 For herding with that Nest of Fools and Knaves.
 By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if Revenge
 Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

Swear then!

JAFFEIR.

I do, by all those glittering Stars
And yon great ruling Planet of the Night!
By all good Powers above, and ill below!
By Love and Friendship, dearer than my Life!
No Power, or Death shall make me false to thee.

PIERRE.

Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.
A Council's held hard by, where the Destruction
Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee!
But be a Man, for thou'rt to mix with Men
Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World,
And rule it when it's wildest—

JAFFEIR.

I give thee Thanks
For this kind Warning: Yes, I'll be a Man,
And charge thee, *Pierre*, whene'er thou seest my Fears
Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine
Out of my Breast, and shew it for a Coward's.
Come, let's be gone, for from this Hour I chace
All little Thoughts, all tender human Follies
Out of my Bosom: Vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!

PIERRE.

And Liberty!

JAFFEIR.

Revenge! Revenge!— [Exeunt.

The SCENE changes to AQUILINA's House,
the Greek Courtezan.

Enter RENAULT.

RENAULT.

Why was my Choice Ambition, the worst Ground
A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at Distance

A godly Prospect, tempting to the View,
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain-Top
 Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n ;
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
 What Storm will batter, and what Tempest shake us.
 Who's there ?

Enter SPINOSA.

SPINOSA.

Renault, Good-morrow ! for by this Time
 I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the Balance,
 And weighs up Mörning : Has the Clock struck Twelve ?

RENAULT.

Yes ; Clocks will go as they are set : But Man,
 Irregular Man's ne'er constant, never certain :
 I've spent at least three precious Hours of Darkness
 In waiting dull Attendance ; 'tis the Curse
 Of diligent Virtue to be mixt, like mine,
 With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.

SPINOSA.

Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it can frighten,

RENAULT.

What's then the Cause that I am here alone ?
 Why are we not together ?

Enter ELOIT.

O Sir, welcome !

You are an *Englishman* : When Treason's hatching
 One might have thought you'd not have been behind Hand :
 In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling ?
 Give but an *Englishman* his Whore and Ease,
 Beef and a Sea-coal-fire, he's your's for ever.

ELOIT.

Frenchman, you are saucy.

RENAULT.

How !

Enter BEDAMAR the Ambassador, THEODORE,
BRAMVEIL, DURAND, BRABE, REVILLIBO,
MEZZANA, TERNON, RETROSI, *Conspirators.*

BEDAMAR.

At Difference! fy:

Is this a time for Quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your high Calling,
Men separated by the Choice of Providence
From the gross Heap of Mankind, and set here
In this Assembly as in one great Jewel,
T'adorn the bravest Purpose it e'er smil'd on;
Should you, like Boys, wrangle for Trifles?

RENAULT.

Boys!

BEDAMAR.

Renault, thy Hand!

RENAULT.

I thought I'd given my Heart
Long since to every Man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such Tempers,
That can't forgive my foward Age its Weakness.

BEDAMAR.

Eliot, thou once hadst Virtue; I have seen
Thy stubborn Temper bend with God-like Goodness,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nation's Glory,
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
Once more embrace, my Friends—we'll all embrace—
United thus, we are the mighty Engine
Must twist this rooted Empire from its Basis!
Totters not it already?

ELIOT.

Would 'twere tumbling.

BEDAMAR.

Nay it shall down: This Night we seal its Ruin.

Enter

Enter PIERRE.

Oh *Pierre*, thou art welcome!
 Come to my Breast, for by its Hopes thou look'st
 Lovelily dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*
 Seems on thy Sword already. Oh my *Mars*!
 The Poets that first feign'd a God of War
 Sure prophesy'd of thee.

PIERRE.

Friends! was not *Brutus*,
 (I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate
 Stabb'd the first *Cæsar* that usurp'd the World)
 A gallant Man?

RENAULT.

Yes, and *Catiline* too;
 Tho' Story wrong his Faine: For he conspir'd
 To prop the feeling Glory of his Country:
 His Cause was good.

BEDAMAR.

And ours as much above it,
 As *Renault* thou'rt superior to *Cethegus*,
 Or *Pierre* to *Cassius*.

PIERRE.

Then to what we aim at,
 When do we start? or must we talk for ever?

BEDAMAR.

No, *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth: Fate seems to have set
 The Business up, and given it to our Care:
 I hope there's not a Heart or Hand amongst us
 But is firm and ready.

ALL.

All!

We'll die with *Bedamar*.

BEDAMAR.

Oh Men,
 Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter,
 The Game is for a matchless Prize if won;

RENAULT.

What can lose it?

The publick Stock's a Beggar; one *Venetian*
Trusts not another: Look into their Stores
Of general Safety; empty Magazines,
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a harass'd Commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the Strength of *Venice*: Let's destroy it;
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it;
Let loose the murmuring Army on their Masters,
To pay themselves with Plunder, lop their Nobles
To the base Roots, whence most of 'em first sprung;
Enslave the Rout, whom smarting will make humble;
Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
That Seat of Empire which our Soul's were fram'd for.

PIERRE.

Ten thousand Men are armed, at your Nod,
Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
A Battle for the Freedom of the World;
This wretched State has starv'd them in its Service.
And by your Bounty quicken'd, they're resolv'd
To serve your Glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different Quarters in this City,
Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis so tardy.

BEDAMAR.

I doubt not, Friend, but thy unwearied Diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have Ease;
After this Night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, 'till *Venice* own us for her Lords.

PIERRE.

How lovely the *Adriatick Whore*,
Dress'd in her Flames, will shine! devouring Flames!
Such as shall burn her to the watery Bottom,
And hiss in her Foundation.

BEDAMAR.

BEDAMAR.

Now if any

Amongst us that owns this glorious Cause,
 Have Friends or Interest he'd wish to save,
 Let it be told ; the general Doom is seal'd ;
 But I'd forego the Hopes of a World's Empire,
 Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

PIERRÉ.

I must confess, you there have touch'd my Weakness,
 I have a Friend ; hear it, and such a Friend !
 My Heart was ne'er shut to him. Nay, I'll tell you.
 He knows the very Business of this Hour ;
 But he rejoices in the Cause, and loves it :
 W'ave chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
 And he's at Hand to ratify it here.

RENAULT.

How ! all betray'd ?

PIERRÉ.

No — I've dealt nobly with you ;
 I've brought my All into the publick Stock ;
 I'd but one Friend, and him I'll share amongst you ?
 Receive and cherish him : or if, when seen
 And search'd, you find him worthless ; as my Tongue
 Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
 To ease your Fears I wear a Dagger here,
 Shall rip it out again, and give you Rest.
 Come forth thou only Good I e'er could boast of.

Enter JAFFEIR with a Dagger.

BEDAMAR.

His Presence bears the Shew of manly Virtue !

JAFFEIR.

I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
 I dare approach this Place of fatal Councils ;
 But I'm amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me,
 To see so many Virtues thus united,
 To restore Justice and dethrone Oppression.

Command

254 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this Breast; but if you think it worthy
To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in Robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembled Senate;
It shrinks not, tho' I meet a Father there.
Would you behold this City flaming? Here's
A Hand shall bear a lighted Torch at Noon
To th'Arsenal, and set its Gates on Fire.

RENAULT.

You talk this well, Sir.

JAFFEIR.

Nay—by Heav'n I'll do this.
Come, come, I read Distrust in all your Faces,
You fear me a Villain; and indeed it's odd
To hear a Stranger talk thus at first meeting,
Of Matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils;
I hate this Senate, am a Foe to *Venice*:
A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me,
To push on Mischief. Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

BEDAMAR.

Pierre! I must embrace him.
My Heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

RENAULT.

I never lov'd these Huggers.

JAFFEIR.

Still I see,
The Cause delights me not. Your Friends survey me
As I were dangerous—but I come arm'd
Against all Doubts, and to your Trust will give
A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for.
My Belvidera! Ho! My Belvidera!

BEDAMAR.

What Wonder's next?

JAFFEIR.

Let me intreat you, Sirs,

As I have henceforth Hopes to call ye Friends,
 That all but the Ambassador, and this
 Grave Guide of Councils, with my Friend that owns me.
 Withdraw a while, to spare a Woman's Blushes.

[*Exeunt all but Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.*]

B E D A M A R.

Whither will all this Ceremony lead us?

J A F F E I R.

My *Belvidera!* Ho! my *Belvidera!*

Enter B E L V I D E R A.

B E L V I D E R A.

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful Hour?
 That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,
 And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love:
 Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

J A F F E I R.

Indeed 'tis late.

B E L V I D E R A.

Oh! I have slept and dreamt,
 And dreamt again: Where hast thou been thou Loiterer?
 Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd;
 Stretch'd every Way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
 To search if thou wert come to crowh my Rest;
 There's no Repose without thee: Oh the Day
 Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow;
 Come, come to Bed, and bid thy Cares Good-night.

J A F F E I R.

Oh *Belvidera!* we must change the Scene
 In which the past Delights of Life were tasted:
 The Poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
 Our Labours late, and early every Morning,
 'Midst Winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
 Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.

B E L V I D E R A.

Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!
 Methinks I read Distraction in your Face!

256 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me:
You shake and tremble too! your Blood runs cold!
Heav'ns guard my Love, and bless his Heart with Patience.

JAFFEIR.

That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness,
Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I,
(Thou the divinest Good Man e'er possess'd,
And I, the wretched'ft of the Race of Man)
This very Hour, without one Tear, must part.

BELVIDERA.

Part! must we part? Oh am I then forsaken?
Will my Love cast me off? have my Misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that he'll leave me?
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My Dear! my Life! my Love!

JAFFEIR.

Oh Friends!

BELVIDERA:

Speak to me.

JAFFEIR.

Take her from my Heart,
She'll gain such Hold else, I shall ne'er get loose.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'ft Care,
Relieve her Troubles and assuage her Sorrows.

RENAULT.

Rise, Madam! and command amongst your Servants.

JAFFEIR.

To you, Sirs, and your Honour, I bequeath her,
And with her this; whene'er I prove unworthy—

[Gives a Dagger..

You know the rest—Then strike it to her Heart;
And tell her, he who three whole happy Years
Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated
The passionate Vows of still increasing Love,
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings..

BELVIDERA.

Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply;

Or

Or send me to some distant Clime your Slave ;
 But let it be far off, lest my Complainings
 Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his Peace.

JAFFEIR.

No, *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy Honour ;
 Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind
 To me, as I'll preserve that Faith unbroken.
 When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a Height,
 Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,
 To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.
 But if we ne'er meet more—

BELVIDERA.

— Oh thou unkind one ;
 Ne'er meet more ! have I deserv'd this from you ?
 Look on me, tell me ; speak, thou dear Deceiver,
 Why am I separated from thy Love ?
 If I am false, accuse me ; but if true,
 Don't, pr'ythee don't in Poverty forsake me,
 But pity the sad Heart, that's torn with parting.
 Yet hear me ! yet recall me — [Exeunt Ren. Bed. and Belv.

JAFFEIR.

Oh my Eyes !

Look not that Way, but turn yourselves a while
 Into my Heart, and be wean'd all together.
 My Friend, where art thou ?

PIERRE.

Here, my Honour's Brother.

JAFFEIR.

Is *Belvidera* gone ?

PIERRE.

Renault has led her
 Back to her own Apartment ; but, by Heav'n !
 Thou must not see her more 'till our Work's over.

JAFFEIR.

No ?

PIERRE.

Not for your Life.

JAF-

Oh *Pierre*, wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee 'till my Eye-strings crackt with Love,
'Till all my Sinews with its Fire extended,
Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast,
On thy soft Bosom, hovering, bill and play,
Confess the Cause why last I fled away;
Own 'twas a Fault, but swear to give it o'er,
And never follow false Ambition more.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *AQUILINA* and her *Maid.*

AQUILINA.

TELL him I am gone to Bed: Tell him I am not at Home; tell him I've better Company with me, or any Thing; tell him in short I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious Fool: He's worse Company than an ignorant Physician——I'll not be disturb'd, at these unseasonable Hours.

MAID.

But, Madam! he's here already, just enter'd the Doors.

AQUILINA.

Turn him out again, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brain'd Ass! if he will not be gone, set the House a-fire and burn us both: I'd rather meet a Toad in my Dish, than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber to Night.

Enter

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Nacky, Nacky, Nacky,—how dost do, Nacky? hurry durry. I am come, little Nacky; past eleven o'Clock, a late Hour; time in all Conscience to go to Bed, Nacky—Nacky did I say? Ay, Nacky, Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky—come let's to Bed— you Fubbs, you Pugg you— you little Puss— Purree Tuzzy—I am a Senator.

AQUILINA.

You are a Fool, I am sure.

ANTONIO.

May be so too, Sweet-heart. Never the worse Senator for all that. Come, Nacky, Nacky, let's have a Game at Romp, Nacky,

AQUILINA.

You would do well, Signior, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself; be sober and go home, Sir.

ANTONIO

Home, Madona!

AQUILINA.

Ay, home, Sir. Who am I?

ANTONIO.

Madona, as I take it you are my——you are—— thou art my little Nicky, Nacky——that's all!

AQUILINA.

I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome; and so to make short of the Matter in few Words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you——hang you, you are an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, solicitous Coxcomb; crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not Money, you are good for nothing.

ANTONIO

Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty-one Years old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [To the Maid.] Come, come, come, Mrs. Fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a Season; go, turn out I say, it is our Will and Pleasure to be private some Moments—out out when you are bid too—[Puts her out and locks the Door. Good for nothing, you say?]

AQUILINA.

Why, what are you good for?

ANTONIO.

In the first Place, Madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'ye mark that? In the second Place take Notice, if you please, that I am a Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches, *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-house now and then—would make your Hair stand an end, *Madona*.

AQUILINA.

What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-house? if you would be silent here, I should thank you.

ANTONIO.

Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*; for Example—My cruel Fair one,

[Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every Pause shakes it. Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove; tho' late at Night——I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain Reception for my Love——There's for thee, my little *Nicky Nacky*——take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your Head—how now, Rebel!]

AQUILINA.

Truly, my illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

ANTONIO.

Very well: Come now let's sit down and think upon't a little—come sit, I say—sit down by me a little, my *Nicky Nacky*, ha——[Sits down.] Hurry durry—good or nothing——

AQUILINA.

A QUILINA.

No, Sir, if you please I can know my Distance, and stand.

ANTONIO.

Stand: How, *Nacky* up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet,

Show me a Case more pitiful who can,

A standing Woman and a falling Man.

Hurry durry——not sit down——see this ye Gods.
You won't sit down?

A QUILINA.

No, Sir.

ANTONIO.

Then look you now, suppose me a Bull, a *Basan* Bull, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my Brows thus bent—I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down, will you—I broo,

[*Bellowes like a Bull and drives her about.*

A QUILINA.

Well, Sir, I must endure this, [She sits down.
Now your Honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship please to be next?

ANTONIO.

Now I'll be a Senator again, and thy Lover, little *Nicky Nacky*! [He sits by her.] Ah Toad, Toad, Toad, Toad! spit in my Face a little, *Nacky*—spit in my Face, pry'thee, spit in my Face never so little: spit but a little bit——spit, spit, spit, spit when you are bid I say; do pr'ythee spit——now, now, now spit: what you won't spit will you? Then I'll be a Dog.

A QUILINA.

A Dog, my Lord!

ANTONIO.

Ay, a Dog—and I'll give thee this t'other Purse to let me be a Dog—and use me like a Dog a little. Hurv durry—I will—here 'tis—

[*Gives the Purse.*

A QUILINA.

AQUILINA.

Well, with all my Heart. But let me beseech your Dogship to play your Tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of Doors as you deserve.

ANTONIO.

Ay, ay——no matter for that——that shan't move me——[He gets under the Table.] Now bough waugh waugh, bough waugh—— [Barks like a Dog.]

AQUILINA.

Hold, hold, hold Sir, I beseech you: what is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kickt, Sir. Do you see, kickt thus.

ANTONIO.

Ay, with all my Heart: do, kick, kick on, now I am under the Table, kick again—kick harder—harder yet, bough waugh, waugh, waugh, bough—odd, I'll have a Snap at thy Shins—bough waugh, waugh, waugh bough—'odd she kicks bravely——

AQUILINA.

Nay, then I'll go another Way to work with you: and I think here's an Instrument fit for the Purpose!

[Fetches a Whip and a Bell.]

What, bite your Mistress, Sirrah! out, out of Doors you Dog, to Kennel and be hang'd—bite your Mistress by the Legs, you Rogue—— [She whips him.]

ANTONIO.

Nay, pr'ythee Nacky, now thou art too loving: Hurry durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

AQUILINA.

Nay, none of your fawning and grinning; but be gone, or here's the Discipline: What, bite your Mistress by the Legs, you Mungrel? out of Doors——hout, hout, to Kennel, Sirrah! go.

ANTONIO.

This is very barbarous Usage, Nacky, very barbarous; look you, I will not go——I will not stir from the Door, that

that I resolve——hurry durry, what, shut me out?

[She whips him out.

A Q U I L I N A .

Ay, and if you come here any more To-night, I'll have my Footmen lug you, you Cur: What, bite your poor Mistress *Nacky*, Sirrah!

Enter M A I D .

M A I D .

Heav'ns, Madam! what's the Matter?

[He howls at the Door like a Dog.

A Q U I L I N A .

Call my Footmen hither presently.

Enter two F O O T M E N .

M A I D .

They are here already, Madam; the House is all alarm'd with a strange Noise, that nobody knows what to make of.

A Q U I L I N A .

Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next Room out of my House—If I ever see him within these Walls again, without my Leave for his Admittance, you sneaking Rogues—I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd like Rats; every Corner of the House shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my Pleasure. So now for my *Pierre*:

Thus when the Godlike Lover is displeas'd,

We sacrifice our Fool, and he's appeas'd. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter B E L V I D E R A .

B E L V I D E R A .

I'm sacrific'd! I'm sold! Betray'd to Shame!
Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!

No sooner was I to my Bed repair'd,
 To weigh and (weeping) ponder my Condition,
 But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false Care
 My Peace and Honour was entrusted, came
 (Like *Tarquin*) ghastly with infernal Lust.
 Oh thou *Roman Lucrece*!

Thou couldst find Friends to vindicate thy Wrong;
 I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;
 He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
 Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!
 Where shall I go! Oh whither, whither wander?

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Can *Belvidera* want a Resting-place,
 When these poor Arms are open to receive her?
 Oh 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires
 Strong as my Love to thee; for every Moment
 I'm from thy Sight, my Heart within my Bosom
 Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
 Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs
 Of gentle Love persuade it to its Peace.

BELVIDERA.

I fear the stubborn Wanderer will not own me;
 'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer,
 Scorns the indulgent Bosom that first lull'd it;
 And, like a disobedient Child, disdains
 The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

JAFFEIR.

There was a Time——

BELVIDERA.

Yes, yes, there was a Time
 When *Belvidera*'s Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,
 Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to sigh,
 Or look but sad;—there was indeed a Time
 When *Jaffeir* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,

And

And never left her 'till he found the Cause.
 But let her now weep Seas,
 Cry 'till she rend the Earth; sigh 'till she burst
 Her Heart asunder; still he bears it all,
 Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unshaken.

J A F F E I R.

Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd,
 Against whose Root, Tears beat, and Sighs are sent!
 In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!
 Witness against me, Heav'ns, have I done this?
 Then bear me in a Whirlwind back again,
 And let that angry dear One ne'er forgive me!
 Oh thou too rashly censurest of my Love!
 Couldst thou but think how I have spent this Night,
 Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
 Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,
 Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not,
 Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
 Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,
 And hatch warm Comfort there, ere Sorrows freeze.

B E L V I D E R A.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
 Hast thou been talking with that Witch the Night?
 On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along,
 Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
 To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes!
 Oh now I find the Cause my Love forsakes me!
 I am no longer fit to bear a Share
 In his Concernments: My weak female Virtue
 Must not be trusted; 'tis too frail and tender.

J A F F E I R.

Oh *Portia*! *Portia*! What a Soul was thine?

B E L V I D E R A.

That *Portia* was a Woman; and when *Brutus*,
 Big with the Fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy Safety!)
 Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
 She let him see her Blood was great as his,

Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
 Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:
 Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful Dower
 Thou gav'st last Night in parting with me; strike it
 Here to my Heart, and as the Blood flows from it,
 Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter's.

JAFFEIR.

Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
 Unworthy so much Virtue: Teach me how
 I may deserve such matchless Love as thine,
 And see with what Attention I'll obey thee.

BELVIDERA.

Do not despise me: That's the All I ask.

JAFFEIR.

Despise thee! Hear me—

BELVIDERA.

Oh thy charming Tongue
 Is but too well acquainted with my Weakness;
 Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart
 Dissolves within my Breast; 'till with clos'd Eyes
 I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

JAFFEIR.

What shall I do?

BELVIDERA.

Tell me! be just, and tell me
 Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy Face?
 Why am I made a Stranger? why that Sigh,
 And I not know the Cause? Why when the World
 Is wrapt in Rest, why chuses then my Love
 To wander up and down in horrid Darknes,
 Loathing his Bed, and these desiring Arms?
 Why are these Eyes bloodshot with tedious watching?
 Why starts he now? and looks as if he wish'd
 His Fate were finish'd? Tell me, ease my Fear;
 Lest when we next Time meet, I want the Power
 To search into the Sickness of thy Mind,
 But talk as wildly then as thou lookest now.

JAF-

J A F F E I R.

Oh Belvidera!

B E L V I D E R A.

Why was I last Night deliver'd to a Villain?

J A F F E I R.

Hah, a Villain?

B E L V I D E R A.

Yes! to a Villain! Why at such an Hour
 Meets that Assembly all made up of Wretches,
 That look as Hell has drawn 'em into League?
 Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger
 Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Ceremonies?
 " To you, Sirs, and your Honour I bequeath her,
 " And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy,
 " You know the rest, then strike it to her Heart?"
 Oh why's that *rest* conceal'd from me? must I
 Be made the Hostage of a hellish Trust?
 For such I know I am; that's all my Value!
 But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
 I'll free thee from the Bondage of these Slaves;
 Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
 All that I think, all that my Fears inform me.

J A F F E I R.

Is this the *Roman* Virtue! this the Blood
 That boasts its Purity with *Cato's* Daughter!
 Would she have e'er betray'd her *Brutus*?

B E L V I D E R A.

No,
 For *Brutus* trusted her: Wert thou so kind,
 What would not *Belvidera* suffer for thee?

J A F F E I R.

I shall undo myself, and tell thee all.

B E L V I D E R A.

Look not upon me as I am a Woman,
 But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend; who long
 Has had Admission to thy Heart, and there
 Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;

268 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Thy Constancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,
Have been my daily Lesson: I have learn'd 'em,
And bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of Fates for thee; and with thee share 'em.

JAFFEIR.

Oh you divinest Powers! look down and hear
My Prayers! instruct me to reward this Virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I've a Tale to tell will shake thy Nature,
Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st of
Into vile Tears and despicable Sorrows:
Then if thou should'st betray me!

BELVIDERA.

Shall I swear?

JAFFEIR.

No, do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my Days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy Breast;
I've bound myself by all the strictest Sacraments,
Divine and human—

BELVIDERA.

Speak!

JAFFEIR.

To kill thy Father—

BELVIDERA.

My Father!

JAFFEIR.

Nay, the Throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my *Belvidera*: He amongst us
That spares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face
Of Ruin look, when these wide Streets run Blood;
I, and the glorious Partners of my Fortune
Shouting, and striding o'er the prostrate Dead,
Still to new Waste; whilst thou, far off in Safety
Smiling, shalt see the Wonders of our daring;

And

And when Night comes, with Praise and Love receive me,

B E L V I D E R A.

Oh!

J A F F E I R.

Have a Care, and shrink not even in Thought!
For if thou do'st — — —

B E L V I D E R A.

I know it, thou wilt kill me.
Do, strike thy Sword into this Bosom: Lay me
Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be safe.
Murder my Father! Tho' his cruel Nature
Has persecuted me to my Undoing;
Driven me to basest Wants; can I behold him,
With Smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?
The sacred Fountain of my Life destroy'd?
And canst thou shed the Blood that gave me Being?
Nay, be a Traitor too, and sell thy Country?
Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd Slaves, Bravoes, and common Stabbers,
Nose-flitters, Alley-lurking Villains! Join
With such a Crew, and take a Russian's Wages,
To cut the Throats of Wretches as they sleep?

J A F F E I R.

Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera*! I've engag'd
With Men of Souls: Fit to reform the Ills
Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongst them,
But's stout as Death, yet honest as the Nature
Of Man first made, ere Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

B E L V I D E R A.

What's he, to whose curst Hands last Night thou gav'st
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a Story [me?
Would rouze thy Lion-Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying Fury.

J A F F E I R.

Speak on, I charge thee!

B E L V I D E R A.

Oh my Love! if ere

Thy Belvidera's Peace deserve thy Care,
Remove me from this Place: Last Night! last Night!

JAFFEIR.

Distract me not, but give me all the Truth.

BELVIDERA.

No sooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the Power of that old Son of Mischief;
No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed,
But that vile Wretch approach'd me; loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for Violation: Then my Heart
Throbb'd with its Fears: Oh how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrunk and trembled; wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me. Thou, alas! wert gone.

JAFFEIR.

Patience! sweet Heav'n, 'till I make Vengeance sure.

BELVIDERA.

He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'st him,
And with upbraiding Smiles he said, "Behold it,
"This is the Pledge of a false Husband's Love:"
And in my Arms then prest, and would have clasp'd me;
But with my Cries I scar'd his coward Heart,
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd Vows to Hell.
These are thy Friends! with these thy Life, thy Honour,
Thy Love all stak'd, and all will go to Ruin.

JAFFEIR.

No more: I charge thee keep this Secret close;
Clear up thy Sorrows, look as if thy Wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no Complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Honour;
I'll heal its Failings, and deserve thy Love.

BELVIDERA.

Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more.

JAFFEIR.

Return no more! I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchase the Creation.

BEL-

B E L V I D E R A.

When shall we meet again?

J A F F E I R.

Anon at Twelve!

I'll steal myself to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.

B E L V I D E R A.

Indeed!

J A F F E I R.

By all our Loves!

B E L V I D E R A.

"Tis hard to part:

But sure no Falshood ever look'd so fairly.

Farewel, remember Twelve.

[Exit,

J A F F E I R.

Let Heav'n forget me

When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curst is my Condition, tos'd and justled
From every Corner; Fortune's common Fool,
The Jest of Rogues, an instrumental Ass
For Villains to lay Loads of Shame upon,
And drive about just for their Ease and Scotn.

Enter P I E R R E.

P I E R R E.

Jaffeir!

J A F F E I R.

Who calls!

P I E R R E.

A Friend, that could have wish'd
T' have found thee otherwise employ'd: What, hunt
A Wife on the dull Soil! sure a stanch Husband,
Of all Hounds is the dullest? Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Caudles and Confection's?
What feminine Tale hast thou been listening to,
Of unair'd Shirts; Catarrhs and Tooth-ach, got
By thin-sol'd Shoes? Damnation! that a' Fellow

272 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Chosen to be a Share in the Destruction
Of a whole People, should sneak thus in Corners
To ease his fulsome Lusts, and fool his Mind.

JAFFEIR.

May not a Man then trifle out an Hour
With a kind Woman, and not wrong his Calling?

PIERRE.

Not in a Cause like ours.

JAFFEIR.

Then Friend, our Cause
Is in a damn'd Condition: For I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd *Letchery*, has touch'd it;
'Tis tainted vilely: Wouldest thou think it, *Renault*,
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves simple Fornication like a Priest.
I found him out for watering at my Wife:
He visited her last Night, like a kind Guardian:
Faith she has some Temptations, that's the Truth on't.

PIERRE.

He durst not wrong his Trust!

JAFFEIR.

'Twas something late tho'
To take the Freedom of a Lady's Chamber.

PIERRE.

Was she in Bed?

JAFFEIR.

Yes, faith, in Virgin Sheets
White as her Bosom, *Pierre*, dish'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker Appetite to taste.
Oh how the old Fox stunk I warrant thee,
When the rank Fit was on him.

PIERRE.

Patience guide me!

He us'd no Violence?

JAFFEIR.

No, no! out on't, Violence!

Play'd with her Neck; brush'd her with his grey Beard,

Struggl'd

Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she squeak'd a little
 May be, or so—but not a jot of Violence—

PIERRE.

Damn him.

JAFFEIR.

Ay, so say I: But hush, no more on't;
 All hitherto is well, and I believe
 Myself no Monster yet: Tho' no Man knows
 What Fate he's born to: Sure 'tis near the Hour
 We all should meet for our concluding Orders:
 Will the Ambassador be here in Person?

PIERRE.

No: he has sent Commission to that Villain
Renault, to give the executing Charge; " ,
 I'd have thee be a Man, if possible,
 And keep thy Temper; for a grave Revenge
 Ne'er comes too late.

JAFFEIR.

Fear not, I'm cool as Patience:
 Had he compleated my Dishonour, rather
 Than hazard the Success our Hopes are ripe for,
 I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue.

PIERRE.

He's yonder, coming this Way through the Hall;
 His Thoughts seem full.

JAFFEIR.

Pr'ythee retire, and leave me
 With him alone; I'll put him to some Trial,
 See how his rotten Part will bear the Touching.

PIERRE.

Be careful then.

[Exit.]

JAFFEIR.

Nay, never doubt, but trust me,
 What, be a Devil! take a damning Oath
 For shedding native Blood! can there be a Sin
 In merciful Repentance? Oh this Villain.

*Enter RENAULT.**RENAULT.*

Perverse! and peevish! what a Slave is Man!
 To let his itching Flesh thus get the better of him!
 Dispatch the Tool her Husband——that were well.
 Who's there?

JAFFEIR.

A Man.

RENAULT.

My Friend, my near Ally!
 The Hostage of your Faith, my beauteous Charge,
 Is very well.

JAFFEIR.

Sir, are you sure of that?
 Stands she in perfect Health? Beats her Pulse even?
 Neither too hot nor cold?

RENAULT.

What means that Question?

JAFFEIR.

Oh Women have fantastick Constitutions,
 Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering,
 And never fixt; was it not boldly done
 Even at first Sight to trust the Thing I lov'd
 (A tempting Treasure too!) with Youth so fierce
 And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

RENAULT.

Who dares accuse me?

JAFFEIR.

Curst be he that doubts
 Thy Virtue; I have try'd it, and declare,
 Were I to chuse a Guardian of my Honour,
 I'd put it in thy keeping: For I know thee.

RENAULT.

Know me!

JAFFEIR.

Ay, know thee: There's no Falshood in thee;

Thou

Thou look'st just as thou art: Let us embrace.
Now wouldest thou cut my Throat, or I cut thine?

R E N A U L T.

You dare not do't.

J A F F E I R.

You lye, Sir.

R E N A U L T.

How!

J A F F E I R.

No more.

'Tis a base World and must reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, DURAND, BRAMVEIL, and the rest of the Conspirators.

R E N A U L T.

Spinoza! Theodore!

S P I N O S A.

The same.

R E N A U L T.

You are welcome!

S P I N O S A.

You are trembling, Sir.

R E N A U L T.

'Tis a cold Night indeed, and I am aged,
Full of Decay and natural Infirmities; [Pierre re-enters.
We shall be warin, my Friend, I hope, To-morrow:

P I E R R E.

'Twas not well done; thou shouldest have stroak'd him,
And not have gall'd him.

J A F F E I R.

Damn him, let him chew on't.

—Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed Fiends,
That wait to damn me: What a Devil's Man,
When he forgets his Nature—hush, my Heart.

R E N A U L T.

My Friends, 'tis late: Are we assembled all?
Where's *Theodore*?

276 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
THEODORE.

At Hand.

RENAULT.

Spinoza.

SPINOSA.

Here.

RENAULT.

Bramveil.

BRAMVEIL.

I'm ready.

RENAULT.

Durand and Brabe.

DURAND.

Command us;

We are both prepar'd!

RENAULT.

Mezzana, Revillido.

Terron, Retrosi; oh you're Men I find,
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons;
To-morrow's rising Sun must see you all
Deck'd in your Honours! are the Soldiers ready?

ALL.

All, all.

RENAULT.

You Durand, with your thousand, must possess
St. Mark's; you, Captain, know your Charge already;
'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: You
Brabe with a hundred more must gain the Secque.
With the like Number Bramveil to the Procurale.
Be all this done with the least Tumult possible,
'Till in each Place you post sufficient Guards:
Then sheathe your Swords in every Breast you meet.

JAFFEIR.

Oh reverend Cruelty! Damn'd bloody Villain!

RENAULT.

During this Execution, Durand, you
Must in the Midst keep your Battalia fast;

And

And Theodore be sure to plant the Cannon
 'That may command the Streets ; whilst *Revillido*,
Mezzano, *Ternon*, and *Retrofi*, guard you.
 This done, we'll give the general Alarm,
 Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates ;
 Then fire the City round in several Places,
 Or with our Cannon (if it dare resist)
 Batter't to Ruin. But above all, I charge you
 Shed Blood enough, spare neither Sex nor Age,
 Name nor Condition ; if there live a Senator
 After To-morrow, tho' the dullest Rogue
 That cre said nothing, we have lost our Ends ;
 If possible, let's kill the very Name
 Of Senator, and bury it in Blood.

J A F F E I R.

Mercileſs, horrid Slave ! — Ay, Blood enough !
 Shed Blood enough, old *Renault* : How thou charm'ſt me !

R E N A U L T.

But one Thing more, and then farewell 'till Fate
 Join us again, or ſeperate us ever :
 First let's embrace. Heav'n knows who next ſhall thus
 Wing ye together : But let's all remember
 We wear no common Cause upon our Swords :
 Let each Man think that on his ſingle Virtue
 Depends the Good and Fame of all the reſt ;
 Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy.
 Let us remember thro' what dreadful Hazards
 Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us,
 How often on the Brink of ſome Discovery
 Have we ſtood tottering, yet ſtill kept our Ground
 So well, that the buſieſt Searchers ne'er could follow
 Those subtle Tracts which puzzled all Suspicion.
 You droop, Sir.

J A F F E I R.

No : with moſt profound Attention
 I've heard it all, and wonder at thy Virtue.

RENAULT.

Tho' there be yet few Hours 'twixt them and Ruin,
 Are not the Senate lull'd in full Security,
 Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always !
 Never did so profound Repose fore-run
 Calamity so great : Nay, our good Fortune
 Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind,
 Strengthen'd the fearfulllest, charm'd the most suspectful,
 Confounded the most subtle : For we live,
 We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life
 Prove fatal to these Tyrants : Let's consider
 That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,
 A People nurs'd up equally with Vices
 And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,
 And such as without Shame she cannot suffer.

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms,
 And shew me where's my Peace, for I have lost it. [Exit.]

RENAULT.

Without the least Remorse then let's resolve
 With Fire and Sword t'extirminate these Tyrants ;
 And when we shall behold those curst Tribunals,
 Stain'd by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent,
 Burning with Flames, rather from Heav'n than ours,
 The raging, furious, and unpitying Soldier
 Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Bosoms
 Of gasping Wretches ; Death in every Quarter,
 With all, that sad Disorder can produce,
 To make a Spectacle of Horror ; then,
 Then let us call to mind, my dearest Friends,
 That there is nothing pure upon the Earth ;
 That the most valu'd Things have most Allays,
 And that in change of all those vile Enormities,
 Under whose Weight this wretched Country labours,
 The Means are only in our Hands to crown them.

PIERRE.

And may those Powers above that are propitious

To gallant Minds, record this Cause, and bles it.

R E N A U L T.

Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for,
Should there, my Friends, be found amongst us one
False to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,
What Vengeance were enough for such a Villain?

E L I O T.

Death here; without Repentance, Hell hereafter.

R E N A U L T.

Let that be my Lot, if as here I stand,
Listed by Fate amongst her darling Sons,
Tho' I had one only Brother, dear by all
The strictest Ties of Nature; tho' one Hour
Had given us Birth, one Fortune fed our Wants,
One only Love, and that but of each other,
Still fill'd our Minds: could I have such a Friend
Join'd in this Cause, and had but Ground to fear
He meant foul Play; may this right Hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future Peace,
And stab him to the Heart before you: Who?
Who would do less? Wouldst thou not, *Pierre*, the same?

P I E R R E.

You've singled me; Sir, out for this hard Question,
As if 'twere started only for my Sake!
Am I the Thing you fear? Here, here's my Bosom,
Search it with all your Swords! am I a 'Traitor?

R E N A U L T.

No: But I fear your late commended Friend
Is little less: Come, Sirs, 'tis now no Time
To trifl with our Safety. Where's this *Jaffier*?

S P I N O S A.

He left the Room just now in strange Disorder.

R E N A U L T,

Nay, there is Danger in him: I obsery'd him
During the Time I took for Explanation.
He was transported from most deep Attention
To a Confusion which he could not smother.

His Looks grew full of Sadness and Surprise,
 All which betray'd a wav'ring Spirit in him,
 That labour'd with Reluctancy and Sorrow.
 What's requisite for Safety, must be done
 With speedy Execution, he remains
 Yet in our Power: I for my own Part wear
 A Dagger——

PIERRE.

Well.

RENAULT.

And I could wish it——

PIERRE.

Where?

RENAULT.

Bury'd in his Heart.

PIERRE.

Away! we're yet all Friends;
 No more of this, 'twill breed ill Blood amongst us.

SINOSA.

Let us all draw our Swords, and search the House,
 Pull him from the dark Hole where he sits brooding
 O'er his cold Fears, and each Man kill his Share of him.

PIERRE

Who talks of killing? who's he'll shed the Blood
 That's dear to me! Is't you? or you? or you, Sir?
 What, not one speak? How you stand gaping all
 On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there;
 Yet not a Word? Then Sir, I'll tell y' a Secret;
 Suspicion's but at best a Coward's Virtue! [To Ren.

RENAULT.

A Coward——

[Handles his Sword.

PIERRE.

Put up thy Sword, old Man,
 Thy Hand shakes at it; come, let's heal this Breach,
 I am too hot: We yet may all live Friends.

SINOSA.

'Till we are safe, our Friendship cannot be so.

PIERRE.

P I E R R E.

Again ! Who's that ?

S P I N O S A.

'Twas I.

T H E O D O R E.

And I.

R E V I L L I D O.

And I.

E L I O T.

And all.

R E N A U L T.

Who are on my Side ?

S P I N O S A.

Every honest Sword.

Let's die like Men, and not be sold like Slaves.

P I E R R E.

One such Word more, by Heav'n, I'll to the Senate,
And hang ye all like Dogs, in Clusters,
Why peep your Coward Swords half out their Shells ?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine ?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

R E N A U L T.

Go to the Senate and betray us ; haste,
Secure thy wretched Life ; we fear to die
Less than thou dar'st be honest.

P I E R R E.

That's rank Falshood,
Fear'st not thou Death ? Fy, there's a knavish Itch
In that salt Blood, an utter Foe to smarting.
Had Jaffier's Wife prov'd kind, he'd still been true.
Faugh—— how that stinks ?
Thou die ! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched Face !
Away, disperse all to your several Charges,
And meet To-morrow where your Honour calls you ;
I'll bring that Man, whose Blood you so much thirst for,
And you shall see him venture for you fairly——

Hence

282 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Hence, hence, I say. [Exit Renault angrily.

SPINOSA.

I fear we've been to blame; and done too much.

THEODORE.

'Twas too far urg'd against the Man you lov'd.

REVILLIDO.

Here take our Swords, and crush them with your Feet.

SPINOSA.

Forgive us, gallant Friend.

PIERRE.

Nay, now you've found
The Way to melt, and cast me as you will:
I'll fetch this Friend and give him to your Mercy.
Nay, he shall die, if you will take him from me.
For your Repose, I'll quit my Heart's best Jewel;
But would not have him torn away by Villains,
And spiteful Villainy.

SPINOSA.

No; may ye both
For ever live, and fill the World with Fame!

PIERRE.

Now y're too kind. Whence rose all this Discord?
Oh what a dang'rous Precipice have we 'scap'd!
How near a Fall was all we'd long been building!
What an eternal Blot had stain'd our Glories!
If one, the bravest and the best of Men
Had fall'n a Sacrifice to rash Suspicion!
Butcher'd by those, whose Cause he came to cherish:
Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this Place 'till you had seen him;
Humbled yourselves before him, kiss'd his Feet,
And gain'd Remission for the worst of Follies.
Come but To-morrow, all your Doubts shall end,
And to your Loves me better recommend,
That I've preserv'd your Fame, and sav'd my Friend.

[Exeunt.

A C T



A C T I V. S C E N E I.

Enter JAFFEIR and BELVIDERA.

JAFFEIR.

Here dost thou lead me ? Every Step I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb,
Of a rack'd Friend : Oh my dear charming Ruin !
Where are we wand'ring ?

BELVIDERA.

To eternal Honour ;

To do a Deed shall chronicle thy Name,
Among the glorious Legends of those few
That have sav'd sinking Nations : thy Renown
Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,
Who by their Piety have been preserv'd
From horrid Violation : Every Street
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy Honour,
And at thy Feet this great Inscription written,
Remember him that propt the Fall of Venice.

JAFFEIR.

Rather, remember him, who after all
The sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendship,
In fond Compassion to a Woman's Tears
Forgot his Manhood, Virtue, Truth, and Honour,
To sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him.
Why wilt thou damn me ?

BELVIDERA.

Oh inconstant Man !

How will you promise ? how will you deceive ?
Do, return back, re-place me in my Bondage,
Tell all thy Friends how dangerously thou lov'st me,
And let thy Dagger do its bloody Office.

Oh

Oh that kind Dagger, *Jaffeir*, how 'twill look,
 Struck thro' my Heart; drench'd in my Blood to th' Hilts,
 Whilst these poor dying Eyes shall with their Tears
 No more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:
 Or if thou think'st it nobler; let me live
 'Till I'm a Victim to the hateful Lust
 Of that infernal Devil, that old Fiend
 That's damn'd himself, and would undo Mankind.
 Last Night, my Love!

JAFFEIR.

Name, name it not again,
 It shews a beastly Image to my Fancy,
 Will wake me into Madness. Oh the Villain!
 That durst approach such Purity as thine,
 On Terms so vile: Destruction, swift Destruction
 Fall on my coward Head, and make my Name
 The common Scorn of Fools, if I forgive him;
 If I forgive him! if I not revenge
 With utmost Rage, and most unstaying Fury,
 Thy Suffering, thou dear Darling of my Life.

BELVIDERA.

Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
 And tell the dismal'st Story ever utter'd:
 'I'll 'em what Bloodshed, Rapines, Desolations,
 Have been prepar'd; how near's the fatal Hour!
 Save thy poor Country, save the reverend Blood
 Of all its Nobles, which To-morrow's Dawn
 Must else see shed: Save the poor tender Lives
 Of all those little Infants, which the Swords
 Of Murderers are whetting for this Moment;
 Think thou already hear'st their dying Screams,
 Think that thou see'st their sad distracted Mothers
 Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity,
 With torn dishevell'd Hair, and streaming Eyes,
 Their naked mangled Breasts besmear'd with Blood,
 And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in Anguish from 'em.

Think

Think thou see'st this, and then consult thy Heart.

J A F F E I R.

Oh!

B E L V I D E R A.

Think too, if you lose this present Minute,
What Miseries the next Day brings upon thee.
Imagine all the Horrors of that Night,
Murder and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,
Consus'dly raging. Think what then may prove
My Lot! the Ravisher may then come safe,
And 'midst the Terror of the publick Ruin
Do a damn'd Deed; perhaps may lay a Train
To catch thy Life; then where will be Revenge,
The dear Revenge that's due to such a Wrong?

J A F F E I R.

By all Heav'n's Pow'rs, prophetick Truth dwells in thee;
For every Word thou speak'st strikes thro' my Heart
Like a new Light, and shews it how't has wander'd.
Just what th' hast made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
And lead me to the Place where I'm to say
This bitter Lesson; where I must betray
My Truth, my Virtue, Constancy and Friends;
Must I betray my Friend! Ah take me quickly,
Secure me well before that Thought's renew'd;
If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.

B E L V I D E R A.

Hast thou a Friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

J A F F E I R.

No; thou'rt my Soul itself, Wealth, Friendship, Honour;
All present Joys, and Earnest of all future,
Are summ'd in thee: methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more
Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours.
Why was such Happiness not given me pure?
Why dash'd with cruel Wrongs, and bitter Warnings?
Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
To sacrifice. Thus in his fatal Garlands

Deck'd

Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,
 Trots by th' enticing flattering Priestess' Side,
 And much transported with its little Pride,
 Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain ;
 'Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain,
 Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain. }

Enter Officer and six Guards.

OFFICER.

Stand, who goes there?

BELVIDERA.

Friends.

JAFFEIR.

Friends, *Belvidera!* hide me from my Friends.
 By Heav'n, I'd rather see the Face of Hell,
 Than meet the Man I love.

OFFICER.

But what Friends are you?

BELVIDERA.

Friends to the Senate and the State of *Venice*.

OFFICER.

My Orders are to seize on all I find
 At this late Hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
 Who now are fitting.

JAFFEIR.

Sir, you shall be obey'd.
 Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your Paws upon me.
 Now the Lot's cast, and Fate do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt guarded.*

SCENE II. *The Senate-house.*

Where appear sitting, the Duke of VENICE, PRIULI,
 ANTONIO, and eight other Senators.

DUKE.

Antony, Priuli, Senators of *Venice*,

Speak,

Speak, why are we assembled here this Night?
 What have you to inform us of, concerns
 The State of *Venice*' Honour, or its Safety?

PRIULI.

Could Words express the Story I've to tell you,
 Fathers, these Tears were useless, these sad Tears
 That fall from my old Eye ; but there is Cause
 We all should weep, tear off these purple Robes,
 And wrap ourselves in Sackcloth, sitting down
 On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to Heav'n.
 Heav'n knows if yet there be an Hour to come
 Ere *Venice* be no more.

All SENATORS.

How!

PRIULI.

Nay, we stand
 Upon the very Brink of gaping Ruin.
 Within this City's form'd a dark Conspiracy,
 To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,
 Kindred and Friends ; our Palaces and Temples
 To lay in Ashes : nay, the Hour too fixt ;
 The Swords, for ought I know, drawn e'en this Moment,
 And the wild Waste begun. From unknown Hands
 I had this Warning : but if we are Men
 Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do something
 That may inform the World in After-ages,
 Our Virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were. [A Noise without.
 Room, Room, make Room for some Prisoners—

SENATORS.

Let's raise the City.

Enter Officer and Guard.

PRIULI.

Speak there, what Disturbance ?

OFFICER.

Two Prisoners have the Guard seiz'd in the Streets,
 Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate

About

288 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
About the present Danger.

Enter JAFFEIR and BELVIDERA guarded.

AL. L.

Give 'em Entrance—Well, who are you?

JAFFEIR.

A Villain.

ANTONIO.

Short and pithy,

The Man speaks well.

JAFFEIR.

Would every Man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his Title.

DUKE.

'Tis rumour'd, that a Plot has been contriv'd
Against this State; that you have a Share in't too.
If you're a Villain, to redeem your Honour,
Unfold the Truth, and be restor'd with Mercy.

JAFFEIR.

Think not that I to save my Life come hither;
I know its Value better; but in Pity
To all those Wretches, whose unhappy Dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted Foe of *Venice*.
But use me as my Dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a Friend.

DUKE.

The Slave capitulates,
Give him the Tortures.

JAFFEIR.

That you dare not do,
Your Fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch
To hear a Story which you dread the Truth of.
Truth, which the Fear of Smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scar'd with Threatnings; Boys are whipt
Into Confessions: but a steady Mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the Body Counsel.

Give

Give him the Tortures! Name but such a Thing
Again, by Heav'n I'll shut these Lips for ever;
Not all your Racks, your Engines, or your Wheels,
Shall force a Groan away—that you may gues at.

ANTONIO.

A bloody-minded Fellow I'll warrant;
A damn'd bloody-minded Fellow.

D U K E.

Name your Conditions.

J A F F E I R.

For myself full Pardon.
Besides the Lives of two and twenty Friends,

[Delivers a Lift.]

Whose Names are here enroll'd: Nay, let their Crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the Oaths
And sacred Promise of this reverend Council,
That in a full Assembly of the Senate
The Thing I ask be ratify'd. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the Secrets of your Danger.

A L L.

We'll swear.

D U K E.

Propose the Oath.

J A F F E I R.

By all the Hopes
Ye have of Peace and Happiness hereafter
Swear.

A L L.

We all swear.

J A F F E I R.

To grant me what I've ask'd,
Ye swear.

A L L.

We swear.

J A F F E I R.

And as you keep the Oath,
May you and your Posterity be blest,

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N

Or

AL L.

Else be curst for ever!

JAFFEIR.

Then here's the List, and with 't the full Disclose
Of all that threatens you. Now Fate thou'lt caught me.

[Delivers another Paper.

ANTONIO.

Why, what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here!
I'll warrant you not one of these Fellows but has a Face
Like a Lion. I dare not so much as read their Names over.

DUKE.

Give Order that all diligent Search be made
To seize these Men; their Characters are publick.
The Paper intimates their Rendezvous
To be at the House of a fam'd Grecian Courtezan,
Call'd Aquilina; see that Place secured.

ANTONIO.

What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry, Nicky Nacky
in the Plot—— I'll make a Speech—— Most Noble
Senators,
What headlong Apprehensions drive you on,
Right noble, wife, and truly solid Senators,
To violate the Laws and Right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of Renown.
'Tis true, she holds a House of fair Reception,
And tho' I say't myself, as many more
Can say as well as I.

2 SENATOR.

My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when Dangers are so near us;
We all well know your Interest in that Lady;
The World talks loud on't.

ANTONIO.

Verily I have done;

I say no more.

DUKE.

D U K E.

But since he has declar'd
 Himself concern'd, pray, Captain, take great Caution
 To treat the fair One as becomes her Character,
 And let her Bed-Chamber be search'd with Decency.
 You, *Jaffier*, must with Patience bear 'till Morning
 To be our Prisoner.

J A F F E I R.

Would the Chains of Death
 Had bound me fast ere I had known this Minute.
 I've done a Deed will make my Story hereafter
 Quoted in Competition with all ill ones :
 The History of my Wickedness shall run
 Down thro' the low Traditions of the Vulgar,
 And Boys be taught to tell the Tale of *Jaffier*.

D U K E.

Captain, withdraw your Prisoner.

J A F F E I R.

Sir, if possible,
 Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me ;
 Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
 Forget myself and this Day's Guilt and Falshood.
 Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee !

[*Ex. Guarded ; Noise without.*
 More Traitors ; Room, Room, make Room there.

D U K E.

How's this ? Guards ?
 Where are our Guards ? shut up the Gates, the Treason's
 Already at our Doors.

Enter O F F I C E R.

O F F I C E R.

My Lords, more Traitors :
 Seiz'd in the very Act of Consultation ;
 Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of Mischief.
 Bring in the Prisoners.

Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT,
REVILIDO, and other *Conspirators in Fetter*, guarded.

PIERRE.

You, the Lords and Fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call yourselves) of *Venice* ;
If you sit here to guide the Course of Justice,
Why these disgraceful Chains upon my Limbs
That have so often labour'd in your Service ?
Are these the Wreaths of Triumph you bestow
On those that bring you Conquests home, and Honours ?

DUKE.

Go on, you shall be heard, Sir.

ANTONIO.

And be hang'd too, I hope.

PIERRE.

Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd, for fighting
Your Battles with confederated Powers ?
When Winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours :
When you, great Duke, shrank, trembling in your Palace,
And saw your Wife, the *Adriatick*, plough'd.
Like a lewd Whore by bolder Prows than yours,
Stept not I forth, and taught your loose *Venetians*
The Task of Honour, and the Way to Greatness !
Rais'd you from your capitulating Fears,
To stipulate the Terms of sa'd-for Peace ?
And this my Recompence ! If I'm a Traitor,
Produce my Charge; or show the Wretch that's base
And brave enough to tell me I'm a Traitor. [enough,

DUKE.

Know you one *Jaffir*? [All the *Conspirators* murmur.

PIERRE.

Yes, and know his Virtue,
His Justice, Truth ; his general Worth and Sufferings
From a hard Father taught me first to love him.

Enter

Enter JAFFEIR guarded.

D U K E.

See him brought forth.

PIERRE.

My Friend too bound! nay then
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall.
Why droops the Man whose Welfare's so much mine
They're but one thing? These reverend Tyrants, *Jaffeir*,
Call us all Traitors: Art thou one, my Brother?

JAFFEIR.

To thce I am the falsest, veriest Slave
That e'er betray'd a generous trusting Friend,
And gave up Honour to be sure of Ruin:
All our fair Hopes which Morning was to have crown'd,
Has this curst Tongue o'erthrown.

PIERRE.

So then, all's over:
Venice has lost her Freedom; I my Life;
No more: farewell.

D U K E.

Say; will you make Confession
Of your vile Deeds, and trust the Senate's Mercy?

PIERRE.

Curst be your Senate: Curst your Constitution:
The Curse of growing Factions and Division
Still vex your Councils, shake your publick Safety,
And make the Robes of Government you wear,
Hateful to you, as these base Chains to me.

D U K E.

Pardon, or Death?

PIERRE.

Death, honorable Death?

RENAULT.

Death's the best Thing we ask, or you can give.

ALL CONSPIRATORS.

No shameful Bonds, but honourable Death.

294 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
DUKE.

Break up the Council: Captain, guard your Prisoners.
Jaffeir, you are free, but these must wait for Judgment.

[Exeunt all the Senators.]

PIERRE.

Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my Straw:
It will not be the first Time I've lodg'd hard
To do your Senate Service.

JAFFEIR.

Hold one Moment.

PIERRE.

Who's he disputes the Judgment of the Senate?
Presumptuous Rebel——on—— [Strikes Jaff.

JAFFEIR.

By Heav'n you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak;
Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile Elow:
Had not a Dagger done thee nobler Justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fall'n beneath the basest Injuries;
Yet look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
With Pity and with Charity behold me;
Shut not thy Heart against a Friend's Repentance,
But as there dwells a God-like Nature in thee,
Listen with Mildness to my Supplications.

PIERRE.

What whining Monk art thou? what holy Cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous Ears,
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence. I know thee not,
Dislikeable and be nasty: Leave me, Hypocrite.

JAFFEIR.

Not know me *Pierre*!

PIERRE.

No, I know thee not: what art thou?

JAFFEIR.

Jaffeir, thy Friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd Friend!
Tho' now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

P I E R R E.

Thou *Jaffeir* ! thou my once lov'd, valu'd Friend !
 By Heav'ns thou ly'st ; the Man so call'd, my Friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful; just and valiant,
 Noble in Mind, and in his Person lovely,
 Dear to my Eyes, and tender to my Heart :
 But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless Coward,
 Poor, even in Soul, and loathsome in thy Aspect :
 All Eyes must shun thee, and all Hearts detest thee.
 Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me
 Like something baneful, that my Nature's chill'd at.

J A F F E I R.

I have not wrong'd thee, by these Tears I have not.
 But still am honest, true, and hope too valiant ;
 My Mind still full of thee : therefore still noble.
 Let not thy Eyes then shun me, nor thy Heart
 Detest me utterly : Oh, look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad, sincere Submission !
 How my Heart swells, as ev'n 'twould burst my Bosom ;
 Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee !
 What shall I do ? what say to make thee hear me ?

P I E R R E.

Hast thou not wrong'd me ? dar'st thou call thyself,
 That once lov'd, honest, valu'd Friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me ? Whence these Chains ?
 Whence the vile Death, which I may meet this Moment ?
 Whence this Dishonour, but from thee, thou false one ?

J A F F E I R.

—All's true, yet grant one Thing, and I've done asking.

P I E R R E.

What's that ?

J A F F E I R.

'To take thy Life on such Conditions
 The Council have propos'd : Thou and thy Friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

P I E R R E.

Life ! ask my Life ! Confess ! Record myself

296 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
A Villain for the Privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed City
A discontented and repining Spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few Years longer,
To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd Quarrel
For some new Friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile World and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better Terms than now,
When only Men like thee are fit to live in't.

JAFFEIR.

By all that's just —

PIERRE.

Swear by some other Powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately.

JAFFEIR.

'Then by that Hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
'Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd;
However thy Resentments deal with me.

PIERRE.

Not leave me!

JAFFEIR.

No; thou shalt not force me from thee:
Use me reproachfully, and like a Slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs
On my poor Head; I'll bear it all with Patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly Cruelty:
Lie at thy Feet and kiss 'em, tho' they spurn me,
'Till wounded by my Sufferings, you relent,
And raise me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveness.

PIERRE.

Art thou not —

JAFFEIR.

What?

PIERRE.

A Traitor?

JAFFEIR.

Yes.

P I-

P I E R R E.

A Villain?

J A F F E I R.

Granted.

P I E R R E.

A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,
 Spiritleſs, void of Honour, one who has ſold
 Thy everlasting Fame for shameleſs Life?

J A F F E I R.

All, all, and more, much more; my Faults are numberleſs.

P I E R R E.

And wouldest thou have me live on Terms like thine?
 Base as thou'rt false—

J A F F E I R.

No, 'tis to me that's granted.

The Safety of thy Life was all I aim'd at,
 In Recompence for Faith and Trust so brok'n.

P I E R R E.

I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thec:
 And as when firſt my foolish Heart took Pity
 On thy Misfortunes, fought thee in thy Miseries,
 Reliev'd thy Wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
 Of Wretchedneſſ in which thy Fate had plung'd thee;
 To rank thee in my List of noble Friends;
 All I receiv'd in Surety for thy Truth,
 Were unregarded Oaths; and this, this Dagger,
 Given with a worthless Pledge, thou ſince haſt ſtol'n;
 So I restore it back to thee again;
 Swearing by all those Powers which thou haſt violated,
 Never from this curs'd Hour to hold Communion,
 Friendship or Interest with thee, though our Years
 Never from this curs'd Hour to hold Communion,
 Friendship or Interest with thee, though our Years
 Were to exceed those limited the World.
 Take it—farewel—for now I owe thee nothing.

J A F F E I R.

Say thou wilt live then.

P I E R R E.

For my Life, dispose it

N 5

Just

298 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

JAFFEIR.

Oh, Pierre!

PIERRE.

No more.

JAFFEIR.

My Eyes won't lose Sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.

PIERRE.

Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And Curses great as is thy Falshood catch thee. [Exit.

JAFFEIR.

Amen.

He's gone, my Father, Friend, Preserver,
And here's the Portion he has left me. [Holds the Dagger up.
This Dagger, well remembered, with this Dagger
I gave a solemn Vow of dire Importance;
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together.
Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that Thought no farther;
No, I'll esteem it as a Friend's last Legacy,
Treasure it up within this wretched Bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my Heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other.
So; now for thinking: A Blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
Coward, dishonourable Coward, fough!
Oh for a long sound Sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy Devil——

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA.

Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me and my Miseries together?
Where's now the *Roman* Constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling Fears and Desperation!
Not daring now to look to that dear Face
Which us'd to smile even on my Faults, but down

Bending

Bending these miserable Eyes on Earth,
Must move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

J A F F E I R.

Mercy ! kind Heav'n has surely endless Stores
Hoarded for thee of Blessings yet untasted ;
Let Wretches loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
Creep with a Remnant of that Strength th' have left,
Before the Footstool of that Heav'n th' have injured.
Oh *Belvidera* ! I'm the wretched'st Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth : now if thou'st Virtue, help me,
Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace
To my divided Soul, that wars within me,
And raises every Sense to my Confusion ;
By Heav'n I'm tottering to the very Brink
Of Peace ; and thou art all the Hold I've left.

B E L V I D E R A.

Alas ! I know thy Sorrows are most mighty ;
I know th' hast Cause to mourn, to mourn, my *Jaffeir*,
With endless Cries, and never-ceasing Wailing.
Thou'st lost —

J A F F E I R.

Oh I have lost what can't be counted.
My Friend too, *Belvidera* ; that dear Friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my Health rejoiced in,
Has us'd me like a Slave ; shamefully us'd me ;
'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story.
What shall I do ? Resentment, Indignation,
Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
Distract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,
And tear my Heart to Pieces in my Bosom.

B E L V I D E R A.

What has he done ?

J A F F E I R.

Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

B E L V I D E R A.

Why ?

JAFFEIR.

Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heav'n I bear it ;
 He has us'd me, *Belvidera*; but first swear
 That when I've told thee, thou'it not loath me utterly,
 Tho' vilest Blots and Stains appear upon me ;
 But still at least with charitable Goodnes,
 Be near me in the Pangs of my Affliction ;
 Not scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

BELVIDERA.

Have I then e'er been false, that now I'm doubted ?
 Speak, what's the Cause I'm grown into Distrust ?
 Why thought unfit to hear my Love's Complaining ?

JAFFEIR.

Oh !

BELVIDERA.

Tell me.

JAFFEIR.

Bear my Failings, for they're many.
 Oh my dear Angel ! in that Friend I've lost
 All my Soul's Peace ; for every Thought of him
 Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my Brains ;
 Woaldst thou believe it ?

BELVIDERA.

Speak.

JAFFEIR.

Before we parted,

Ere yet his Guards had led him to his Prifon,
 Full of severest Sorrows for his Sufferings,
 With Eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding Heart,
 Humbling myself almost beneath my Nature ;
 As at his Feet I kneel'd, and su'd for Mercy,
 Forgetting all our Friendship, all the Dearnes
 In which we've liv'd so many Years together,
 With a reproachful Hand he dash'd a Blow :
 He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heav'n, he struck me,
 Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward.
 Am I a Coward ? am I a Villain ? tell me :

Th'art

Th'art the best Judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation ! Coward !

B E L V I D E R A.

Oh forgive him, *Jaffeir.*

And if his Sufferings wound thy Heart already,
What will they do To-morrow ?

J A F F E I R.

Hah !

B E L V I D E R A.

To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the Agonies,
Of a tormenting and a shameful Death ;
His bleeding Bowels and his broken Limbs,
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain ;
What will thy Heart do then ? Oh sure 'twill stream
Like my Eyes now.

J A F F E I R.

What means thy dreadful Story ?
Death, and To-morrow ? Broken Limbs and Bowels ?
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain ?
By all my Fears I shall start out to Madness
With barely guessing, if the Truth's hid longer.

B E L V I D E R A.

The faithless Senators, 'tis they've decreed it :
They say, according to our Friend's Request,
They shall have Death, and not ignoble Bondage :
Declare their promis'd Mercy all as forfeited :
False to their Oaths, and deaf to Intercession ;
Warrants are pass'd for publick Death To-morrow.

J A F F E I R.

Death ! doom'd to die ! Condemn'd unheard ! un-
pleaded !

B E L V I D E R A.

Nay, cruel'st Racks and Torments are preparing,
To force Confessions from their dying Pangs.
Oh do not look so terribly upon me ;
How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd !
What means my Love ?

J A F-

Leave me, I charge thee leave me—Strong Temptations
 Wake in my Heart.

BELVIDERA.

For what?

JAFFEIR.

No more, but leave me.

BELVIDERA.

Why?

JAFFEIR.

Oh! by Heav'n I love thee with that Fondness,
 I would not have thee stay a Moment longer,
 Near these curst Hands: Are they not cold upon thee?

[Pulls the Dagger out of his Bosom, and puts it back again.

BELVIDERA.

No: everlasting Comfort's in thy Arms.
 To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease,
 Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roses.

JAFFEIR.

Alas! thou think'st not of the Thorns 'tis filled with:
 Fly, ere they gall thee: there's a lurking Serpent
 Ready to leap, and sting thee to thy Heart:
 Art thou not terrify'd?

BELVIDERA.

No.

JAFFEIR.

Call to mind
 What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

BELVIDERA.

Hah!

JAFFEIR.

Where's my Friend? my Friend, thou smiling Mischief?
 Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou shouldst have fled
 When thy Guilt first had Cause; for dire Revenge
 Is up, and raging for my Friend. He groans!
 Hark how he groans, his Screams are in my Ears
 Already; see, they've fix'd him on the Wheel,

And

And now they tear him—Murder ! perjur'd Senate !
 Murder—Oh !—hark thee, Traitress, thou hast done this ;
 Thanks to thy Tears and false persuading Love.
 How her Eyes speak ! O thou bewitching Creature !

[*Fumbling for his Dagger.*

Madness can't hurt thee ! Come, thou little Trembler,
 Creep into my Heart, and there lie safe ;
 'Tis thy own Citadel—hah—yet stand off,
 Heav'n must have Justice, and my broken Vows
 Will sink me else beneath its reaching Mercy ;
 I'll wink, and then 'tis done—

B E L V I D E R A.

What means the Lord
 Of me, my Life and Love ? what's in thy Bosom,
 Thou grasp'it at so ? nay, why am I thus treated ?

[*Draws a Dagger, offers to stab her.*
 What wilt thou do ? Ah do not kill me, Jaffier :
 Pity these panting Breasts, and trembling Limbs,
 That us'd to clasp thee when thy Looks were milder ;
 That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul :
 And plunge it not into eternal Darknes.

J A F F E I R.

No *Belvidera*, when we parted last,
 I gave this Dagger with thee as in Trust,
 To be thy Portion, if I e'er prov'd false.
 On such Condition was my Truth believ'd :
 But now 'tis forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*

B E L V I D E R A.

Oh, Mercy !

[*Kneeling.*

J A F F E I R.

Nay, no struggling.

B E L V I D E R A.

Now then kill me.

[*Leaps upon his Neck, and kisses him.*

While thus I cling about thy cruel Neck,
 Kiss thy revengeful Lips, and die in Joys
 Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

J A F -

I am, I am a Coward; witness Heav'n,
Witness it, Earth, and every Being, witness;
'Tis but one Blow! Yet, by immortal Love,
I cannot longer bear a Thought to harm thee.

[He throws away the Dagger and embraces her.]

The Seal of Providence is sure upon thee;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders:
Oh thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the Power that's given thee o'er my Soul,
By thy resistless Tears and conquering Smiles,
By the victorious Love that still waits on thee:
Fly to thy cruel Father; save my Friend,
Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:
Fall at his Feet, cling round his reverend Knees;
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy Tears
Melt his hard Heart, and wake dead Nature in him,
Crush him in th'Arms, torture him with thy Softness:
Nor, 'till thy Prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquer'd me.

[Ex.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI *solus.*

PRIULI.

WHY, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy Days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! Dishonour
And deathless Infamy are fall'n upon me.
Was it my Fault? Am I a Traitor? No.
But then, my only Child, my Daughter, wedded;
There my best Blood runs foul, and a Disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my Memory,
To make it rot and stink to After-ages.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the fatal Minute when I got her,
 Or would that I'd been any Thing but Man,
 And rais'd an Issue which would ne'er have wrong'd me.
 The miserable Creatures (Man excepted).
 Are not the less esteem'd, tho' their Posterity
 Degenerate from the Virtues of their Fathers ;
 The vilest Beasts are happy in their Offsprings,
 While only Man gets Traitors, Whores, and Villains.
 Curst be the Names, and some swift Blow from Fate
 Lay his Head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter BELVIDERA in a long Mourning Veil.

B E L V I D E R A.

He's there, my Father, my inhuman Father,
 That, for three Years, has left an only Child
 Expos'd to all the Outrages of Fate,
 And cruel Ruin—oh!—

P R I U L I.

What Child of Sorrow
 Art thou that com'st thus wrapp'd in Weeds of Sadness,
 And mov'st as if thy Steps were towards a Grave ?

B E L V I D E R A.

A Wretch, who from the very Top of Happiness
 Am fall'n into the lowest Depths of Misery,
 And want your pitying Hand to raife me up.

P R I U L I.

Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted Sorrows ;
 Would I could help thee.

B E L V I D E R A.

'Tis greatly in your Power :
 The World too speaks you charitable ; and I,
 Who ne'er ask'd Alms before, in that dear Hope
 Am come a begging to you, Sir.

P R I U L I.

For what ?

B E L V I D E R A.

Oh, well regard me ; is this Voice a strange one !

Consider

Consider too, when Beggars once pretend
A Cave like mine, no little will content 'em.

PRIULI.

What would'st thou beg for?

BELVIDERA.

Pity and Forgiveness. [Throws up her Veil.
By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,
Hear my Complaints, and take me to your Love.

PRIULI.

My Daughter?

BELVIDERA.

Yes, your Daughter, by a Mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your Honour,
Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wishes,
Dear to your Arms. By all the Joys she gave you,
When in her blooming Years she was your Treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my Face behold
The Lineaments of her's you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the Cause of your poor cast-off Child.

PRIULI.

Thou art my Daughter.

BELVIDERA.

Yes—and you've oft told me
With Smiles of Love, and chaste paternal Kisses,
I'd much Resemblance of my Mother.

PRIULI.

Oh!

Hadst thou inherited her matchless Virtues
I'd been too blest'd.

BELVIDERA.

Nay, do not call to Memory
My Disobedience, but let Pity enter
Into your Heart, and quite deface th' Impression.
For could you think how mine's perplext, what Sadness,
Fears and Despairs distract the Peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear dear Arms,
Hover with strong Compassion o'er your young One,

To

To shelter me with a protecting Wing
From the black gather'd Storm, that's just, just breaking.

PRIULI.

Don't talk thus.

BELVIDERA.

Yes, I must, and you must hear too.

I have a Husband.

PRIULI.

Damn him.

BELVIDERA.

Oh! do not curse him;

He would not speak so hard a Word towards you
On any Terms, howe'er he deal with me.

PRIULI.

Hah! what means my Child?

BELVIDERA.

Oh! there's but this short Moment

'Twixt me and Fate: Yet send me not with Curses
Down to my Grave; afford me one kind Blessing
Before we part: Just take me in your Arms,
And recommend me with a Pray'r to Heav'n,
That I may die in Peace; and when I'm dead——

PRIULI.

How my Soul's catch'd!

BELVIDERA.

Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear Ashes of my tender Mother.
She would have pitied me, had Fate yet spar'd her.

PRIULI.

By Heav'n, my aking Heart forebodes much Mischief,
Tell me thy Story, for I'm still thy Father.

BELVIDERA.

No, I'm contented.

PRIULI.

Speak.

BELVIDERA.

No matter.

PRIL

308 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
PRIULI.

Tell me.

By yon bless'd Heav'n, my Heart runs o'er with Fondness.

BELVIDERA.

Oh!

PRIULI.

Utter't.

BELVIDERA.

Oh my Husband, my dear Husband
Carries a Dagger in his once kind Bosom,
To pierce the Heart of your poor *Belvidera*.

PRIULI.

Kill thee!

BELVIDERA.

Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his Faith
And Covenant against your State and Senate,
He gave me up as Hostage for his Truth:
With me a Dagger, and a dire Commission,
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this Bosom.
I learnt the Danger, chose the Hour of Love
T'attempt his Heart, and bring it back to Honour.
Great Love prevail'd, and bless'd me with Success;
He came, confess'd, betray'd his dearest Friends,
For promis'd Mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer.
Gall'd with Remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows t'appease the Gods
With this poor Life, and make my Blood th' Atonement.

PRIULI.

Heav'ns!

BELVIDERA.

Think you saw what past at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury; think you saw one Hand
Fix'd on my Throat, whilst the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threatening Dagger; Oh! 'twas thus
We last embrac'd; when trembling with Revenge,

He

He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Bosom
 Presented horrid Death ; cry'd out, My Friends,
 Where are my Friends ? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd,
 lov'd ;

For yet he lov'd, and that dear Love preserv'd me,
 To this last Trial of a Father's Pity.

I fear not Death, but cannot bear a Thought
 That that dear Hand should do the unfriendly Office.
 If I was ever then your Care, now hear me ;
 Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd Lives
 Of his dear Friends, ere mine be made the Sacrifice.

P R I U L I.

Oh, my Heart's Comfort !

B E L V I D E R A.

Will you not, my Father ?

Weep not, but answer me.

P R I U L I.

By Heav'n, I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
 Can't thou forgive me all my Follies past,
 I'll henceforth be indeed a Father ; never,
 Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
 Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life :
 Dear as these Eyes that weep in Fondness o'er thee.
 Peace to thy Heart. Farewel.

B E L V I D E R A.

Go, and remember

'Tis *Belvidera's* Life her Father pleads for. [Ex. severally.

Enter A N T O N I O.

A N T O N I O.

Hum, hum, hah.

Signior *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord : How we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord——Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he. And so let him fiddle——I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-House, and

and I'll be there too, soon enough for some body. Odd
—here's a tickling Speech about the Plot, I'll prove
there's a Plot with a Vengeance——Would I had it
without Book; let me see——

Most reverend Senators,

That there is a Plot, surely by this Time, no Man that hath Eyes or Understanding in his Head will presume to doubt; 'tis as plain as the Light in the Cucumber——no——hold there——Cucumber does not come in yet——'tis plain as the Light in the Sun, or as the Man in the Moon, even at Noon-day. It is indeed a Pumkin-Plot, which, just as it was mellow, we have gather'd, and now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it like a pickled Cucumber out at the Window? No: That is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot; but it is, as I may so say, a sawcy Plot: and we all know, most reverend Fathers, that which is Sawce for a Goose is Sawce for a Gander: Therefore, I say, as those Blood-thirsty Ganders of the Conspiracy would have destroyed us Geese of the Senate, let us make Haste to destroy them; so I humbly move for Hanging——Hah, hurry durry——I think this will do; though I was something out at first, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

Enter AQUILINA.

AQUILINA.

Good-morrow, Senator.

ANTONIO.

Nacky, my dear Nacky; Morrow Nacky; odd I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial!—ha a a a a—kiss me, Nacky; how dost thou do my little tory rory Strumpet? kiss me, I say, Huzzy kiss me.

AQUILINA.

Kiss me, Nacky! hang you, Sir Coxcomb, hang you, Sir.

AN-

A N T O N I O.

Haity taity, is it so indeed? with all my Heart, faith
 ——Hey, then up go we, faith——Hey, then up go we,
 Dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

A Q U I L I N A.

Signior.

A N T O N I O.

Madona.

A Q U I L I N A.

Do you intend to die in your own Bed? —

A N T O N I O.

About threescore Years hence much may be done my Dear.

A Q U I L I N A.

You'll be hang'd, Signior.

A N T O N I O.

Hang'd Sweet-heart, pr'ythee be quiet; hang'd quoth-a,
 that's a merry Conceit with all my Heart; why, thou
 jok'st, Nacky; thou art given to joking, I'll swear;
 well, I'll protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will
 protest, that I love joking dearly, Man. And I love thee
 for joking, and I'll kiss thee for joking, and towse thee
 for joking; and, odd, I have a devilish Mind to take thee
 aside about that Busines for joking too; odd I have, and
 Hey then up go we, dum dum derum dump. [Sings.

A Q U I L I N A.

See you this, Sir? [Draws a Dagger.

A N T O N I O.

O Laud, a Dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my Aver-
 sion, I cannot endure the Sight on't; hide it, for Heaven's
 sake, I cannot look that Way 'till it be gone——hide
 it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

A Q U I L I N A.

Yes, in your Heart I'll hide it.

A N T O N I O.

My Heart! what hide a Dagger in my Heart's Blood!

A Q U I L I N A.

Yes, in thy Heart, thy Throat, thou pamper'd Devil;

Thou

Thou haft help'd to spoil my Peace, and I'll have Vengeance
 On thy curst Life, for all the bloody Senate,
 The perjur'd faithless Senate: Where's my Lord,
 My Happiness, my Love, my God, my Hero?
 Doom'd by thy accursed Tongue, amongst the rest,
 T' a shameful Rack? By all the Rage that's in me,
 I'll be whole Years in murdering thee.

ANTONIO.

Why, Nacky,
 Wherefore so passionate? what have I done? what's the
 Matter my dear Nacky? Am not I thy Love, thy Hap-
 piness, thy Lord, thy Hero, thy Senator, and every Thing
 in the World, Nacky?

AQUILINA.

Thou! Think'ft thou, thou art fit to meet my Joys;
 To bear the eager Clasps of my Embraces?
 Give me my *Pierre*, or——

ANTONIO.

Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky;
 Truss'd up for Treason, and so forth, Child.

AQUILINA.

Thou ly'ft; stop down thy Throat that hellish Sentenc
 Or 'tis thy last: Swear that my Love shall live,
 Or thou art dead.

ANTONIO.

Ah, h h h.

AQUILINA.

Swear to recal his Doom;
 Swear at my Feet, and tremble at my Fury.

ANTONIO.

I do: Now if she would but kick a little Bit, one Kick
 Ah, h h h. [now,

AQUILINA.

Swear, or——

ANTONIO.

I do; by these dear fragrant Foots,
 And little Toes, sweet as, e e e e, my Nacky, Nacky, Nacky.

AQUILINA.

AQUILINA.

How!

ANTONIO.

Nothing but untie thy Shoe-string a little, faith and troth,
 That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that's all.

AQUILINA.

Nay then—

ANTONIO.

Hold, hold; thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero
 Shall be preserv'd and safe.

AQUILINA.

Or may this Poniard

Rust in thy Heart.

ANTONIO.

With all my Soul.

AQUILINA.

Farewel— [Ex. Aquil.

ANTONIO.

Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded inveterate termagant Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh, h, h! Yet more! nay, then I die, I die—I am dead already.

[Stretches out himself.]

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Final Destruction seize on all the World:
 Bend down ye Heavens, and shutting round this Earth,
 Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;
 Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curs'd Cinder,
 And all ye little Creepers in't call'd Men,
 Burn, burn to nothing: but let *Venice* burn
 Hotter than all the rest: here kindle Hell,
 Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter
 Groan here, in all those Pains which mine feels now.

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA.

My Life—

[Meeting him.]

JAFFEIR.

My Plague—

[Turning from her.]

BELVIDERA.

Nay then I see my Ruin:

If I must die!

JAFFEIR.

No, Death's this Day too busy;
 Thy Father's ill-tim'd Mercy came too late.
 I thank thee for thy Labours tho,' and him too.
 But all my poor betray'd unhappy Friends
 Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black Hour;
 And yet I live.

BELVIDERA.

Then be the next my Doom:

I see thou hast pass'd my Sentence in thy Heart,
 And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
 But with the humblest, most obedient Patience
 Meet thy dear Hands, and kiss 'em when they wound me.
 Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it
 With some Remorse; and when thou giv'st the Blow,
 View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,
 And shew me Pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

JAFFEIR.

Shew Pity to thee!

BELVIDERA.

Yes; and when thy Hand's
 Charg'd with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed,
 As thou hast done a thousand thousand Times
 To this poor Breast, when kinder Rage has brought thee,
 When our sting'd Hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
 And melting Kisses seal'd our Lips together;
 When Joys have left me gasping in thy Arms:
 So let my Death come now, and I'll not shrink from't.

JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my Cruelty,
 Nor let the Thoughts of Death perplex thy Fancy;
 But answer me to what I shall demand,
 With a firm Temper and unshaken Spirit.

BELVIDERA.

I will, when I've done weeping——

JAFFEIR.

Fy, no more on't——

How long is't since that miserable Day
 We wedded first?

BELVIDERA.

Oh!

JAFFEIR.

Nay, keep in thy Tears,
 Lest they unman me too.

BELVIDERA.

Heav'n knows, I cannot;
 The Words you utter sound so very sadly,
 These Streams will follow——

JAFFEIR.

Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

BELVIDERA.

But was't a miserable Day?

JAFFEIR.

A curst one.

BELVIDERA.

I thought it otherwise; and you've oft sworn
 In the transporting Hours of warmest Love,
 When sure you spoke the Truth, you've sworn you bleſſ'd it.

JAFFEIR.

'Twas a rash Oath.

BELVIDERA.

Then why am I not curst too?

JAFFEIR.

No, *Belvidera*, by th' eternal Truth,
 I doat with too much Fondness.

BELVIDERA.

Still so kind!

Still then do you love me?

JAFFEIR.

Nature, in her Workings,
 Inclines not with more Ardour to Creation,
 Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was bleſſ'd,
 Since the first Pair first met, as I have been.

BELVIDERA.

Then ſure you will not curse me.

JAFFEIR.

No, I'll bleſſ thee.
 I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to bleſſ thee.
 'Tis now, I think, three Years we've liv'd together.

BELVIDERA.

And may no fatal Minute ever part us,
 'Till reverend grown, for Age and Love, we go
 Down to one Grave, as our last Bed, together.
 There ſleep in Peace 'till an eternal Morning.

JAFFEIR.

When will that be?

[Sighing.]

BELVIDERA.

I hope long Ages hence.

JAFFEIR.

Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
 Thy very Fears) us'd thee with tender'ſt Love?
 Did e'er my Soul rise up in Wrath againſt thee?
 Did I e'er frown when *Belvidera* ſmil'd,
 Or, by the leaſt unfriendly Word, betray
 Abating Paſſion? have I ever wrong'd thee?

BELVIDERA.

No.

JAFFEIR.

Has my Heart, or have my Eyes e'er wander'd
 To any other Woman?

BELVIDERA.

Never, never---

I were the worst of false Ones, should I accuse thee.
 I own I've been too happy, bleſſ'd above
 My Sex's Charter.

JAFFEIR.

Did I not say I came to bleſſ thee?

BELVIDERA.

Yes.

JAFFEIR.

Then hear me, bounteous Heav'n;
 Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,
 Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,
 With a continual giving Hand; let Peace,
 Honour, and Safety always hover round her:
 Feed her with Plenty, let her Eyes ne'er fee
 A Sight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning:
 Crown all her Days with Joy, her Nights with Rest,
 Harmless as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue,
 To bear the Loss of one that too much lov'd;
 And comfort her with Patience in our Parting.

BELVIDERA.

How, parting; parting?

JAFFEIR.

Yes, for ever parting;
 I have sworn, *Belvidera*, by yon Heav'n,
 That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
 We part this Hour for ever.

BELVIDERA.

Oh call back
 Your cruel Blessing; stay with me and curse me!

JAFFEIR.

No, 'tis resolv'd.

BELVIDERA.

Then hear me too, just Heav'n;
 Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head
 With never-ceasing Vengeance; let Despair,
 Danger or Infamy, nay, all surround me;
 Starve me with Wantings; let my Eyes ne'er fee

A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace ;
 But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors,
 Wild as my own Thoughts now, and let loose Fury
 To make me mad enough for what I lose,
 If I must lose him. If I must ! I will not.
 Oh turn and hear me.

JAFFEIR.

Now hold, Heart, or never.

BELVIDERA.

By all the tender Days we've liv'd together,
 By all our charming Nights, and Joys that crown'd 'em,
 Pity my sad Condition ; speak, but speak.

JAFFEIR.

Oh.

BELVIDERA.

By these Arms that now cling round thy Neck,
 By this dear Kiss, and by ten thousand more,
 By these poor streaming Eyes —

JAFFEIR.

Murder ! un-hold me :

By the immortal Destiny that doom'd me, [Draws his Dagger.]

To this curs'd Minute, I'll not live one longer ;
 Resolve to let me go, or see me fall —

BELVIDERA.

Hold, Sir, be patient.

JAFFEIR.

Hark, the dismal Bell [Passing-Bell tolls.]
 Tolls out for Death ! I must attend its Call too ;
 For my poor Friend, my dying *Pierre* expects me ;
 He sent a Message to require I'd see him
 Before he dy'd, and take his last Forgiveness.
 Farewel for ever.

BELVIDERA.

Leave thy Dagger with me.

Bequeath me something — Not one Kiss at parting ?
 Oh my poor Heart, when wilt thou break ?

[Going out, looks back at her.]

JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Yet stay.

We have a Child, as yet a tender Infant,
 Be a kind Mother to him when I'm gone,
 Breed him in Virtue and the Paths of Honour,
 But let him never know his Father's Story;
 I charge thee guard him from the Wrongs my Fate
 May do his future Fortune, or his Name.

Now——nearer yet—— [Approaching each other.
 Oh that my Arms were rivetted
 Thus round thee ever! but my Friends, my Oath!
 This, and no more. [Kisses her.

BELVIDERA.

Another, sure another,
 For that poor little One you've ta'en such Care of,
 I'll give't him truly.

JAFFEIR.

So, now farewell.

For ever?

JAFFEIR.

Heav'n knows for ever; all good Angels guard thee. [Exit.

BELVIDERA.

All ill ones sure had Charge of me this Mointent.
 Curst be my Days, and doubly curst my Nights,
 Which I must now mourn out in Widow'd Tears;
 Blasted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree;
 Curst be the Rain that falls upon the Earth,
 And may the general Curse reach Man and Beast;
 Oh give me Daggers, Fire or Water;
 How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the Waves
 Huzzing and booming round my sinking Head,
 'Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom!
 Oh there's all Quiet, Here all Rage and Fury;
 The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain:
 I long for thick substantial Sleep: Hell! Hell!
 Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,

320. VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,

If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter PRIULI and Servants.

Who's there?

[They seize her.

PRIULI.

Run, seize, and bring her safely Home,
Guard her as you would Life: Alas, poor Creature!

BELVIDERA.

What, to my Husband? then conduct me quickly:
Are all Things ready? shall we die most gloriously?
Say not a Word of this to my old Father:
Murmuring Streams, soft Shades, and springing Flowers,
Lutes, Laurels, Seas of Milk, and Ships of Amber. [Ex.

SCENE opening, discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepared
for the executing of PIERRE; then enter Officers, PIERRE,
and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great Rabble.

OFFICER.

Room, Room there—stand all by, make Room for
the Prisoner.

PIERRE.

My Friend not come yet?

FRIAR.

Why are you so obstinate?

PIERRE.

Why you so troublesome, that a poor Wretch
Can't die in Peace,
But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round him?

FRIAR.

Yet, Heav'n—

PIERRE.

I tell thee, Heav'n and I are Friends:
I ne'er broke Peace with't yet by cruel Murders,
Rapine or Perjury, or vile Deceiving:
But liv'd in moral Justice towards all Men;
Nor am a Foe to the most strong Believers,
Howe'er my own short-sighted Faith confine me.

FRIAR.

F R I A R.

But an all-seeing Judge—

P I E R R E.

You say my Conscience
Must be my Accuser: I have search'd that Conscience,
And find no Records there of Crimes that scare me.

F R I A R.

'Tis strange you should want Faith..

P I E R R E.

You want to lead
My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
Check'd of its nobler Vigour: then when baited
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
And strew strange Tricks, which you, call Signs of Faith.
So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money.
Away, no more: Captain, I'd have hereafter
This Fellow write no Lies of my Conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled Hours..

Enter J A F F E I R..

J A F F E I R:

Hold: Eyes be dry; Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous Sight, and humble me to take,
The last Forgiveness of a dying Friend;
Betray'd by my vile Falshood to his Ruin:
Oh Pierre!

P I E R R E..

Yet nearer.

J A F F E I R.

Crawling on my Knees,
And prostrate on the Earth let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injur'd Face,
That always us'd to smile with Friendship on me?
It darts an Air of so much manly Virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy Sight,
And Stripes are fitter for me, than Embraces.

322 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
PIERRE.

Dear to my Arms, tho' thou'st undone my Fame,
I can't forget to love thee: pr'ythee, Jaffeir,
Forgive that filthy Blow my Passion dealt thee;
I'm now preparing for the Land of Peace,
And fain would have the charitable Wishes
Of all good Men, like thee, to bless my Journey.

JAFFEIR.

Good! I'm the vilest Creature, worse than e'er
Suffer'd the shameful Fate thou'rt going to taste of.
Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?
Call, call me Villain, as I am; describe
The foul Complexion of my hateful Deeds;
Lead me to th' Rack, and stretch me in thy Stead,
I've Crimes enough to give it its full Load,
And do it Credit: thou wilt but spoil the use on't,
And honest Men hereafter bear its Figure
About 'em as a Charm from treacherous Friendship.

OFFICER.

The Time grows short, your Friends are dead already.

JAFFEIR.

Dead!

PIERRE.

Yes, dead, Jaffeir; they've all dy'd like Men too,
Worthy their Character.

JAFFEIR.

And what must I do?

PIERRE.

Oh Jaffeir!

JAFFEIR.

Speak aloud thy burden'd Soul,
And tell thy Troubles to thy tortur'd Friend.

PIERRE.

Friend!

Couldst thou yet be a Friend, a generous Friend,
I might hope Comfort from thy noble Sorrows,
Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

And I kind one,

That would not thus scorn my repenting Virtue,
Or think when he's to die my Thoughts are idle.

PIERRE.

No: Live, I charge thee, Jaffeir.

JAFFEIR.

Yes, I'll live.

But it shall be to see thy Fall reveng'd
At such a Rate, as *Venice* long shall groan for.

PIERRE.

Wilt thou?

JAFFEIR.

I will, by Heav'n.

PIERRE.

Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh — yet — shall I trust thee?

JAFFEIR.

No, I've been false already.

PIERRE.

Dost thou love me?

JAFFEIR.

Rip up my Heart, and satisfy thy Doubtings.

PIERRE.

Curse on this Weakness.

[He Weeps.]

JAFFEIR.

Tears! Amazement! Tears!

I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy Bosom
That must have Vent: tho' I'm a Villain, tell me.

PIERRE.

See'st thou that Engine? [Pointing to the Wheel.]

JAFFEIR.

Why?

PIERRE.

Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been crown'd with Conquest,

24 VENICE PRESERV'D: Or,
Be expos'd a common Carcase on a Wheel?

JAFFEIR.

Hah!

PIERRE.

Speak! is't fitting?

JAFFEIR.

Fitting?

PIERRE.

Yes, is't fitting?

JAFFEIR.

What's to be done?

PIERRE.

I'd have thee undertake

Something that's noble, to preferve my Memory,
From the Disgrace that's ready to attaint it.

OFFICER.

The Day grows late, Sir.

PIERRE.

I'll make haste! Oh Jaffeir,

Though thou'lt betray'd me, do me some way Justice.

JAFFEIR.

No more of that: Thy Wishes shall be satisfy'd;
I have a Wife, and she shall bleed; my Child too.
Yield up his little Throat, and all t' appeafe thee —

[Going away, Pierre holds him.

PIERRE.

No — this — no more!

[He whispers Jaffeir.

JAFFEIR.

Hah! Is't then so?

PIERRE.

Most certainly.

JAFFEIR.

I'll do't.

PIERRE.

Remember.

OFFICER.

Sir.

PIERRE.

PIERRE.

Come, now I am ready.

[He and Jaffeir ascend the Scaffold.]

Captain, you should be a Gentleman of Honour,

Keep off the Rabble, that I may have Room

To entertain my Fate, and die with Decency.

Come! [Takes off his Gown, Executioner prepares to bind him.]

FRIAR.

Son!

PIERRE.

Hence, Tempter.

OFFICER.

Stand off, Priest.

PIERRE.

I thank you, Sir;

You'll think on't?

[To Jaffeir.]

JAFFEIR.

Twont grow stale before To-morrow.

PIERRE.

Now Jaffeir! now I am going. Now;

[Executioners having bound him.]

JAFFEIR.

Have at thee,

Thou honest Heart, then—here—

[Stabs him.]

And this is well too.

[Then stabs himself.]

FRIAR.

Damnable Deed!

PIERRE.

Now thou hast indeed been faithful.

This was done nobly—We have deceiv'd the Senate.

JAFFEIR.

Bravely,

PIERRE.

Ha, ha, ha—oh, oh—

[Dies.]

JAFFEIR.

Now ye curs'd Rulers,

Thus of the Blood y'ave shed I make Libation,

Anl

And sprinkle't mingling: May it rest upon you,
And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a Stranger
Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waste
Your Generation—O poor Belvidera!

Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in Safety to her.
A Token, that with my dying Breath I bless'd her,
And the dear little Infant left behind me.

I'm sick——I'm quiet——

[Jaffeir dies.]

OFFICER.

Bear this News to the Senate,
And guard their Bodies 'till there's farther Order:
Heav'n grant I die so well— [Scene shuts upon them.]

Soft Musick. Enter BELVIDERA distraeted, led by two of her
Women, PRULI and Servants.

PRULI.

Strengthen her Heart with Patience, pitying Heav'n.

BELVIDERA.

Come, come, come, come, come, nay come to Bed,
Pr'ythee my Love. The Winds; hark how they whistle?
And the Rain beats: Oh how the Weather shrinks me!
You are angry now, who cares? Pish, no indeed.
Chuse then, I say you shall not go, you shall not.
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!

[Jaffeir's Ghost rises.]

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come again.
Am I to blame to love him? Oh thou dear one.

[Ghost sinks.]

Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?
Jaffeir, where art thou? Father, Why do you do thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here somewhere.
Stand off I say: What, gone? Remember't Tyrant!
I may revenge me for this Trick one Day.
I'll do't—I'll do't. Renault's a nasty Fellow;
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter OFFICER and others.

PRIULI.

News, what News? [Officer whispers Priuli.]

OFFICER.

Most sad, Sir.

Jaffeir, upon the Scaffold, to prevent
A shameful Death, stabb'd Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.

PRIULI.

Daughter.

BELVIDERA.

Ha, look there!

[The Ghosts of Jaffeir and Pierre rise together both bloody—
My Husband bloody, and his Friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? speak to me, thou sad Vision;

[Ghosts sink.]

On these poor trembling Knees I beg it: vanish'd—
Here they went down; Oh! I'll dig, dig the Den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffeir, Jaffeir.
Peep up and give me but a Look. I have him!
I've got him, Father: Oh! how I'll smuggle him!
My Love! my Dear! my Blessing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the Bottom.
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewel— [She dies.]

M A I D.

She's dead,

Breathless and dead.

PRIULI.

Then guard me from the Sight on't:
Lead me into some Place that's fit for Mourning;
Where the free Air, Light, and the cheerful Sun
May never enter: Hang it round with Black;
Set up one Taper that may last a Day,
As long as I've to live: And there all leave me:
Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,
But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate. [Curtain falls.]

[Exeunt Omnes.]

E P I-



E P I L O G U E.

TH E Text is done, and now for Application,
And when that's ended, pass your Approbation.
Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there ;
And there's a certain Faction fain would sway,
If they had Strength enough, and damn this Play :
But this the Author bade me boldly say ;
If any take this Plainness in ill Part,
He's glad on't from the Bottom of his Heart ;
Poets in Honour of the Truth should write,
With the same Spirit brave Men for it fight.
And though against him causeless Hatreds rise,
And daily where he goes of late, he spies
The Scowles of sullen and revengeful Eyes ;
'Tis what he knows with much Contempt, to bear,
And serves a Cause too good to let him fear :
He fears no Peison from an incens'd Drab,
No Ruffian's five-foot Sword, nor Rascal's Stab ;
Nor any other Snares of Mischief laid,
Nor a Rose-Alley Cudgel-Ambuscade,
From any private Cause where Malice reigns,
Or general Pique all Blockheads have to Brains :
Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call ;
No, not the * Picture-mangler at Guild-Hall.
The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
Have now set forward, and their Course begun ;

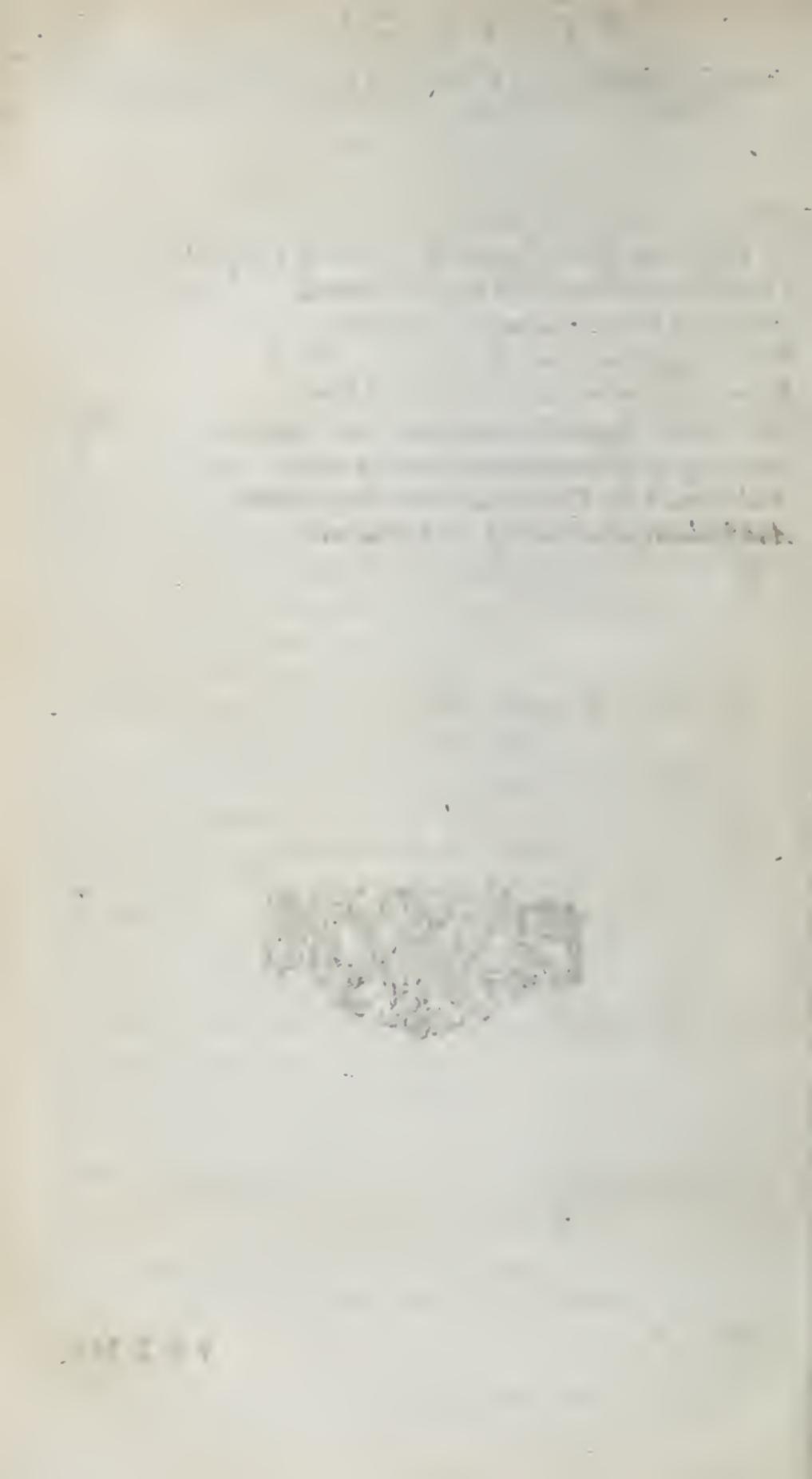
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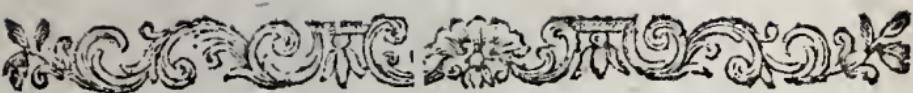
* The Rascal that cut the Duke of York's Picture.

E P I L O G U E.

And while that Prince's Figure they deface,
As they before had massacred his Name,
Durft their base Fears but look him in the Face,
They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame:
A Face in which such Lineaments they read
Of that great Martyr's, whose rich Blood they shed,
That their rebellious Hate they still retain,
And in his Son would murder him again.
With Indignation then, let each brave Heart
Rouze, and unite to take his injur'd Part;
'Till Royal Love and Goodness call him Home,
And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come;
'Till Heav'n his Honour, and our Peace restores,
And Villains never wrong his Virtue more.







P O E M S

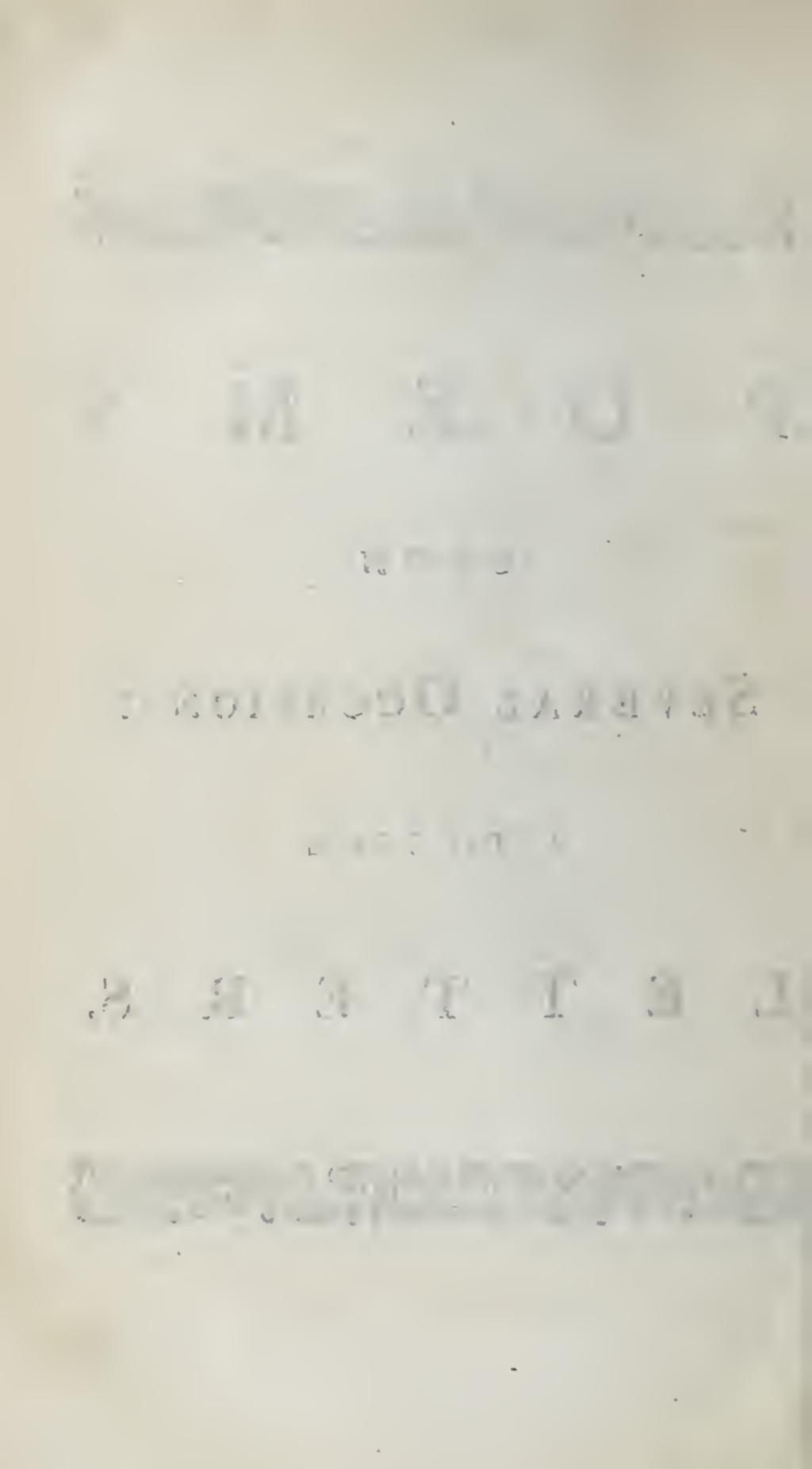
U P O N

S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S :

W I T H S O M E

L E T T E R S.







E P I S T L E

T O

Mr. D U K E.

Y much lov'd Friend, when thou art from my Eyes
How do I loath the Day, and Light despise.
M Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome
Guest,

For tho' it bring small Ease, it hides at least ;
Or if e'er Slumbers and my Eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing Dreams of thee.
Last Night methought (Heav'n make the next as kind)
Free as first Innocence, and unconfin'd
As our first Parents in their *Eden* were,
E'er yet condemn'd to eat their Bread with Care ;
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above,
Mild as our Friendship, springing as our Love ;
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd every Tree,
And sung their joyful Songs of Liberty ;
Whi'e thro' the gladsome Choir well-pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our present valu'd State thus talk'd :
How happy are we in this sweet Retreat ?
Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great ?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the Bait ?
What Fish of Sense would on that Shallow lie,
Amongst the little starving wriggling Frie,

That

That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd Paste ;
 When the wide River he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to Liberty and Ease ?
 No Cares or Busiess here disturb our Hours,
 While underneath these shady, peaceful Bowers,
 In cool Delight and Innocence we stray,
 And midst a thousand Pleasures waste the Day ;
 Sometimes upon a River's Bank we lie,
 Where skimming Swallows o'er the Surface fly ;
 Just as the Sun declining, with his Beams,
 Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams ;
 Amidst whose Current rising Fishes play,
 And roll in wanton Liberty away.
 Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Bush,
 On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
 Nightly their solemn Orgies meeting keep,
 And sing their Vespers ere they go to sleep :
 There we two lie, between us may be's spread
 Some Book, few understand, tho' many read.
 Sometimes we *Virgil*'s sacred Leaves turn o'er,
 Still wond'ring, and still finding Cause for more;
 How *Juno*'s Rage did good *Aeneas* vex,
 Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
 In *Dido*'s State, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd ;
 He knew the fatal Danger of her Charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his Virtue in her Arms.
 Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
 Their gentle Friendship, and their martial Fire ;
 We praise their Valour, 'cause yet matcht by none,
 And love their Friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our Minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our Transports, or our Longings tell,
 To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well ?

With Thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two Things in sweet Retirement much desir'd,
A generous Bottle and a lovesome She,
Are th' only Joys in Nature next to Thee :
To which retiring quietly at Night,
If (as that only can) to add Delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two we wish for there,
Dear *B——ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Adderly, honest as the Sword he wears,
Wilson, professing Friendship, yet a Friend,
Or——*Short*, beyond what Numbers can commend,
Finch, full of Kindness, gen'rous as his Blood,
Watchful to do to modest Merit good ;
Who have forsook the wild tumultuous Town,
And for a Taste of Life to us come down,
With eager Arms how closely then w'brace,
What Joy's in every Heart, and every Face !
The mod'rate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choicest Meats at least, tho' not with Store :
Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain.
Each waited on by a bright virgin Glass,
Clean, sound and shining like its Drinker's Lass.
Then down we sit, while every Genius tries,
T'improve, 'till he deserves his Sacrifice.
No saucy Hour presumes to stint Delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis Night :
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes the obedient Treasure of his Heart,
And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
Where no vexatious Cares come near his Head,
But every Sense with perfect Pleasure's fed ;
'Till in full Joy dissolv'd each falls asleep,
With twining Limbs, that still love's Posture keep,
At Dawn of Morning to renew Delight ;
So quiet craving Love 'till the next Night ;

Then

Then we the drowsy Cells of Sleep forsake,
 And to our Books our earliest Visit make ;
 Or else our Thoughts to their Attendance call,
 And there methinks, Fancy fits Queen of all ;
 While the poor under Faculties resort,
 And to her sickly Majesty make court ;
 The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully ; no Ent'rance to be had.

Next comes the Will, that Bully of the Mind,
 Follies wait on him in a Troop behind ;
 He meets Reception from the antick Queen,
 Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
 Attended by those fine-drest Gentlemen.

Reason, the honest Counsellor this knows,
 And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes ;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular Sway !

Then how the flattering Follies sneak away ?
 This Image when it came, too fiercely shook
 My Brain, which it soft Quiet straight forsook ;
 When waking as I cast my Eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found ;
 No Grove, no Freedom, and what's worse to me,
 No Friend ; for I have none compar'd with thee.

Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd ; which to divert I fram'd this Pray'r.
 Gods ! Life's your Gift, then season't with such Fate,
 That what ye meant a Blessing prove no Weight.
 Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd,
 Of this your Play-thing made in Haste, the World ;
 But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
 By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease ;
 The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
 Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as you can,
 Set me in Power, the woful'st State of Man ;
 To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a Prey :
 But make Life what I ask, or take't away.



The Poet's Complaint of his Muse.

AN ODE.

I.

TO a high Hill, where never yet stood Tree,
 Where only Heath, coarse Fern, and Furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing Air).
 The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
 Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
 Which did too much his pensive Mind amaze,
 A wandring Bard, whose Muse was crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous Follies of the buzzing Town,
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down.
 'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
 Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
 When by the Word it first was made,
 Ere God had said,
 Let Grafs and Herbs and every green Thing grow,
 With fruitful Trees after their Kind ; and it was so.
 The whistling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
 Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed ;
 Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he cast,
 Where we are told Peace only's found at last :
 And as he did its hopeless Distance see,
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me ?

II.

Nor ended there his Moan :
 The Distance of his future Joy
 Had been enough to give him Pain alone ;
 But who can undergo
 Despair of Ease to come, with Weight of present Woe ?

Down his afflicted Face

The trickling Tears had stream'd so fast apace,
As left a Path worn by their briny Race.

Swoln was his Breast with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as useless fell.

While the poor Trunk (unable to sustain
Itself) lay rackt, and shaking with its Pain.
I heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by Pity) went aside, to see

What the sad Cause could be

Had press'd his State so low, and rais'd his Plaints so high.

On me he fixt his Eyes, I crav'd,

Why so forlorn ? He vainly rav'd,

Peace to his Mind I did commend.

But, oh ! my Words were hardly at an End,

When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,

My much-lov'd Friend : so down I fate,

And begg'd that I might Share his Fate :

I laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale

Of Sighs he eas'd his Breast, and thus began his Tale.

III.

I am a Wretch of honest Race :

My Parents not obscure, nor high in Titles were :

They left me Heir to no Disgrace,

My Father was (a Thing now rare)

Loyal and brave ; my Mother chaste and fair.

Their Pledge of Marriage-vows was only I ;

Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy ;

They gave me generous Education high,

They strove to raise my Mind, and with it grew their Joy.

The Sages that instructed me in Arts

And Knowledge, oft would praise my Parts,

And cheer my Parents longing Hearts.

When I was call'd to a Dispute,

My Fellow-Pupils oft stood mute :

Yet never Envy did disjoin

Their Hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.

Thus

Thus my first Years in Happiness I past,

Nor any bitter Cup did Taste:

But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last.

As I lay loosely on my Bed,

A thousand pleasant Thoughts triumphing in my Head,

And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed,

A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I

Was with myself I saw not who was nigh)

Pierc'd thro' my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander's* dead,

It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frightened

Senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad Discontent, uneasy Fears,

And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,

Grew with succeeding Years,

The World was wide, but whither should I go?

I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,

Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?

To Britain's great Metropolis I stray'd,

Where Fortune's general Game is play'd;

Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,

But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd,

My forward Spirit prompted me to find

A Converse equal to my Mind:

But by raw Judgment easily misled,

(As giddy callow Boys

Are very fond of Toys)

I miss'd the Brave and Wise, and in their stead

On every Sort of Vanity I fed.

Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,

Bullies of o'ergrown Bulks, and little Souls,

Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (such as think

Mischievous midnight Frolics bred by Drink

Are Gallantry and Wit,

Because to their lewd Understandings fit)

Were those wherewith two Years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigible bent :
'Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd such Charms,
T' ensnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart :
Or when she had him in her Arms,
Secur'd his Love with greater Art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
No Beauty with my Muse's might compare.
Lofty she seem'd, and on her Front sat a majestick Air,
Awful, yet kind : severe, yet fair.
Upon her Head a Crown she bore
Of Laurel, which she told me should be mine :
And round her Ivory Neck, she wore
A Rope of largest Pearl. Each Part of her did shine
With Jewels and with Gold,
Numberless to be told ;
Which in Imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, these Riches all, my Darling shall be thine,
Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my Fortune and my Name,
By Royal Favour, and by endless Fame ;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold,
Thus by the Arts of this most fly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching Bondage brought.
Eternal Constancy we swore,
A thousand Times our Vows were doubled o'er.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
No Pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young Lover half so fond
 When first his Pusillage he lost,
 Or could of half my Pleasure boast.
 We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, Closets, Fields and Groves,
 Bore Witness of our daily Loves ;
 And on the Bark of every Tree

You might the Marks of our Endearments see,
 Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits
 Of Satire, (written when a Poet meets
 His Muse in Caterwauling Fits)

You might on every Rind behold and swear
 I and my *Clio* had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muse too I was blest
 With Offsprings of the choicest Kinds,
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest Minds,
 And been approv'd by Judgments of the best.

But in this most transporting Height :
 Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ;
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone :
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone.

I try'd if I a Verse could frame,
 Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s Name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd.

I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curs'd my dull Skull and rail'd,
 Resolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the last
 prevail'd.

A Line came forth, but such a one,
 No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth Pains,
 Full of the joyful Hopes to bear a Son,
 Was more astonish'd at the unlook'd-for Shape
 Of some deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
 Than I was at the hideous Issue of my Brains.

I tore my Paper, stabb'd my Pen,
 And swore I'd never write again,
 Resolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
 But when my Reck'ning I began to make,
 I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;
 I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false Sake
 I did myself undo,
 Had robb'd me of my dearest Store,
 My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too ;
 And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base Bonds my Folly had enthralld,
 I straight to Council call'd ;
 Like some old faithful Friend, whom long ago
 I had cashier'd, to please my flattering Fair.
 To me with Read'res he did repair ;
 Exprest much tender Clearfulness, to find
 Experience had restor'd him to my Mind ;
 And loyally did to me shew,
 How much himself he did abuse,
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive treacherous
 I ask'd the Causes why. He said, [Muse.]

'Twas never known a Muse c'er staid
 When Fortune fled ; for Fortune is a Bawd
 To all the Nine that on *Parnassus* dwell
 Where those so fam'd, delightful Fountains swell
 Of Poetry, which there does ever flow ;
 And where Wit's lusty shining God,
 Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.

So whilst our Fortune smiles, our Thoughts aspire,
 Pleasure and Fame's our Business, and Desire.

Then, too, if we find
 A Promptness in the Mind,
 The Muse is always ready ; always kind.
 But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
 Her Favour, all our Pleasure, and rich Fancy dies, [flies.
 And then th' young slippery Jilt, the Muse, too from us }

VIII.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due ;
And as right Search into myself I made,

I found all he had said

Was very honest, very true.

Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend !

And much my Muse I could not discommend ;

For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's Grace,

She always turn'd her Back, and fled from me apace, }
And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her Face.

Then to confirm me more,

He drew the Veil of Dotage from my Eyes : }
See here, my Son, (said he) the valued Prize ;

Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise. }
I look'd, and saw the rampant tawdry Quean,

With a more horrid Train,

Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,

Or haunted Cloris in the Mall.

The first was he who stunk of that rank Verse

In which he wrote his *Sodden Farce* ;

A Wretch whom old Diseases did so bite,

That he writ Bawdry sure in Spight,

To ruin and disgrace it quite.

Philosophers of old did so express

Their Art, and shew'd it in their Nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering Sot

Who a late *Sesson of the Peets* wrote.

Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool ;

By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.

The other Birds have hooted him from Light ;

Much buffeting has made him love the Night,

And only in the Dark he strays ;

Still Wretch enough to live, with worse Fools spends }
his Days,

And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.

Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,

Lord Lampon and Monsieur Song ;

Who sought her Love, and promis'd for't
 To make her famous at the Court.
 The *City Poet* too was there,
 In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the Honour
 To beget a *Pageant* on her,
 For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.
 Her Favours she to none deny'd :
 They took her all by Turns aside.
 'Till at the last up in the Rear there came
 The Poet's Scandal and the Muse's Shame,
 A Beast of monstrous Guise, and *LIBEL* was his Name. }
 But let me Pause, for 'twill ask Time to tell
 How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he
 now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
 Down in an obscure Vale,
 'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours rise,
 Where never Sun was seen by Eyes,
 Under a desert Wood,
 Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
 And kept their horrid Dens, by Prey far forag'd fed,
 An ill pil'd Cottage stood,
 Built of Mens Bones slaughter'd in the civil War,
 By magick Art brought thither from afar.
 There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
 That us'd to mumble Curses Eve and Morn,
 Like one whom Wants and Care had worn ;
 Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes,
 Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.
 She appear'd humble, but it was her Pride :
 Slow in her Speech, in Semblance sanctify'd.
 Still when she spoke she meant another Way ;
 And when she curst she seem'd to pray.
 Her hellish Charms had all a holy Dres,
 And bore the Name of *Godlines*. }
 All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace.

Honest Habits they all wore,

In outward Show most Lamb-like and Divine :

But inward of all Vices they had Store,

Greedy as Wolves, and sensual too as Swine.

Like her, the sacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,

Most easily could quote, and turn it to any Part,

Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,

And for their Turn, interpret backward too.

Idolatry with her was held impure,

Because besides herself no Idol she'd endure.

Though not to paint, sh'd Arts to change the Face,

And alter it in heav'nly Fashion.

Lewd Whining she defin'd a *Mark of Grace*,

And making ugly Faces was *Mortification*.

Her late dead Pander was of well-known Fame,

Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his Name :

She a sworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,

So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us !) *THE GOOD*

OLD CAUSE.

X.

A Time there was, (a sad one too)

When all Things wore the Face of Woe,

When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,

And a *destroying Angel* was sent down,

To scourge the Pride of this rebellious Town.

He came and o'er all *Britain* stretch'd his conqu'ring Hand :

'Till in th' untrodden Streets unwholesome Grafs

Grew of great Stalk, its Colour grofs,

And melancholick pois'nous green ;

Like those coarse sickly Weeds on an old Dunghill seen,

Where some Murrain-murder'd Hog,

Poison'd Cat, or strangled Dog,

In Rottenness had long unburied laid,

And the cold Soil productive made.

Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,

And by their Cries had us for Graves prepare ;

And as our Destiny they seem'd to unfold,
 Dropt dead of the same Fate they had foretold.
 That dire Commission ended, down there came
 Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame*:

Desolation soon he made,

And our new *Sodom* low in Ashes laid.

Distractions and Distrusts then did amongst us rise,

When, in her pious old Disguise,
 This *Witch* with all her Mischief-making Train
 Began to shew herself again.

The Sons of old *Rebellion* straight she summoñ'd all;

Straight they were ready at her Call:

Once more th' old Bait before their Eyes she cast,
 That and her Love they long'd to taste;

And to her Lust she drew them all at last.

So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore)

Was led astray, and had Pollution with his Father's Whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd Intent

In Safety from observing Eyes,

Th' old Strumpet did herself disguise

In comely Weeds, and to the City went,

Affected Truth, much Modesty, and Graee,

And (like a worn-out Suburb-Trull) past there for a new Face.

Thither all her Lover's flock'd,

And there for her Support she found

A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does sound,

With all Ingredients for his Bus'ness stockt,

Not unlike him whose Story has a Place

In th' Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.

Of all her Bus'ness he took Care,

And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair,

Had by him Admittance there.

By his Contrivance to her did resort,

All who had been disgusted at the Court;

Thos.

Those whose Ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill Manners had Preferments lost,
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
 Lay nearest to her Heart, and oft'nest in her Arms.
 Interest in every Faction, every Sect she sought :
 And to her Lure, flatt'ring their Hopes, she brought
 All those who use Religion for a Fashion,
 All such as practise Forms, and take great Pains
 To make their *Godliness* their *Gains*,
 And thrive by the Distractions of a Nation,
 She by her Art ensnar'd and setter'd in her Chains.
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase *Toleration*,
 The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spendthrift *Lands*,
 Out of the *King's* or *Bishop's* Hands.
 Nay, to her Side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong Multitude :
 Promis'd strange *Liberties*, and sure Redress
 Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances* :
 Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
 With *May-day* Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Paste-board* *Popes*.

XII.

With her in common Lust did mingle all the Crew,
 'Till at the last she pregnant grew,
 And from her Womb, in little Time, brought forth
 This monstrous, most detested Birth.
 Of Children born with Teeth we've heard,
 And some like Comets with a Beard,
 Which seem'd to be Forerunners of dire Change :
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
 A Form like this so hideous and so strange.
 To help whose Mother in her Pains, there came
 Many a well known Dame.
 The Bawd *Hypocrisy* was there,
 And Madam *Impudence* the fair :

Dame *Scandal* with her squinting Eyes,
 That loves to set good Neighbours at Debate,
 And raise Commotions in a jealous State,
 Was there, and *Malice Queen* of far-spread Lies,
 With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.

But Midwife *Mutiny*, that busy Drab,
 That's always talking, always loud,
 Was she that first took up the Babe,
 And of the Office most was proud.

Behold its Head of horrid Form appears :
 To spight the Pillory it had no Ears.

When straight the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely Kin
 To the blest Family of *Pryn*.

But *Scandal* offer'd to depose her Word,
 Or Oath, the Father was a Lord.

The Nose was ugly, long and big,
 Broad and snouty like a Pig ;

Which shew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig ;
 Love to cast stinking Satires up in ill-pil'd Rhimes,
 And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by Turns to take him,
 And a hopeful Youth to make him,
 To Nurse he straight was sent

To a *Sister-Witch*, though of another Sort,
 One who profess'd no Good, nor any meant :

All Day she practis'd Charms, by Night she hardly slept,
 Yet in the Outcasts of a Northern factious Town,

A little smoaky Mansion of her own,
 Where her Familiars to her did resort,

A Cell she kept,

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God ;
 And many an ugly loathsome Toad

Crawl'd round her Walls, and croak'd.

Under her Roof, all dismal black and smoak'd,
 Harbour'd Beetles and unwholesome Bats,

Sprawling Nests of little Cats :

}

All

All which were Imps she cherish'd with her Blood,
 To make her Spells succeed and good.
 Still at her rivell'd Breasts they hung, whene'er Mankind
 she curst,
 And with these Foster-brethren was our *Monster* nurst.
 In little Time the Hell-bred Brat
 Grew plump and fat,
 Without his Leading-strings could walk,
 And (as the Sorceress taught him) talk.
 At seven Years old he went to School,
 Where first he grew a Foe to Rule.
 Never would he learn as taught,
 But still new Ways affected, and new Methods sought ;
 Not that he wanted Parts
 T' improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts ;
 But as negligent as fly,
 Of all Perverseness brutishly was full,
 (By Nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
 And was obstinately dull.
 'Till spight of Nature, through great Pains, the Sot,
 (And th' Influence of th' ill Genius of our Land)
 At last in Part began to understand.
 Some Insight in the *Latin* Tongue he got ;
 Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain Hand.
 For which his Guardians all thought fit,
 In Compliment to his most hopeful Wit,
 He should be sent to learn the Laws,
 And out of the *good old* to raise a damn'd *new Cause*.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
 As by Nature he was bent
 To search in hidden Paths, and Things long buried find,
 A Wretch's Converse much he did frequent :
 One who this World, as that did him, disown'd,
 And in an unfrequented Corner, where
 Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,

He led his hated Life,
 Needy, and even of Necessaries bare.
 No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife :
 But of a little Remnant, got by Fraud,
 (For all ill Turns he lov'd, all good detested) and believ'd
 no God.

Thrice in a Week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
 With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
 Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got,
 Not to be clean, but slake his Thirst.

He never blest himself, and all Things else he curst.
 The Cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
 Lay like a Den, unclean'd, unswept :
 And there those Jewels which he lov'd he kept;

Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
 Of Commons Privileges and the Rights of Lords.
 But bound up by themselves, with Care were laid
 All the *Acts, Resolves, and Orders* made
 By the old *Long Rump Parliament*,
 Thro' all the Changes of its Government :
 From which with Readiness he could debate
 Concerning Matters of the State,
 All down from *godly forty-one*, to *horrid forty-eight*.

XV.

His Friendship much our *Monster* sought
 By Instinct, and by Inclination too :
 So without much ado
 They were together brought.
 To him Obedience *Libel* swore, and by him was he taught ;
 He learnt of him all Goodness to detest ;
 To be ashamed of no Disgrace ;
 In all Things, but Obedience to be a Beast ;
 To hide a Coward's Heart, and show a hardy Face.
 He taught him to call Government a *Clog*,
 But to bear Beatings like a Dog :
 T'ave no Religion, Honesty or Sense,
 But to *profess* them all for a Pretence.

Fraught

Fraught with these Morals, he began
To compleat him more for Man :

Distinguish to him in an Hour

Twixt *Legislative* and *Judicial* Power ;

How to frame a *Commonwealth*,

And *Democracy* by Stealth ;

To palliate it at first, and cry,

'Twas but a *well mixt Monarchy*,

And *Treason Salus Populi* ;

Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,

By fair *Committees of Association* ;

How by a lawful Means to bring

In Arms against himself the *KING*,

With a distinguishing old Trick,

Twixt Persons *Natural* and *Politick* ;

How to make faithful *Servants Traitors*,

Thorough pac'd *Rebels Legislators*,

And at last *Troopers Adjutators*.

Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough

Of such like wordy canting Stuff

Our Blade set forth, and quickly grew

A Leader in a factious Crew.

Where'er he came, 'twas he first Silence broke,

And swell'd with every Word he spoke :

By which becoming fawcy Grace,

He gain'd Authority and Place :

By many for Preferments was thought fit,

For talking Treason without Fear or Wit :

For opening Failings in the State :

For loving noisy and unsound Debate,

And wearing of a mystical green Ribband in his Hat.

XVI.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's Skin,

He very dreadful grew.

But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,

And th' Hero to his Distaff drew,

His

His Foes that found him saw he was but Man :
 So when my faithless *Clio* by her Snare
 Had brought him to her Arms, and I surpriz'd him there,
 At once to hate and scorn him I began ;
 To see how foolishly sh'dad dreft,
 And for Diversion trickt the Beast.
 He was Poetry all o'er,
 On every Side, behind, before :
 About him nothing could I see,
 But parti-colour'd Poetry.
Painter's Advices, Litanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious Excess
 Of Ills that Malice could devise,
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious Press,
 Hung round about him like a Spell :
 And in his own Hand too was writ,
 That worthy Piece of modern Wit,
The Country's late Appeal.
 But from such Ills when will our wretched State
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this Serpent's Head ?
 'Tis said we may in ancient Legends read
 Of a huge Dragon sent by Fate
 To lay a sinful Kingdom waste :
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each Day with a Virgin broke his Fast : }
 'Till wretched Matrons curst their Wombs,
 So hardly was their Loss endur'd :
 The Lovers all despair'd, and sought their Tombs
 In the same Monster's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd.
 'Till, like our *Monster* too, and with the same
 Curst Ends, to the Metropolis he came.
 His Cruelties renew'd again,
 And every Day a Maid was slain.
 The Curse through every Family had past,
 When to the Sacrifice at last

Th' unhappy Monarch's only Child must bow :
 A Royal Daughter needs must suffer then, a *ROYAL
BROTHER* now.

XVII.

On him this Dragon *Libel* needs will prey ;

On him has cast

His sordid Venom, and profan'd

With spurious Verse his spotless Fame,

Which shall for ever stand

Unblemisht, and to Ages last,

When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame,

Else tell me why (some Prophet that is wise)

Heav'n took such Care

To make him every Thing that's rare,

Dear to the Heart, desirous to the Eyes.

Why do all good Men bless him as he goes ?

Why at his Presence shrink his Foes ?

Why do the Brave all strive his Honour to defend ?

Why through the World is he distinguish'd most

By Titles, which but few can boast,

A most *Just Master*, 'and a *Faithful Friend* ?

One who never yet did Wrong

To high or low, to old or young ?

Of him what Orphan can complain ?

Of him what Widow make her Moan ?

But such as wish him here again,

And mis his Goodness now he's gone.

If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true,

Then pr'ythee, Prophet, tell me too,

Why lives he in the World's Esteem,

Not one Man's Foe ? and why then are not all Men

Friends with him ?

XVIII.

Whene'er his Life was set at Stake

For his ungrateful Country's Sake,

What Dangers or what Labours did he ever shun ?

Or what Wonders has not done ?

Watchful all Night, and busy all the Day,
(Spreading his Fleet in Sight of *Holland's* Shore)
Triumphantly ye saw his Flags and Streamers play.

Then did the *English* Lion roar,

Whilst the *Belgian* couchant lay.

Big with the Thoughts of Conquest and Renown,
Of *Britain's* Honour, and his own,
To them he like a threat'ning Comet shin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind :
But constant as the Stars that never move ;
Or as Women would have Love.

The trembling Genius of their State

Lookt out, and straight shrunk back his Head,
To see our daring Banners spread.
Whilst in their Harbours they
Like batten'd Monsters weltring lay :

The Winds, when ours th'ad kiss'd, scorn'd with their
Flags to play.

But drooping like their Captain's Hearts,
Each Pendent, every Streamer hung.

The Seamen seem'd t'have lost their Arts.
Their Ships at Anchors now, of which w'had heard them
boast,
With ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings loose, by every Billow
tost,

Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unstrung ;
'Till at the last, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came :
Foxes in Councils and in Fight too grave ;
Seldom true, and now not brave.

They bluster'd out the Day with Shew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

XIX.

A bloody Battle next was fought,
And then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
To him then every Heart was open, down
From the great Man to the Clown ;

In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd:
 And as his Health round the glad Board did pass,
 Each honest Fellow cry'd, Fill full my Glass,
 And shew'd the Fulness of his Mind.
 No discontented Vermin of ill Times
 Durst then affront him but in Show,
 Nor *Libel* dash him with his dirty Rhimes :
 Nor may he live in Peace that does it now.
 And whose Heart would not wish so too
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous misled Foes
 Against him rose,
 With what heroick Grace
 He chose the Weight of Wrong to undergo ?
 No Tempest on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
 True Witness of the Innocence within,
 But when the Messengers did Mandates bring
 For his Retreat to foreign Land,
 Since sent from the relenting Hand
 Of the most loving *BROTHER*, kindest *KING* ;
 If in his Heart Regret did rise,
 It never 'scap'd his Tongue or Eyes ;
 With steady Virtue was allay'd,
 And like a mighty Conqu'ror, he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
 Sad as the Bus'ness, sullen too,
 As proud Men, when in vain they woo,
 Or Soldiers cheated of their Pay.
 The Court, where Pleasures us'd to flow,
 Became the Scene of Mourning and of Woe.
 Desolate was every Room,
 Where Men for News and Bus'ness use to come.
 With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes Men walk'd,
 In Corners, and with Caution talk'd.
 All Things prepar'd, the Hour grew near,
 When he must part : his last short Time was spent

In leaving Blessings on his Children dear.

To them with eager Haste and Love he went :

The eldest first embrac'd,

As new-born Day in Beauty bright,

But sad in Mind as deepest Night.

What tend'rest Hearts could say, betwixt them past ;

'Till Grief to close upon them crept :

So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.

Much of the Father in his Breast did rise,

When on the next he fix'd his Eyes,

A tender Infant in the Nurse's Arms,

Full of kind Play, and pretty Charms.

And as to give the farewell Kiss he near it drew,

About his manly Neck two little Arms it threw ;

Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his Stay,

And look'd kind Things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great Pomp of Grief was yet to come.

Th' appointed Time was almost past, [haste

Th' impatient Tides knock'd at the Shore, and bid him
To seek a foreign Home.

The Summons he resolv'd t'obey ;

Disdaining of his Suffering to complain,

Though every Step seem'd trod with Pain ;

So forth he came, attended on his Way

By a sad lamenting Throng,

That blest him and about him hung.

A Weight his generous Heart could hardly bear ;

But for the Comfort that was near,

His beauteous M A T E, the Fountain of his Joys,

That fed his Soul with Love ;

The Cordial that can mortal Pains remove,

To which all worldly Blessings else are Toys.

I saw them ready for Departure stand,

Just when approach'd the Monarch of our Land,
And took the charming Mourner by the Hand.

T' ex-

T' express all noblest Offices he strove,
Of Royal Goodness, and a Brother's Love.

Then down to the Shore-side,
Where, to convey them, did two Royal Barges ride,
With solemn Peace they past :
And there so tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by Sympathy to see them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-stander's Heart,
Then Hand in Hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate :
She ev'n amidst Afflictions Fair ;
He, though opprest, still Great.

Into th' expecting Boat with Haste they went ; [sent,
Where, as the troubled *Fair One* to the Shore some Wishes

For that dear Pledge she had left behind,
And as her Passion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of some Tears her Eyes beguil'd ;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kiss'd away ;

And as she wept, blusht with Disdain, and smil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-swoln *Thames* :

The well-struck Oars lave up the yielding Streams,
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wishing stood,
'Till they were got into the wider Flood ;
'Till lessen'd out of Sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore,





PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

Translated out of OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus, the Son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, for the Assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Sister Phædra they went on Board and sail'd to Chios, where being warn'd by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her Sister Phædra; who afterwards, in Theseus her Husband's Absence, fell in Love with Hippolytus her Son-in-Law, who had vow'd Celibacy, and was a Hunter: Wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this Epistle to give him an Account of her Passion.

IF thou'rt unkind, I ne'er shall Health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely Boy:
Read this, and reading how my Soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my Ruin pleas'd:
Thus Secrets safe to farthest Shores may move,
By Letters Foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad Tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd:
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to resist the Power of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:
He clear'd the Doubts that did my Mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that Breast of thine
Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!

Yet

Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll lose no Care,
Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'l find it fair.
But Love long breeding, to worst Pain does turn ;
Outward unharmed, within, within I burn !
As the young Bull our Courser yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find
No Rest, th' unwonted Weight so toils my Mind.
When young Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,
But in our riper Years with Rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing Rose,
Or the ripe Fruit that courts him as it grows ?
But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd
Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd ?
Oh in thy Love I shall no Hazard run ;
'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis coarsely done.
And now should Juno leave her Jove to me,
I'd quit that Jove, *Hippolytus*, for thee :
Believe me too with strange Desires I change,
Amongst wild Beasts I long with thee to range.
To thy Delights and *Delia* I incline,
Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine :
I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,
And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to chear,
Shaking my Dart ; then, the Chase ended, lye
Stretch'd on the Grafs : And wouldest not thou be by ?
Oft in light Chariots I with Pleasure ride,
And love myself the furious Steeds to guide.
Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I stray,
Or old *Cybele's* Priests, as mad as they
When under *Ida's* Hill they Off'rings pay :
Ev'n mad as those the Deities of Night
And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.

But

But still each little Interval I gain,
 Easily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain:
 Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,
 And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
 And to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:
 She, like my Mother, languisht to obtain,
 And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:
 The faithless *Theseus* by my Sister's Aid
 The Monster slew, and a safe Conquest made:
 Now in that Family my Right to save,
 I am at last on the same Terms a Slave:
 'Twas fatal to my Sister, and to me,
 She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee.
 Let Monuments of Triumph then be shown,
 For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.
 When first our Vows were to *Eleusis* paid,
 Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid:
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect Conquest gain,
 Whilst Love's fierce Fever rag'd in ev'ry Vein:
 White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head;
 A modest Blush thy comely Face o'erspread.
 That Face which may be terrible in Arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of Charms:
 I love the Man whose Fashion's least his Care,
 And hate my Sex's Coxcomb fine and fair;
 For whilst thus plain thy careless Locks let fly,
 Th' unpolisht Form is Beauty in my Eye.
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling Dart,
 I fix my Eyes and wonder at thy Art:
 To see thee poise the Jav'lin, moves Delight,
 And all thou dost is lovely in my Sight:
 But to the Woods thy Cruelty resign,
 Nor treat it with so poor a Life as mine:
 Must cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;
 Must she have all thy Vows and *Venus* none?

That

That Pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long ;
 Love makes the Weary firm, the Feeble strong.
 For *Cynthia's* Sake unbend and ease thy Bow ;
 Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
 And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was slain,
 Yet to *Aurora's* Love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old Age for Youth like thine.
 Under the spreading Shades her am'rous Boy,
 The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* could enjoy ;
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* fought,
 And to her Tribute paid of all he caught :
 Be thou and I the next blest *Sylvan* Pair ;
 Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Deserts are.
 With thee, thro' dang'rous Ways unknown before,
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful Boar.
 Between two Seas a little *Isthmus* lies,
 Where on each Side the beating Billows rise,
 There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
 More blest and pleas'd than in my native *Crete*.
 As we could wish, old *Theseus* is away
 At *Theffaly*, where always let him stay
 With his *Pirithous*, whom well I see
 Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
 Nor has he only thus exprest his Hate ;
 We both have suffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight :
 My Brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my Sister falsly ran away ;
 And left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a Prey :
 A warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,
 A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,
 From cruel *Theseus* yet her Death did find,
 Nor though she gave him thee, could make him kind ;
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in Spite,
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy Right :

And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
 Believe it his and none of *Phædra's* Fault :
 Rather, thou fairest Thing the Earth contains,
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of Mothers Pains :
 How canst thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled ?
 The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames ;
 Mother and Son are Notions, very Names
 Of worn-out Piety, in fashion then
 When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men :
 But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,
 And with his Sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove,
 When we express it in the closest Love.
 Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd,
 'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd ;
 And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown
 A Mother's Kindness to a grateful Son.
 No Need at Midnight in the Dark to stray,
 T' unlock the Gates, and cry, my Love, this Way,
 No busy Spies our Pleasures to betray. }
 But in one House, as heretofore, we'll live,
 In publick Kisses take ; in publick, give ;
 Though in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause
 From all, whilst none have Sense to guess the Cause :
 Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd ;
 So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
 For this I am an humble Suppliant grown ;
 Now where are all my Boasts of Greatness gone ?
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right :
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees ;
 What's decent no true Lover cares or sees :
 Shame, like a beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,
 But Beauties Blushes still are in my Face.

Forgive this fond Confession which I make,
 And then some Pity on my Suff'ring take.
 What though 'midst Seas my Father's Empire lies ?
 Though my great Grandfire thunder from the Skies ?
 What though my Father's Sire in Beams dreft gay,
 Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day ?
 Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,
 Then though thou wilt not me, their Honour save :
Jove's famous Island, *Crete*, in Dow'r I'll bring,
 And there shall my *Hippolytus* be King :
 For *Venus* Sake then hear and grant my Prayer,
 So may'st thou never love a scornful Fair ;
 In Fields so may *Diana* grace thee still,
 And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill ;
 So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
 Be kind, so may the Boar before thee fall ;
 So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,
 Though thou their Sex despise, thy Thirst allay.
 Millions of Tears to these my Pray'rs I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear Eyes of thine,
 Think that thou see'st the Streams that flow from mine.



To Mr. C R E E C H upon his Translation
 of L U C R E T I U S.

SIR,

WHEN your Book the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd ;
 For, as to some Good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read lest I should not commend.
Lucretius English'd ! 'twas a Work might shake
 The Pow'r of English Verse to undertake.

This all Men thought, but you are born, we find,
 T' out-do the Expectations of Mankind ;
 Since you've so well the noble Task perform'd,
 Envy's appeas'd, and Prejudice disarm'd :
 For when the rich Original we pursue,
 And by it try the Metal you produce ;
 Tho' there indeed the purest Ore we find,
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd :
 Thus when the great *Lucretius* gives a loose,
 And lashes to her Speed his fiery Muse ;
 Still with him you maintain an equal Pace,
 And bear full Stretch upon him all the Race ;
 But when in rugged Way we find him rein
 His Verse, and not so smooth a Stroke maintain ;
 There the Advantage he receives is found,
 By you taught Temper, and to chuse his Ground.
 Next, his Philosophy you've so exprest
 In genuine Terms so plain, yet neatly drest,
 Those Murd'lers that now mangle it all Day
 In Schools, may learn from you the easy Way,
 To let us know what they would mean and say :
 If *Aristotle's* Friends will shew the Grace,
 To wave for once their Statute in that Case :
 Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,
 And reach this Height, aim yet at Laurels higher :
 Secure great injur'd *Maro* from the Wrong,
 He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
 In *Helbourn Rhyme*, and lest the Book should fail,
 Expos'd with Pictures to promote the Sale ;
 So Tapsters set out *Signs*, for muddy Ale.
 You're only able to retrieve his Doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome* :
 For sure when *Julius* first this Isle subdu'd,
 Your Ancestors then mixt with *Roman* Blood ;
 Some near ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace*, those three Sons of Fame ;

Since to their Memory it is so true,
 And shews their Poetry so much in You.
 Go on in Pity to this wretched Isle,
 Which ignorant Poetafters do defile,
 With lousy Madrigals for Lyrick Verse ;
 Instead of Comedy with nasty Farce.
 Would *Plautus*, *Terence* e'er have been so lewd
 T' have dreft Jack-pudding up to catch the Crowd ?
 Or *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made,
 To shew a whining Fooi in Love betray'd,
 By some false Friend or slippery Chambermaid,
 Then ere he hangs himself bemoans his Fall
 In a dull Speech, and that fine Language call ?
 No, since we live in such a fulsome Age,
 When Nonsense loads the Press, and choaks the Stage ;
 When Blockheads will claim Wit in Nature's Spite,
 And every Dunce that starves, presumes to write,
 Exert yourself, defend the Muses Cause,
 Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws,
 Make the dead Ancients speak the *British* Tongue,
 That so each chattering Daw who aims at Song,
 In his own Mother Tongue may humbly read,
 What Engines yet are wanting in his Head,
 To make him equal to the mighty Dead.
 For of all Nature's Works we most should scorn,
 The Thing who thinks himself a Poet born ;
 Unbred, untaught he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
 And senselessly, as Squirrels jingle Bells.
 Such Things, Sir, here abound ; may therefore you
 Be ever to your Friends, the Muses, true :
 May our Defects be by your Powers supply'd,
 'Till as our Envy now, you grow our Pride.
 'Till by your Pen restor'd, in Triumph borne
 The Majesty of Poetry return.



*Spoken upon his Royal Highness the DUKE
of YORK's coming to the Theatre, Friday,
April 21, 1682.*

WHEN too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ease,
Had surfeited this Isle to a Disease ;
When noisome Blains did its best Parts o'erspread,
And on the rest their dire Infection shed ;
Our Great Physician, who the Nature knew
Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd for three Kingdoms Quiet (Sir) on You :
He cast his searching Eyes o'er all the Frame,
And finding whence before one Sickness came,
How once before our *Mischiefs* foster'd were,
Knew well your *Virtue*, and apply'd you there :
Where so your Goodness, so your Justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was stay'd.

When, from the filthy Dunghill-faction bred,
New form'd Rebellion durst rear up its Head,
Answer me all : Who struck the Monster dead ?

See, see, the injur'd Prince, and bless his Name,
Think on the *Martyr* from whose Loins he came :
Think on the Blood was shed for you before,
And curse the *Parricides* that thirst for more.
His Foes are yours, then of their *Wilts* beware :
Lay, lay him in your *Hearts*, and guard him there,
Where let his Wrongs your *Zeal* for him improve ;
He wears a Sword will justify your Love.
With Blood still ready for your Good t'expend,
And has a Heart that ne'er forgot his Friend.

His *duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
Think what he'as borne, your *Quiet* to restore ;
Repent your Madness, and *rebel* no more.

No more let *Boutefeu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriv'ners to be *Treas'ters*; *Pedlars*, *Politicians*;
Nor ev'ry *Fool*, whose *Wife* has *ript* at *Court*,
Pluck up a *Spirit*, and *turn Rebel* for't.

In Lands where *Cuckolds* multiply like ours,
What *Prince* can be too jealous of their *Powers*,
Or can too often think himself *alarm'd*?
They're *Malecontents* that ev'ry where go *arm'd*;
And when the *horned Herd*'s together-got,
Nothing portends a *Commonwealth* like *that*.

Cast, *cast* your *Idols* off, your *Gods* of *Wood*,
Ere yet *Philistines* fatten with your *Blood* :
Renounce your *Priests* of *Baal* with *Amen Faces*,
Your *Wapping Feasts*, and your *Mile-End High-places*.

Nail all your *Medals* on the *Gallows Post*,
In *Recompence* th' *Original* was lost :
At these illustrious *Shrines* Repentance pay,
In his kind *Hands* your humble *Off'rings* lay :
Let royal *Pardon* be by him *implor'd*,
Th' *attoning Brother* of your *anger'd Loid* :
He only brings a *Medicine* fit to *assuage*
A *People's Folly*, and *rouz'd Monarch's Rage*.
An *Infant Prince* yet *lab'ring* in the *Womb*,
Fated with *wond'rous Happiness* to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty *Blessings* home :
Send all your *Wifcs* with him, let the *Air*
With gentle *Breezes* waft it safely there,
The *Seas*, like *what* they'll carry, *calm* and *fair* :
Let the *illustrious Mother* touch our *Land*
Mildly, as hereafter may her *Son* command :
While our glad *Monarch* welcomes her to *Shore*,
With kind *Assurance* she shall part *no more*.
Be the *majestick Babe* then *smiling born*,
And all good *Signs* of *Fate* his *Birth* adorn,
So live and grow, a *constant Pledge* to stand,
Of *Cæsar's Love* to an *obedient Land*.



Spoken to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS on
Her Return from SCOTLAND.

In the Year 1682.

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal Friend ;
That come to treat your longing Wishes here,
Turn your desiring Eyes, and feast 'em there.
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
May this poor Land ne'er lose that Presence more,
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see :
From the vain Fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull Knave that writ the last Lampoon !
Let such as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
Hang their vile blasted Heads, and die with Shame. .
Our mighty Blessing is at last return'd,
The Joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd :
From whom our present Peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future Generations blest :
Time, have a Care : Bring safe the Hour of Joy,
When some blest Tongue proclaims a royal Boy :
And when 'tis born, let Nature's Hand be strong ;
Bles him with Days of Strength, and make 'em long ;
'Till charg'd with Honours we behold him stand,
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
His Father's conquering Sword within his Hand :
Then th' *English* Lions in the Air advance,
And with them roaring Musick to the Dance,
Carry a *Quo Warranto* into *France*. }



The SIXTEENTH ODE of the Second
Book of HORACE.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
 Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for Quiet here.
 For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.
 Since Wealth and Power too weak we find,
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind ;
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.
 Happy the Man with little blest,
 Of what his Father left possest ;
 No base Desires corrupt his Head,
 No Fears disturb him in his Bed.
 What then in Life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain Designs intend ?
 From Shore to Shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun ?
 For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under Sail :
 'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,
 Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind..
 If then thy Soul rejoice To-day,
 Drive far To-morrow's Cares away..
 In Laughter let them all be drown'd ::
 No perfect Good is to be found..
 One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,
 Another's ling'ring Death comes slow ;
 And

And what of Life they take from thee,
 The Gods may give to punish me.
 Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
 A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
 Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
 Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me a little Cell I chuse,
 Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse,
 Which soft Content does best adorn,
 Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.



The COMPLAINT.

A SONG to a Scotch Tune.

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
 No Quiet's in my Mind,
 Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
 Were *Sylvia* less unkind.
 For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
 I ask Relief from Smart,
 She only gives me Looks of Scorn ;
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart !

My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,
 May offer Heaps of Gold,
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold ;
 Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
 For Wealth and not Desert,
 And my poor Sighs and Tears despise ?
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart !

When

When like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
 I for my Bliss contend,
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.
 Ah, *Sylvia!* thus in vain you strive
 To aft a Healer's Part,
 'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
 Alas ! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed,
 I lay me down to Rest,
 In hope to calm my raging Head,
 And cool my burning Breast,
 Her Cruelty all Ease denies ;
 With some sad Dream I start,
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, through the Path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love
 Its mournful Story tells ;
 With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
 'Till Morning bids depart ;
 Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more :
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart !

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told ;
 For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
 Will take my injur'd Part,
 And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor Heart.



PROLOGUE to CONSTANTINE the Great.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in Contradiction to Heav'n's Word,
 That when its Spirit o'er the Waters stirr'd,
 When it saw All, and said, That All was good,
 The Creature Poet was not understood.

For, were it worth the Pains of six leng Days,
 To mould Retailers of dull Third-Day-Plays,
 That starve out threescore Years in hopes of Bays.
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first Creation,
 But came by meer equiv'cal Generation.

Like Rats in Ships, without Coition bred;
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.

Nature their Species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing *Poets*, less by *Poets* known.

Yet this poor Thing, so scorn'd; and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.

Disabled wasting *Whore-Masters* are not
 Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
 Than fumbling, itching Rhymers of the Town,
 T'adopt some base-born Song that's not their own.
 Spite of his State, *my Lord* sometimes descends,
 To please the Importunity of Friends.

The dullest He, thought most for Busines fit,
 Will venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit;
 And though he sinks with his Employes of State,
 'Till common Sense forsake him, he'll translate..

The *Poet* and the *Whore* alike complains,
 Of trading Quality, that spoil their Gains;
 The *Lords* will write, and *Ladies* will have *Swains*.

There-

Therefore, all you who have Male Issue born,
 Under the starving Sign of *Capricorn* ;
 Prevent the Malice of their Stars in Time,
 And warn them early from the Sin of Rhyme :
 Tell them how *Spenser* starv'd, how *Cowley* mourn'd,
 How *Butler*'s Faith and Service was return'd ;
 And if such Warning they refuse to take,
 This last Experiment, O Parents, make !
 With Hands behind them see th' Offender ty'd ;
 The Parish Whip, and Beadle by his Side ;
 Then lead him to some Stall that does expose
 The Authors he loves most, there rub his Nose ;
 'Till like a Spaniel lass'd, to know Command,
 He by the due Correction understand,
 To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land :
 'Till he against his Nature learn to strive,
 And get the Knack of Dulness how to thrive.



*The Beginning of a PASTORALE on the
 Death of his late MAJESTY.*

WHAT Horror's this that dwells upon the Plain ?
 And thus disturbs the Shepherd's peaceful Reign ?
 A dismal Sound breaks through the yielding Air,
 Forewarning us some dreadful Storm is near.
 The bleating Flocks in wild Confusion stray,
 The early Larks forsake their wand'ring Way,
 And cease to welcome in the new-born Day.
 Each Nymph, possest with a distracted Fear,
 Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd Hair.
 Diseases with her strong Convulsions reign :
 And Deities, not known before to Pain,
 Are now with apoplestic Seizures slain :

Henc:

Hence flow our Sorrows, hence increase our Fears,
Each humble Plant does drop her Silver Tears.

Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn let us together stay :

O'er all the Universe let it be spread,
That now the Shepherd of the Flock is dead.

The Royal *Pan*, that Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep, [Sleep.]

Is gone, ah gone ! ne'er to return from Death's eternal }
Begin, *Damela*, let thy Numbers fly .

Aloft, where the safe milky Way does lie ;

Mopsus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did sing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our King.

Play gently on your Reeds a mournful Strain,
And tell in Notes thro' all th' *Arcadian* Plain,

The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep, [Sleep.]

Is gone, ah, gone ! ne'er to return from Death's eternal }





LETTERS.

To MADAM —

My Tyrant!

I Endure too much Torment to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest Complaint. I love you, I doat on you; *Desire* makes me mad, when I am near you; and *Despair*, when I am from you. Sure, of all Miseries, *Love* is to me the most intolerable: It haunts me in my *Sleep*, perplexes me when waking; every melancholy Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful; and every delightful one makes my *Wishes* more unruly. In all other uneasy *Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an immediate *Recourse* to some kind of *Succour* or another: In *Wants* we apply ourselves to our *Friends*; in *Sickness* to *Physicians*: But *Love*, the Sum, the Total of all *Misfortunes*, must be endur'd with *Silence*; no *Friend* so dear to trust with such a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* so powerful to remove its *Anguish*. Since the first Day I saw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet*: I lov'd you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching *Face* of yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very Foundation of all my *Peace* give Way: But when you became another's, I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish *Pride* enough to promise myself I would in Time recover my *Liberty*: In Spite of my enslav'd *Nature*, I swore against myself, I would not love you: I affected a *Resentment*, stifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, so much as once to upbraid you, each Day it was

was my Chance to see or to be near you : With stubborn *Sufferance*, I resolv'd to bear, and brave your *Power* : Nay, did it often too, successfully. Generally with *Wine*, or *Conversation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Dæmon* that possess'd me ; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my *Heart* an Account why I had done it so unnatural a *Violence*, it was then I always paid a treble *Interest* for the short Moments of *Ease*, which I had borrow'd ; then every treacherous Thought rose up, and took your Part, nor left me 'till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd those *Sluices* of *Tears*, that were to run 'till *Morning*. This has been for some Years my best *Condition* : Nay, *Time* itself, that decays all things else, has but increas'd and added to my *Longings*. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your Neglect of me, persuades me that you are so) even at this Time, tho' other Arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those dear Joys that only were my Due ; I love you with that Tenderness of Spirit, that Purity of Truth, and that Sincerity of Heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest *Friends*, or *Interests* I have on *Earth*, barely but to please you : If I had all the *World*, it should be yours ; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourself for *Justice*, if through the whole Actions of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let you see how absolute your *Authority* was over me. Your *Commands* have been always sacred to me ; your *Smiles* have always transported me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest *Blessing*, or the greatest *Curse*, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot so much as look on you without *Confusion* ; *Wishes* and *Fears* rise up in War within me, and work a cursed *Distraction* thro' my Soul, that must, I am sure, in Time, have wretched *Consequences* : You only can, with that healing *Cordial*, *Love*, assuage and calm my *Torments* ;

ments; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you and cannot live without you; and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out *Fortune* from the Balance) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juster Pretence to your *Heart*, than the Unfortunate, (and even at this Time) Weeping

OTWAY.



To MADAM —

IN Value of your *Quiet*, though it would be the utter Ruin of my own, I have endeavour'd this Day to persuade myself never more to trouble you with a Passion that has tormented me sufficiently already, and is so much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than myself. I have laid all the Reasons my distracted Condition would let me have Recourse to, before me: I have consulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival's* Possession, I ought to ruin all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more blest in, tho' no Man ever lov'd as I did: But *Love*, victorious *Love*! o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he still looks forward from the present Hour, expecting still new *Dawns*, new rising *Happiness*; never looks back, never regards what is past, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce Pursuit of *Joy* before him: I have consulted too my very self, and find how careless *Nature* was in framing me; season'd me hastily with all the most violent Inclinations and Desires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that should make those *Qualities* become me. I have consulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how foolishly

foolishly I wish Possession of what is so precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet still I love, still I doat on, and cheat myself, very content, because the Folly pleases me. It is Pleasure to think how fair you are, tho' at the same Time worse than Damnation, to think how cruel: Why should you tell me you have shut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of yourself, sounds like *Reserve*, and not so much *Sincerity*, as sure I may claim even from a little of your Friendship. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid Defiance to that sweet Power? No, you know better to what End *Heaven* made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleasure, than to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart against. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears, are of no Power with your haughty Nature; yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick home-spun *Friendship*, the common *Coin* that passes betwixt worldly *Interests*: Must that be my *Lot*! Take it, Ill-natur'd, take it, give it to him who would waste his *Fortune* for you, give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold, court you with Offers of vast rich Possessions, give it the Fool that hath nothing but his *Money* to plead for him: *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for glorious *Happiness*; you bid me welcome to your *Friendship*, it is like seating me at your Side-table, when I have the best Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feast. I love, I doat, I am mad; and know no Measure, nothing but Extreams can give me Ease; the kindest *Love*, or most provoking *Scorn*: Yet even your *Scorn* would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the Edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Despair* will gnaw my *Heart* for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *Well-being* of a Man that holds you dearer than you can the Child your Bowels are most fond of, by that

sweet

sweet *Pledge* of your first softest *Love*, I charm and here conjure you to pity the distracting *Pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days*, and restless *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half possess my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: The *Wretch* in *Bedlam* is more at *Peace* than I am! And if I must never possess the *Heaven* I wish for, my next *Desire* is, (and the sooner the better) a clean syept *Cell*, a merciful *Keeper*, and your *Com-*
passion when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.



To M A D A M —

SINCE you are going to quit the *World*, I think myself oblig'd, as a Member of the *World*, to use the best of my Endeavours to divert you from so ill-natur'd an Inclination: Therefore, by reason your Visits will take up so much of this Day, I have debarr'd myself the Opportunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a Time you are more Mistress of, and when you shall have more Leisure to hear, if it be possible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd against me: I must confess it may look a little extraordinary, for one under my Circumstances to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the *World*, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never seen it. For *Nature* dispos'd me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my ill *Fortune* has condemn'd me to *loat* on one, who certainly could never have been *deaf* so long to so faithful a *Passion*, had *Nature* dispos'd her from her *Creation* to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this trifling, for I have so many Thoughts of this

this Nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least Pretence to let you know, you are the Cause of the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

OTWAY.



To MADAM —

COULD I see you without Passion, or be absent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this renewing my Vows, that I love you more than *Health*, or any *Happiness* here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me ; and tho' I have languish'd for seven long tedious Years of *Desire*, jealously despairing ; yet every Minute I see you, I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you ; what would I not renounce, or enterprize for you ? I must have you mine, or I am miserable ; and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy Hour, can make the rest of my Life that are to come tolerable. Give me a Word or two of *Comfort*, or resolve never to look with common *Goodness* on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart akes for you : And, if I cannot have a Right in yours, I wish it would ake 'till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor OTWAY.

TO MADAM —

YOU cannot but be sensible that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous Tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose Satisfaction I was sacrific'd to this Morning; for I am sure your own *Ill-nature* could not be guilty of inventing such an *Injury* to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the Sake of some *Ass*, that has the Fortune to please you: In short, I have made it the Busines of my Life to do you Service, and please you, if possible, by any Way to convince you of the unhappy *Love* I have for seven Years toil'd under; and your whole Busines is to pick ill-natur'd *Conjectures* out of my harmless *Freedom* of *Conversation*, to vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleas'd to divert yourself at the Expence of my Quiet. Oh, thou *Tormentor*! Could I think it were *Jealousy*, how should I humble myself to be justify'd; but I cannot bear the Thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a Woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be Means found, some Time or other, to let you know your *Mistaking*.





To MADAM —

YOU were pleas'd to send me Word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further Satisfaction, in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish yourself to be eased of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some Time To-morrow, and send me Word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your Sake, either bless all your bewitching *Sex*; or as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Womankind for ever.

END of the THIRD VOLUME.







